# Collier's

15c

December 16, 1950


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GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR WITH VICE-ADMIRAL A. D. STRUBLE

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White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings extra cost.

*A grand new 1951 Studebaker Champion is here and now more than ever...*

# IT'S 4 TO SEE INSTEAD OF 3

*in the lowest price field!*

**The Studebaker Champion is one of the 4 lowest price largest selling cars in America!**

SEE AMERICA'S GREAT NEW HIGH-EFFICIENCY V-8 . . . THE STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

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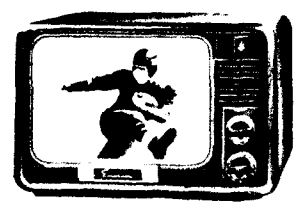
# Emerson *Television and Radio for 1951... Clearly America's Best Buy!*

**All Clear for a Merry Christmas** with this superb Emerson Television Model 662. New 14-inch rectangular tube. Santa's greatest treat for the family . . . a matchless value at **$199.95**
*Warranty, excise tax extra*

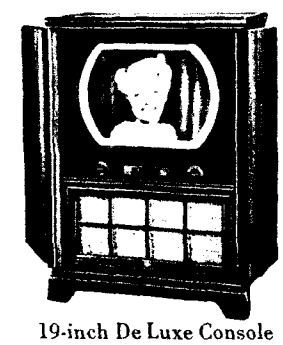
## World's *Clearest* Gift Values

When you give your family an Emerson, you're giving the world's *clearest* television. For Emerson leads by *years* with new *Full Screen Focus* and *Black Magic Contrast* . . . bringing you the *first* 100% clear TV pictures . . . *clear to the edge* of the screen, and *clear even in daylight!*

And, when you visit your Emerson dealer, see the brilliantly styled Emerson 1951 radios and phonoradios. Hear the perfection of tone that has thrilled more than 11,000,000 Emerson owners. Compare Emerson's unequaled values. Discover how little it costs to make each member of your family happy this year, and for *years to come*, with his or her *own personal Emerson!*



16-inch Mahogany Compact. Model 663
**$249.95**
*Warranty, excise tax extra*



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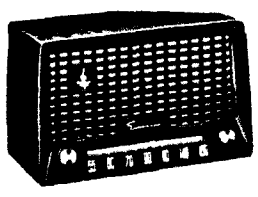
*Warranty, excise tax extra*

16-inch TV-FM-AM Phonoradio. Model 666
**$429.95**
*Warranty, excise tax extra*

## *Give* Emerson *the gift of lasting enjoyment!*



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AC-DC Compact Radio
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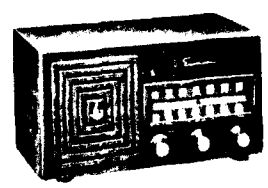

FM-AM Long-Distance Radio
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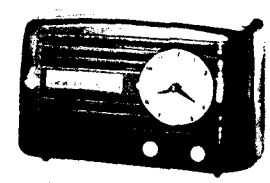
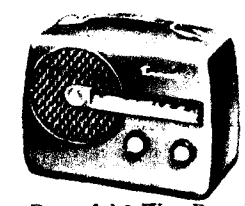


Automatic Clock Radio
Model 671 . . . . **$34.95**



Powerful 3-Way Portable
Model 646. . . . . **$29.95**
*less batteries*

3-Speed Automatic Phonoradio
Model 672
**$99.95**

*Prices slightly higher South and West*

Emerson Radio and Phonograph Corp., New York 11, N. Y.

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# Picture OF THE MONTH

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents*
RUDYARD KIPLING'S
**"KIM"**
*starring* **ERROL FLYNN**
*with* **DEAN STOCKWELL**
**PAUL LUKAS • ROBERT DOUGLAS**
**THOMAS GOMEZ • CECIL KELLAWAY**
**ARNOLD MOSS • LAURETTE LUEZ**
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
Screen Play by LEON GORDON, HELEN DEUTSCH and RICHARD SCHAYER
Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE • Produced by LEON GORDON

We've done a little research and come up with a big fact. And M-G-M may well be proud of it. No other picture company has ever before adventured to the far parts of the world to film on location, in a single year, three great Technicolor productions.

First fruit of this seven-league-boots policy, "King Solomon's Mines", is now thrilling audiences with its tale of tropical safari, and romance in darkest Africa.

Next comes "Kim", Kipling's masterpiece of India, brought to life in Technicolor with a cast of thousands. Lavishly produced in that swarming land "east of Suez where the best is like the worst", "Kim" catapults you into the princely, beggarly, seamy, scented throng along the Grand Trunk Road of Northern India—"such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world."

Swaggering in and out of this turbulent vortex of the East is Errol Flynn, the lusty Redbeard gambling his life to safeguard the peace of India, jeweled pawn of empire. This dashing adventurer is equally in his glory amid rustling silks or flashing steel.

In the title role, Dean Stockwell plays the waif Kim with impish deviltry. A not-yet-confirmed rogue, he lends his kind heart and sharp wits to serve an old holy man, played by Paul Lukas, as the two of them journey along India's perilous byways.

Again and again, the Redbeard and Kim meet in the exciting intrigue in which each plays a part. Their paths cross in bazaars, harems, mountain huts and glittering palaces all the way from Lahore to Lucknow until finally their great mission is accomplished.

"Kim" abounds with reckless gusto and magnificent action, from such spectacle as a man-made avalanche that wipes out a charge of enemy Afghans, to the comedy scene of Kim falling through a latticed harem roof and promptly setting up a love tryst for his master, the amorous Redbeard.

For intrigue and action highly spiced with romance, "Kim" is your dish!

In a future column we will tell you of the third great M-G-M spectacle to come, "Quo Vadis", filmed in Rome, with Robert Taylor and a cast of thousands.



THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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## The Cover

General Douglas MacArthur and Vice-Admiral A. D. Struble, boss of the 7th Fleet, had plenty to smile about on September 16th, the day our cover picture was made—although a lot of hard fighting lay ahead. Collier's Bill Stapleton caught the two commanders en route to the Inchon Beachhead, which had been taken only a few hours before in a brilliantly conceived and superbly executed joint operation (see page 13). Note that MacArthur, one of the best-known Americans in the world, wears an identifying name tape on his jacket.

## Week's Mail

### *Re JCHEW, etc.*

EDITOR: John Kobler's article (JCHEW GISEY PYMQP UQRPD, Oct. 28th) says: "MAGIC tipped us off to the full strength of the Jap fleet heading for Midway, whereupon we massed our battleships in sufficient numbers to ensure victory."

Would you be kind enough to let me know which battleship of ours fired as much as one shot at Midway? W. C. KLEIN,
New York, N. Y.

**Mr. Kobler does not say that our battleships fired any shots in the Battle of Midway. But the fact that Midway developed into a battle of carrier-based planes was not something that could be known beforehand, nor can it mitigate the value of the information that contributed to the American preparation for the battle.**

### *Is It or Isn't It?*

EDITOR: Re The Pro Game Isn't Football (Oct. 28th), it seems that "Old Sour Grapes" Blaik, the Army pigskin professor, has joined the fraternity of misinformed sportsmen who insist amateur athletes are better performers than the play-for-pay boys. Blaik made himself a member in good standing by committing the same blunder of basing a judgment on the exception rather than the rule.

He cites unrelated observations and draws fallacious conclusions utterly opposed to reason. His wild tirade charging the pro gridsters with lack of spirit and teamwork must certainly be challenged on the basis of reality, not to mention ethics.

If the Army swami would peer into his crystal ball a little closer, he might recognize the fact that it is highly polished proficiency by which a pro makes the difficult look easy and gives the impression he isn't trying.

FRANK STARIN, New York, N. Y.

. . . We must agree with Coach Blaik that if a professional team played the top 10 college teams in the nation the pro team would not be so hot. We must add that if Army played in its own class it would not be such a world-beater, either.

BOB PULSCHER, STEVE OLSEN,
Watertown, S. D.

. . . I agree with Red Blaik that professional football is glamorized beanbag, and rapidly deteriorating into outdoor basketball. But I hardly blame the pro player for his lack of so-called "second effort"; his livelihood in the sport is generally measured by the number of seasons he is able to compete, and he may be saving himself for contract time. The college player, on the other hand, can afford to play with more abandon, knowing that an injury will not revoke his scholarship or appointment to the U.S. Military Academy.

HARRY MAXWELL, JR., Sharon Hill, Pa.

. . . Please, Coach Blaik, ask George Halas, Curly Lambeau, Paul Brown, etc., what they do on the six days their teams aren't playing and where they fish during the off season,

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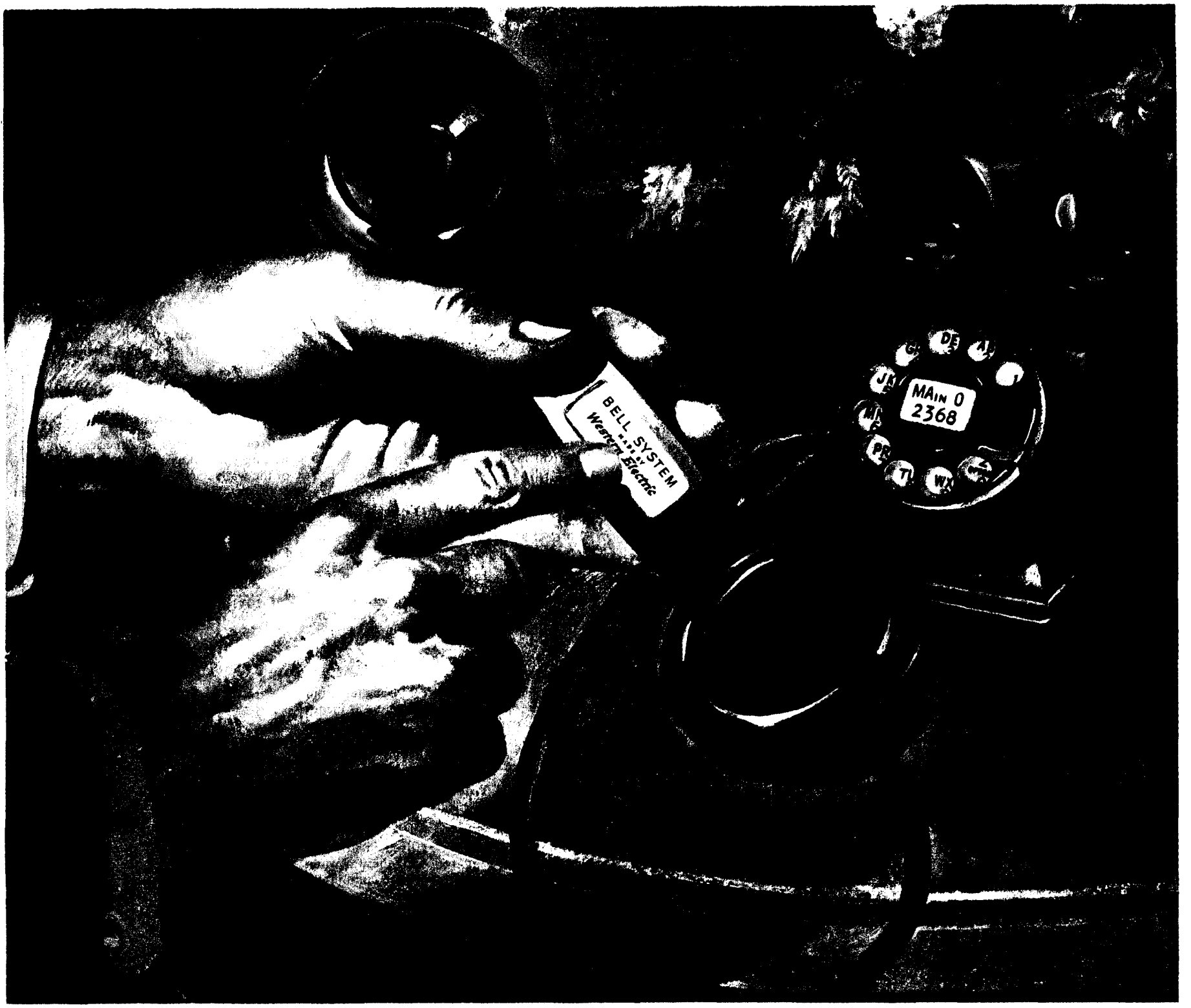


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**Working side-by-side** with Bell Laboratories people who *design* telephone equipment and Bell telephone people who *operate* it, we have helped to give our country the most and the best telephone service in the world. Valuable always, such service is priceless in times of national emergency.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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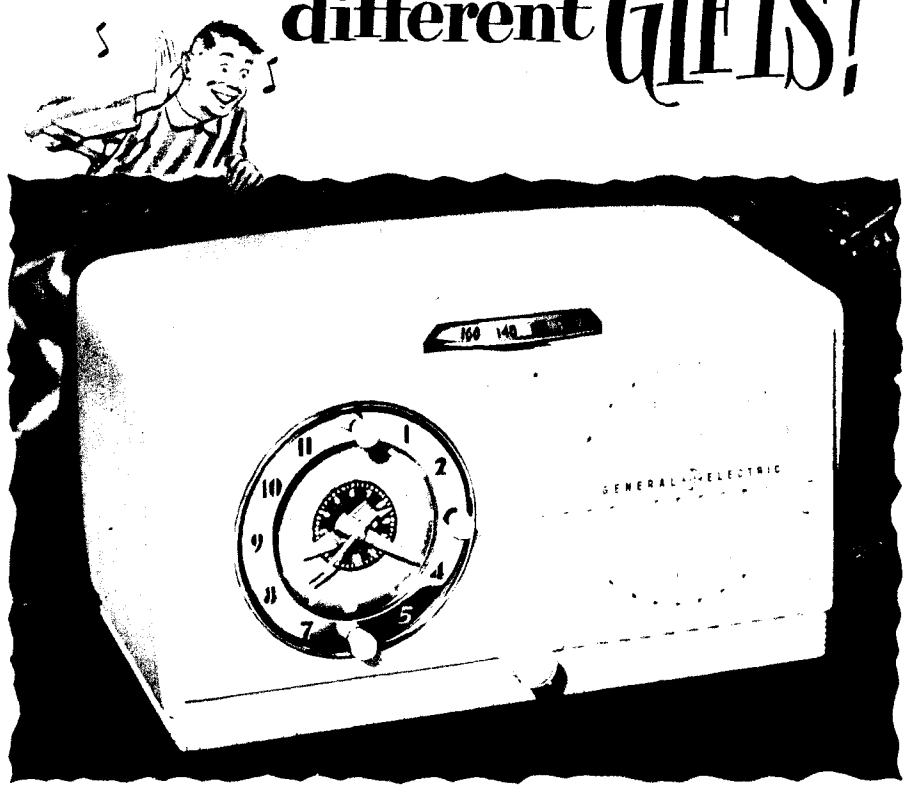
# Two delightfully different GIFTS!

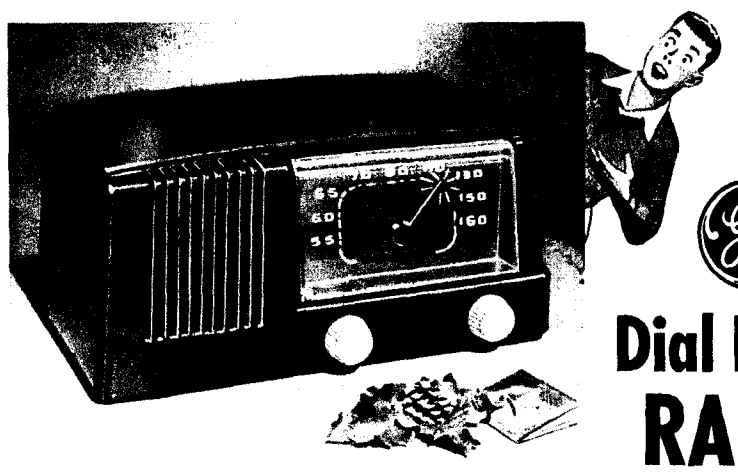


Model 516

## GE CLOCK-RADIO
The World's Most Useful Radio!

What a *wonderful* idea for Christmas! Wakes you to sweet music, automatically—starts your coffeemaker, or turns on one of many other electric appliances. Turns itself off after you go to sleep! Outsells all other makes combined! Your choice of alabaster ivory, Congo brown, Persian red, or porcelain white—ONE LOW PRICE! **$34.95***

*General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.*



## Dial Beam RADIO

Model 400

**Spotlights each station as you dial!**

You never saw a gift like this! A magic, traveling beam "spots" each station as you dial, for easy, accurate "on-the-beam" tuning, even in the dark! Choose from alabaster ivory, Congo brown or Persian red plastic...ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE! *Only* **$22.95**

**Slightly higher West and South, subject to change without notice.*

*You can put your confidence in—*

GENERAL ELECTRIC


and then join them. You might pick up some pointers if not on how to play the game, then on how to get a schedule that will really test the merits of your team.

RALPH D. BLOCH, Chicago, Ill.

. . . As to the "big scores in professional football" which are "cheapening the game," isn't every offensive play a score, theoretically, only if each player executes his blocking assignment? This, then, would indicate the pros do get secondary blocking, supposedly found only in collegiate ball.

MORGAN TOWNE, Coulee Dam, Wash.

. . . I should like to ask Coach Blaik two simple questions. First, how is Glenn Davis, Army's greatest star, doing in pro ball. Second, how "entertaining" would the Army team find this schedule: New York Giants, Philadelphia Eagles, Cleveland Browns, Chicago Bears, etc.? ED MASON, Bronx, N. Y.

. . . Coach Earl Blaik makes a very convincing salesman for college football. In the light of his irrefutable logic and pinpoint evaluation, it is small wonder that Mr. Blaik has welded together those awesome Cadet football machines.

RICHARD E. LUTZ, Rochester, N. Y.

### *Leave It to Texas*

EDITOR: Mr. Laurence Peters, Jr., was guilty of a *monumental* monumental error in his letter to you (Week's Mail, Oct. 21st) in that he stated "The Bennington Battle Monument, Bennington, Vermont, 302 feet, is the tallest monument in New England and the tallest battle monument in the world."

The "world" is rather a large affair—it has to be to encompass Texas, where is located the San Jacinto Monument, a battle monument rising 570 feet 4 inches from grade to top, or only 33 feet and 8 inches less than twice the height of the Bennington Battle Monument.

A. J. WALKER, Longview, Texas

### *And Now Los Angeles*

EDITOR: Congratulations on printing Don't Go Out Alone at Night in L.A., by Howard Whitman (Oct. 28th). I lived in Los Angeles for four years following the war when some of the worst crimes were committed. It got so bad where I lived that any decent person wouldn't go out on the streets at night. There is only one good thing that can be said about the police force in Los Angeles. They have a good traffic department, I would say one of the best in the world. The rest of it stinks.

L. R. CAMERON, Oakland, Cal.

. . . In his article, Mr. Whitman omitted one very important adjective in describing the Los Angeles Police Force: handsome.

I had occasion to be in L.A. for two short weeks this summer and was greatly impressed with all the wonders of that city. But most of all I was fascinated by the handsome police. I'm not sure even Hollywood could recruit such a group of good-looking men. ROSE FERANDO, Benton, Ill.

### *Last Best Hope*

EDITOR: After reading your editorial He Huffed and He Puffed, But . . . (Oct. 28th), I want to commend every word of it as a powerful argument in support of the United Nations, the hope of free people for future peace in a troubled world.

Those who deride and by word, act and deed seek to sabotage the United Nations in its noble efforts—in spite of Soviet Russia—to prevent World War III are talking in terms more destructive than could be inflicted by atomic or hydrogen bombs.

As a father who lost a son in the last war—and like all parents who lost sons—I pray that he did not die in vain. I, for one, look to the United Nations to answer my fervent prayer for a peaceful world. That is what my son and all other sons made the supreme sacrifice for. DON LUSK, Silver City, N. M.

. . . As a regular reader of Collier's, there have been times that I have differed with your editorial viewpoint. But the timely nonpartisan and broad-minded statement of the accomplishments of the United Nations should be read by all our citizens.

It has taken straight thinking and bold leadership to do the job the United Nations has done to date. VERNON S. TODD, *Milledgeville, Ill.*

. . . Whoever wrote the editorial in the October 28th issue wrote one of the clearest statements on the worth of U.N. it has been my pleasure to read, largely I think because superfluities and generalities were omitted.

ROBERT L. FORSYTHE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . A wonderful birthday tribute to the U.N.! You've said what I've wanted to say so many times when I've heard derogatory remarks concerning the U.N.

With you, I, too, say, "Thank God for the U.N." MABEL TUCKER MORRISON, Chicago, Ill.

### *Brodie's GIs*

EDITOR: Thousands of Americans must be writing you, after seeing the tragic pictures of the war sketches by Howard Brodie (Korean Sketchbook, Oct. 21st) which bring the war closer to us than newspaper accounts.

That he could make pictures of such suffering with pencil and paper seems miraculous. I am saving them to show friends who may not see Collier's.

ELIZABETH L. KENNEDY, Seattle, Wash.

**Here is another, hitherto unpublished, sketch by Howard Brodie from the Korean front**

### *It's Our House*

EDITOR: I object to your article title, They're Fixing Up over at the Trumans' (Oct. 28th). It's the White House they're fixing up, isn't it? And for necessary repairs that would have been required even if Mr. Dewey had been elected President? And the repairs will benefit whatever man happens to be elected our next President?

It is the *people's* White House that is being fixed up—not the Trumans'.

MRS. C. B. KAUFMAN, Kenmore, N. Y.

### *U.N. Flag*

EDITOR: On the cover of the October 28th issue of Collier's appears a painting of the new U.N. Building on which a United Nations flag is flying alone. Our class has been wondering why this is so.

We have read that the United Nations flag must not be displayed in public without the American flag of the same size.

MRS. JOHNSON, Fifth-grade Teacher, Takoma Park, Md.

**The United Nations Information Service reports that the U.N. flag *may* be displayed *in public alone*. At present the U.N. Building on the East River does not display any flag on top of the building. It may in the future.**



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# *The facts behind* the biggest fact in the world

The biggest material fact in the world today is American production—the ability of this nation, with only one-sixteenth of the world's population, to produce more than a third of the world's goods.

Back of this capacity to produce are workers, management, plants, machinery, raw materials and capital. This is American Industry, increasing in power through the talents and resources of millions of people.

Mass investment made mass production possible.

American industry is owned by millions of stockholders. They share the risks and rewards of stock ownership . . . in the automotive, steel, chemical, transportation, textile and mining fields . . . in all the enterprises that make up American industry and commerce.

As stockholders, they require a convenient, ready market of wide scope, such as the Stock Exchange provides. Without adequate markets, countless investors might have never put their surplus money to productive use, leaving unrealized the biggest fact in the world today.

*Members and Member Firms of the* **New York Stock Exchange**

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**DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER**

# HERBERT TAREYTON

*MRS. CHARLES AMORY, of New York and Palm Beach society, is discriminating in her choice of Christmas gifts. Mrs. Amory says: "Everyone welcomes cartons of Herbert Tareytons in their special Christmas wrapping."*

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company



# *Keep Up with the World*

By JOHN DENSON

For Americans who are two years old now—those born in 1948—there is a life expectancy of sixty-seven years. That's just 18 years longer than the life expectancy of those of us who were born in 1900. Life expectancy was figured then at only forty-nine years.

In 1848, the Louisiana legislature created the new parish (county) of Bienville in the northwest part of the state. The legislature, probably to dodge some politics of the time, stipulated that the parish seat be located in the exact center of the area. The center happened to be a bed of sand so thick that residents of the parish seat—called Sparta—could barely struggle through it as they went about their business. The sand was so thick and heavy that it became known to geologists as Sparta sand. Needless to say, the parish seat, however Spartan its name, did not survive. When a railroad was put through a few miles away, Sparta gave up its fight with the sand. The parish seat was moved to nearby Arcadia in 1893, and a year later the only business left in Sparta—a saloon—closed down. Only the deep, white sand, with prickly pears growing out of the dunes, remains where Sparta was.

Our fighting men knew the savagery of Japanese soldiers and airmen in World War II. And many Americans have never been able to make this jibe with the submission of Japan after the surrender. The answer can be given in a single word: obedience. The Japanese are trained from childhood to obey those to whom they are responsible, whether it is the head of their own house or the head of the government. Obedience runs through the whole fabric of Japanese life. Japanese themselves like to think of such obedience as loyalty but many of the more intelligent fear that such blind obedience is dangerous. They are hoping that individual responsibility in democratic Japan will temper it.

In Zululand of South Africa, Zivoto Nene's fame has spread far and wide among those in love. She writes love letters with beads which are conferred by young women on men they hope to marry. The beads fit over the head and form a pattern of oval shapes like the petals of flowers. The colors carry the message of the young women, for example:

Green: I love you all right but (with a black border) I am angry with you and it's getting me thin.

Pink: You act like a spendthrift. Apparently you have sent no money home and you have no cattle for my lobola. (That means, money for payment for the bride.) People are talking about it at the dipping tanks.

Red: All this is making me angry, and my heart is very troubled over you.

White: I am still going to wait for you although you have done this thing.

Blue: If you don't do anything about it, however, I shall fly like a dove right away.

Yellow: When I have flown there will be no more hope for anything. All will be over.

Zivoto obviously does her part to get things straight in Zululand.

Modern communications systems have brought about almost instantaneous transmission of news and information, but in the Orient there is still great reliance on the bazaars for quick information. In India, secret police disguise themselves as beggars and traders to circulate among the crowds to listen in on conversations at the colorful fruit and silk stalls. Full information often reaches the bazaars before the police themselves have even a hint of it.

On February 8, 1872, the Earl of Mayo, viceroy of India, was assassinated in the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, one of the most remote areas of Asia. The assassination was discussed that same night in the bazaars of Calcutta, which is more than 600 miles from the scene of the murder. It wasn't until February 12th—four days later—that the news reached London.

Richard Joel Russell, one of the nation's great students of climatic phenomena, says that a "rise of two degrees (Fahrenheit) in the temperature of the earth now would be sufficient to clear polar seas of all ice." We would then live in a "normal" climate undisturbed by the violent polar storms which create sharp changes in weather over the world.

Moving day in Lapland, far northern province of Sweden, is decided not by the Lapps but by their reindeer, on which they depend for food. When the nomadic reindeer exhaust their own food supply in the neighborhood, they move on—and there's nothing for the Lapps to do but pick up their *kotas* (tents) and follow.

HARRY GOFF



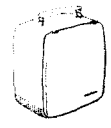
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The pick of his pack... all RCA Victor*

**45 is "The Gift That Keeps On Giving®"**

You get 6 bonus records at no extra charge with every RCA Victor 45—1 a month for 6 months. *Your choice* of any single RCA Victor 45 rpm release of the month. Also a 6-month subscription to Picture Record Review Magazine.

## *One to "go" on*

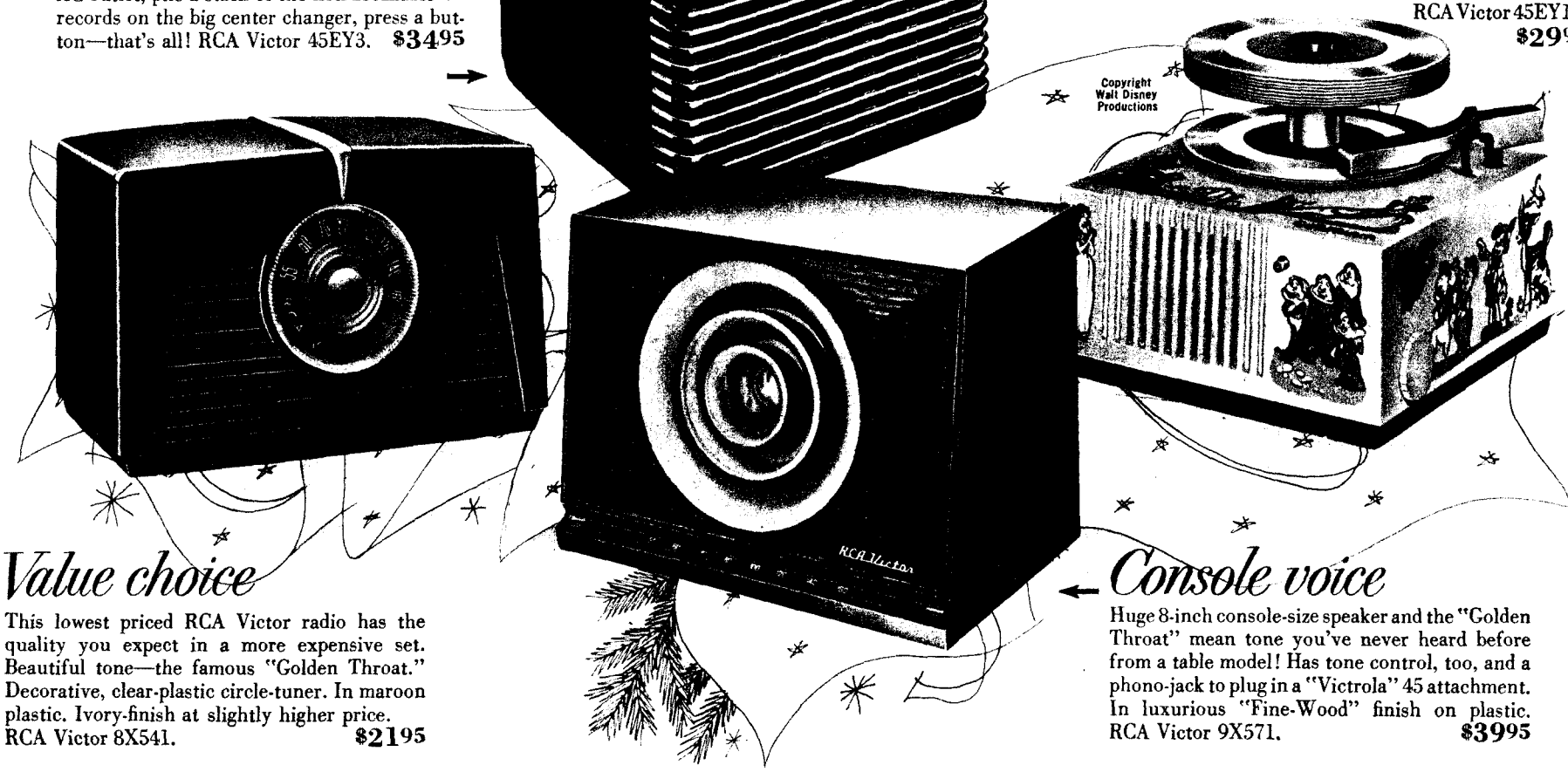


This "Victrola" 45 Personal goes with you anywhere in its lightweight maroon plastic case with carrying handle. Plug it into any 60-cycle AC outlet, pile a stack of the non-breakable 7" records on the big center changer, press a button—that's all! RCA Victor 45EY3. **$34.95**

## *One to "grow" on*

It's fun to learn music when youngsters have their own "Victrola" 45 phonograph with enchanting Walt Disney decorations. Even a 4-year-old can play this world's simplest, *surest* automatic changer. No posts to adjust and "45" records are all non-breakable.

RCA Victor 45EY15. **$29.95**




## *Value choice*

This lowest priced RCA Victor radio has the quality you expect in a more expensive set. Beautiful tone—the famous "Golden Throat." Decorative, clear-plastic circle-tuner. In maroon plastic. Ivory-finish at slightly higher price.

RCA Victor 8X541. **$21.95**

## *Console voice*

Huge 8-inch console-size speaker and the "Golden Throat" mean tone you've never heard before from a table model! Has tone control, too, and a phono-jack to plug in a "Victrola" 45 attachment. In luxurious "Fine-Wood" finish on plastic.

RCA Victor 9X571. **$39.95**

Listen to "The $64 Question" every Sunday night at 10:00 p.m. New York time over your NBC station.

Prices shown are suggested list prices subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in the far West and South on model 8X541 and 9X571. "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

**RCA VICTOR**

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

**World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALLORY Gift Certificates (with miniature hat in box, in various colors) are available at leading stores. Priced from $7.50 to $20.00.

Good Gifts come in small packages!

And here's one that's *so easy* to shop for . . . for him. He'll get a real kick out of the little plastic hat and box. And when he goes to pick out his Mallory, he will get a perfect fit in his own special style, his own favorite color. He really gets exactly what he wants . . . when you give him a Mallory Hat Gift Certificate. *REG. TRADEMARK

MALLORY HATS

MALLORY hats DANBURY, CONN. • ALSO MADE IN CANADA • FINE HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The MALLORY Madison, in exclusive Pliafelt,* $10.00. *Fabrics by Forstmann*

# 48 States of Mind

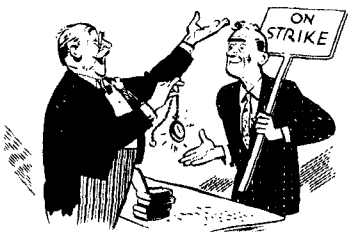
By WALTER DAVENPORT

This issue, as millions of intelligent Americans can readily see, is Collier's for December 16th. The date is celebrated for a number of things. For example, the Boston Tea Party, 177 years ago. And while we aren't given to pulling the eagle's tail feathers just to hear it scream, we can't help wondering what the world would have been like today if men like old Sam Adams and his tough Mohawk Boys hadn't been around in 1773. Quite a number of sallow highbrows have sought to belittle Sam and his bully boys, saying, for example, that it was Medford rum and not true patriotism that made them dunk that British-taxed tea. But a pretty good country came of jamborees like the Boston Tea Party—a country, incidentally, in which you may scoff with impunity from ivory towers at patriots like Sam Adams. The date may also be observed, if you'd rather, for the invention of the derby hat, 100 years ago, by the six Bowler Brothers in London.

★ ★ ★

From far and near our fellow citizens have been sending us tidings which are at least symptoms of the state of the volatile American mind, some of which make you wonder:

. . . In Milwaukee a large group of strikers left the picket line to attend the company's Twenty-five-year Club dinner in the Schroeder Hotel. Eight of them were inducted into the club and given gold watches suitably inscribed. Their excellence as workers was praised by the president of the company. Next




JACK BETTS

morning they were on the picket line. Got there on time too. New watches.

. . . And in Galesburg, Illinois, J. L. Buford, superintendent of schools, advised a convention of teachers: "Look as pretty as you can. Put a little something on. Or, if necessary, take a little something off."

. . . A Virginia educator chided a group of parents for blaming radio, television and comic books for the failure of their children to study their lessons. New inventions always have been criticized, said he. It used tc be automobiles, movies and even the bicycle. Who knows? Maybe it was a mistake to invent parents.

. . . Three Jackson, Mississippi, men were arrested for telephoning catfish. It's done by throwing an old-type telephone magneto into the stream and turning the crank, thus generating the juice. The stunned fish rise to the surface. It's illegal. Thirty days in jail and $250 fine.

. . . There's wild rejoicing in Charles County, Maryland. Latest census shows that the population (23,363) is up for the first time since 1790.

. . . Mrs. Mamie Billington, sixth-grade teacher in Boise, Idaho, says that most pupils love arithmetic. If that isn't news, what is?

. . . Bet you didn't know why the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1620, instead of somewhere on the Virginia coast as originally intended. Knew you didn't. John F. O'Connell, chairman of the New York State Liquor Authority, says it was because the Mayflower ran out of beer as the ship neared Cape Cod. Crew was getting sore. He has a document to prove it, he says.

. . . As elsewhere, Montana is bored with flying-saucer stories. Two of that state's most respected citizens report

flying Christmas trees, and a rancher near Miles City says he saw a couple of flying Easter eggs.

. . . In north Leavenworth, Kansas, a citizen telephoned the police that a 1934-model car was parked near his home and would they please come and get it. How long had it been parked there? Oh, said he, about two and a half years. Guessed the owner had forgotten it.

★ ★ ★

Maybe our mind should be turning toward Christmas and what the populace is going to do about it. We'll let that go until next week, because we're still getting shoals of intelligences about last month's elections. Of course too few of us voted, but we agree with Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York that the United States should not have a compulsory voting law like Australia and New Zealand. When we look back at the dismal array of statesmen who sought office last month we are convinced that there were areas in these United States where to punish a citizen for not voting at all would have been sheer idiocy. Some time ago we were talking to a governor of Arkansas who told us frankly that "seventy-two point seven per cent of all candidates for office aren't worth the powder to blow them to hell and gone." We asked him how he came by such narrow figures. "Oh, make it ninety-nine point three," said he. "Let's not quibble." And as we departed, he added: "Of course, that puts a heavy responsibility on the point seven per cent of us that are left."

★ ★ ★

It's probably in the cards, but we are determined to postpone as long as possible a recommendation we find in one of the government's cookbooks. Therein we are told that "a real tasty dish" may be made by mixing together "leftover onions, cabbage, carrots, turnips, cauliflower and beet greens." Well, after we've paid our taxes, we shall doubtless be desperate enough to eat such rabbit refuse—provided, of course, that we have any onions, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower and beet greens left over. W. D.



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

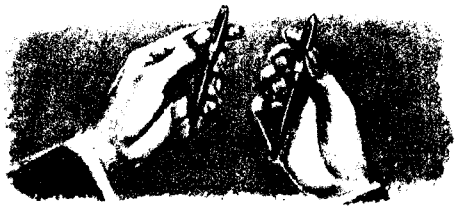
# NEW! ORIGINAL GIFT! ONLY $12.75!

## America's Only Combination Desk and Pocket Set!

©1950 Eversharp, Inc., N. Y. C.

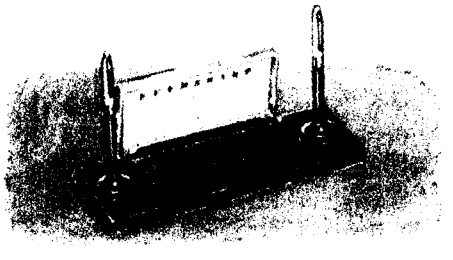
*It's the "DESK-PAC" by EVERSHARP*

### 1 THE PERFECT POCKET SET



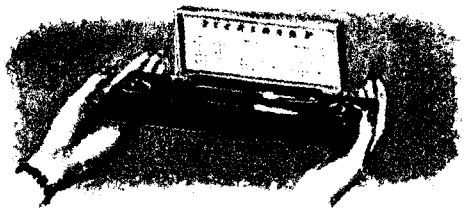
• Only EVERSHARP gives you all these definite advantages: Extra-large **14-Karat Gold Point** for velvet-smooth writing . . . **Instant-Fill Lever Action** - fastest, easiest, nicest way to fill your pen . . . **Magic Feed** - to end flooding and leaking. "DESK PAC" now only $12.75 to $18.75.

### 2 A DISTINCTIVE DESK SET



• Open the lid . . . place the pen and pencil in the two holders . . . and the case becomes a handsome desk set . . . complete with calendar and box for paper clips. The perfect setting for EVERSHARP **—the only pen tested and approved by the United States Testing Company for its excellent craftsmanship and writing qualities.**

### 3 A LUXURIOUS GIFT PACK



• Beautifully fashioned in lustrous black with a gleaming gold-colored lid. Inside . . . are smartly designed pen and pencil with silver-colored cap trimmed with wide gold-filled bands . . . and sturdy gold-filled clips. Yes, here are perfect examples of expert craftsmanship!

## GIVE EVERSHARP—AND YOU GIVE THE FINEST!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Help Wanted—Female

**ADDRESS & mltgrph, 12-8, radio** stat; $45. Reynolds Agency, 204 South St.

### ACCOUNTS PAYABLE CLERK
EXPERIENCED
National company. Answer giving experience, age, phone, and salary expected. Y2947 News.

**ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE with** well-known company seeks general helper who can double as first-class secretary and copywriter. This is a fine opportunity for the right girl. Must be well educated girl who aspires to writing job and is willing to reach her goal by earning it: Salary $55. R938 News.

**ADVTG. COPYWRITER, direct** mail experience. Must be able to write on varied accounts. $90. Katherine Lanham Agency. 4 E. Bond St.

**ALTERATIONS ASSISTANT 30-35** with garment experience, to work on alterations & repairs on foundation garments. Permanent. Apply 3rd Flr., 48 Broad St.

### ART DIRECTOR
Gen'l all-round experience. Up-to-the-minute fashions. Local. $5000. Reynolds Agency, 17 Wald St.

**ARTIST—HAND PAINTING**
on textiles
SID WARD, 159 Grant St.

**ARTIST, glass and china. Experi**ence in floral, gold work, banding, etc. Permanent position. HA 3967

**ARTIST, label department. Clean** work, imaginative layout girl. $35. Simpkin Specialty, 194 Broad St.

**ARTISTS, shower curtains. Expe**rienced only. Munce Art Studios, 756 Grant St.

**ASST. BKKPR. Typing knowledge** helpful but not essential. Bright, efficient, beginner considered. State age, qualifications, and salary. Y3849 News.

**ASSISTANT to executive, person**nel and office management experience, age 30-40, willing to locate in Baltimore, Md., vicinity. Salary $5,000, $5,400. Send complete resume and salary requirements. DA 8520.

### ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER
Some exp.: temporary; excellent salary. Write stating experience, salary desired. Y2539 News.

**ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER, must** have knowledge of steno. and typing. Busy office, interesting work. Write stating age, experience, salary desired. X3947 News.

**ASST. BOOKKEEPER - TYPIST.** Must be experienced. Will train on bookkeeping machine. Quick, young, accurate. BU 6938.

**ASSISTANT TO BOOKKEEPER.** Will consider inexperienced girl. Must be bright, steady, willing to start at bottom of ladder. DA 3347.

**ASSISTANT BOOKKEEPER. Must** be experienced in plumbing and heating supplies. Must have calculator experience, knowledge of list prices, etc. Z8396 News.

**ASST. BUYER for wholesale gar**ment house. Expd. only. 30-35. $60 to start. Excellent opportunity for right girl. X6385 News.

**Assistant Camp Director, western.** College grad; Experienced in children's programming. Excellent living conditions, fine opportunity to gain experience. Salary commensurate with experience and background. References. Apply in detail prior to interview. Z7382 News.

**BALLET INSTRUCTOR, also tap.** afternoons. Phone any day this week. BU 2839.

**BILLER, fast typing essential,** expd. payroll pref. Good at figures and detail; 5-day wk., steady. $30-35. BU 3840.

### BILLING CLERK
Experienced Burroughs ≠7200. Full time, steady job. Call Mr. J. DA7408.

**BILLING CLERK on typewriter.** Fast typist, expert at figures; also assist in general office work. Several yrs.' experience necessary; rapid advancement. 40-hr. wk. 138 Younger Ave., 6th Fl.

**BILLING CLERK, BURROUGHS.** ≠7200 stenographic experience. 5-day week DA 6930.

**BOOKKEEPER—FEMALE. Prefer**ably with contracting experience. Splendid opportunity with growing firm. Must be familiar with payroll and details. Write stating full qualifications to Box Y856 News.

**BOOKKEEPER—$180 Month. Eight** hour day, five-day w[illegible]. Experienced double en[illegible]ti Employment Agen[illegible]

**BOOKKEEP[illegible]**

**BOOKBINDERY gang-stitch oper**ators, table workers; expd. Must be efficient. Feldman, Work, and Gerhart, Inc., 293 South St.

**BOOKKEEPER, 1-girl office; pleas**ant surroundings, must be experienced. Write experience, age, salary. Z8369 News.

### BOOKKEEPER
Full charge. Some stenography, secretarial training. Interesting work, congenial surroundings. $45-50. BU 8576.

**BOOKKEEPER, expd., capable, fast** worker. Knowledge of typing. Excellent starting salary. 135 Grant St., 2nd Fl.

**BOOKKEEPER, some experience** necessary. Good hours, kind bosses. You'll like it here. 40-hour wk. $50. BU 7389.

**BOOKKEEPER-typist, some steno;** 1-girl office; 5-day week, $45-50 to start. Call BU 7380, Miss Connover.

**BOOKKEEPER, must have car, be** able to travel. Must understand general ledger and preparation of trial balance. S. S. VanVechten, Inc., 198 Park Rd.

**BOOKKEEPER TYPISTS, 40 hrs.** $35-40-45-50. Must be experienced; willing, careful workers. Vallenti Employment Agcy., 60 Broad St.

### BOOKKEEPER, FC
Fully experienced; must know stenography, have typing experience. Good handwriting, good at figures. Must be accurate. Top salary, depending upon ability; 40-hr. week, no Saturdays. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Ross Williams, Inc., 385 E. Bond St.

**BOOKKEEPER. Must have acctg.** background, accts. rec., remittances, general ledger. Full-time position, plenty of opportunity. Gribbin Blouse Co., 53 Noonan Rd.

**BOOKKEEPER, expd. or bright be**ginner: Good background, steno and typing; State age & telephone number in reply. Y2938.

**BOOKKEEPER-STENOGRAPHER,** fully experienced in all phases. Accuracy is essential, speed important. Reply stating experience, age, and salary. X5645 News.

**BKPR-STENO-TYPIST, Full Chge.** Must be bright, active, attractive. 5-day week. Good starting salary. Lapham Agency, 27 Broad St.

### BOOKKEEPER, FULL CHARGE
Stationers and printers, permanent; experienced only. Send resum[illegible] Y2938 News.

**BOOKKEEPER, manufacturing e**perience; capable full char[illegible] 30-35, $50, 40-hr. wk., no Saturda[illegible] BU 8390 or X7385 News.

**BKPR, RCPT, knl. typing, 1-**office. Opportunity. $50-55. 9732.

**BOOKKEEPER-MODEL, size 1[illegible]** 5'7", shoes; fur salon, plea[illegible] conditions, excellent opportu[illegible] young, attractive; state age, [illegible]perience. Z8365.

**BURROUGHS Bookkeeping** chine Operator. Excellent o[illegible] tunity, expd. only; must have calculating machine, bookke[illegible] State age, salary, experience.

**BURROUGHS ≠7600-≠7800. A**TANT BOOKKEEPER. M[illegible] expd. mfg. Excellent startin[illegible] ary, opportunity. X7654.

**BURROUGHS ≠2400. Expe**bookkeeper, manufacturin[illegible] accounts receivable. Perr[illegible] pleasant. PO 5983.

**BURROUGHS OPERATOR**
$55 ≠2300
≠7600
≠7800
Lapham Agcy. 27 Broa[illegible]

**BURROUGHS ≠7200 E**
Capable, experienced bo[illegible] Pleasant surroundings, 5-[illegible] 75 E. Bond St., 5th Fl.

**BUYER. Bridal and evening w**[illegible] for young women's specialty shop; must have plenty experience; state age, background, and salary. Y3452 News.

**CAREER GIRL, to travel for de**partment store, public relations. Interesting work, wonderful salary, brilliant opportunity for right young lady. Experience preferable but not essential. Give full particulars. Y8736 News.

**CASHIER, N C R 2000**
RETAIL STORE—GOOD HOURS
Call personally after 11. BU 8923.

**CASHIER. For high-class rest**[illegible] neat appe[illegible]

## Help Wanted—Female

**CASE WORKER, Catholic child** placement agency. Minimum of 1 yr. training in recognized school, three years experience. Excellent references. Rewarding work. X7856.

### CASHIERS (2)
If you have background of cashier in commercial establishment or bank teller, and are seeking dignified and interesting position, apply with full particulars to Y6334 News.

**CASKET-INTERIOR FLOORLADY** Out of town; excellent opportunity for the woman who is right for this job; must be able to take full charge. Give full particulars. Replies confidential. X8556 News.

**CLERICAL. Good at figures—good** typist. Excellent opportunity; 40 hrs. State qual. & salary. Z8677.

**CLERK-SUPV. TRNEE, ST. $35.** To 25, attractive, bright, no typing. Richard Neff Agency, 88 Albert St.

**CLERKS**
(50)
Midtown location
Some typing
Some knwl
adding machine
Minimum 2 yrs. high school
35-hr. week
Age 17-30
Lapham Agency, 27 Broad St.

**CLERKS, GENERAL OFFICE** WORK. Knowledge typing, general experience desirable but not essential. Comfortable surroundings. Apply in person. 268 Wald St.

### CLERK TYPIST
Accuracy essential. Expd. only. Good starting salary. Write stating age and experience. Y4553.

**CLERK, TYPISTS. Excellent posi**tion for several young ladies who are fast, accurate typists and who wish to connect with excellent firm. No experience necessary. $35. 5-day wk. Whittier Manufacturing Co., 122 Finley St.

**CLERK, PAYROLL. Must be expe**rienced. Start at $50. Lapham Agency, 27 Broad St.

**CLERK, TRAVEL BUREAU. Top** appearance necessary. No experience needed. Must be mannerly, courteous, attractive. To $35. Excellent opportunities for advancement. Send photo. Z8823.

**CLERK - TYPIST. Experienced.** Knowledge adding machine, some steno. Reynolds Agency, 204 South St.

**COLLEGE GRADUATES**
If you graduated from college not more than 5 years ago as a mathematics major with at least one year of college physics, we're interested in talking to you. Young [illegible] to do moderately advanced [illegible] specialized super-[illegible] resort. References [illegible] ing helpful. Reply Y355 News.

**COUPLE to direct private girls'** school. Experienced academic supervision. Write Z8889 News.

**CORSET department manager, exp.** fittings and alterations. $40 plus commission.

**CORSETIERE. FC sales, fit, repair** department. $60 pl[illegible]nus. Vallenti Employm't A[illegible]d St.

**COU[illegible]**

**DANCE Teachers Wanted. Group** experience, ages 3-12. Ballet, tap, modern, voice, drama, & harmonica. Stanley Jones School of Arts, 34 Gloria Drive.

**DENTAL ASST. $55. Secretarial.** Excellent opportunity. Dental training necessary. Z882 News.

### DENTAL HYGIENIST
Expd. Good hours, pay. To work with established dentist here. Z923 News.

**DESIGNER. Experienced lingerie.** Excellent starting salary, opportunity for advancement. Fresh ideas, steady position. X6633 News.

**DICTAPHONE SECRETARY, some** clk. Expd. Accuracy counts. Write Y3342 News.

### DIETITIAN
For patient contact work. At least 2 yrs. exp. $200, 40-hr. wk. Pleasant conditions. Car necessary. X9053.

**DRESSMAKERS—FINISHERS. Op**erators, Drapers. Only experienced workers need apply. 674 Rodney St., 2nd Fl.

**EDIPHONE OPERATOR. 3-4 yrs.** exp. 5-day, 35-hr wk. $45 to start. Permanent, local. Reynolds Agency, 204 South St.

**EDITORIAL WRITER to work for** house organ of industrial company. Also publicity. Several years experience. Write X7734 News.

### ELECTRONIC WIREWOMEN
Television wiring experience, also assembly. Locate out-of-town. X6543 News.

**GIRLS. Typists, stenos, office clerks.** Expd.—inexpd. Opportunities galore. Salaries commensurate with abilities and experience. Katherine Lanham Agency, 4 E. Bond St.

**GIRLS—HSG. Executive offices of** noted company has openings for several attractive, personable young ladies on a commission basis. No experience necessary. X5633 News.

### GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
$30—$45
Experience not necessary. Openings in clerical positions, some typing, some secretarial. Apply in person. Reynolds Agency, 204 South St.

**GIRLS! TELEVISION WORK!** Experience with tools essential. Hourly rate, easy work, good future. Will train. O'Meara Television and Radio Co., 223 South St.

**GIRLS, FACTORY, $30-$36. Val**lenti Employment Agency, 60 Broad St.

**GIRLS, for Office work. Some sec**retarial, steno. Rindfuss Employment Bureau, 66 Madison St.

**[illegible]SINGER, young, attractive,** [illegible]d trio. Low [illegible] children. Excellent working conditions. [illegible] bins Personnel, 232 North St.

**IBM KEYPUNCH operator** betical and numerical [illegible] Excellent opportunity. [illegible] Richard Neff Agency, 88

**Ink Tracers—(3) spe**[illegible] work. Must hav[illegible] Knowledge Leroy, [illegible] Agency, 88 Albert

## Help Wanted—Female

**IBM KEY PUNCH OPERA**
ALPHA. Large Firm. 5-day [illegible] Start at $40, with opportur[illegible] advance. Reply stating age, [illegible]rience. Y7354 News.

**INVESTIGATOR for retail** chain. Typing necessary. T[illegible] in executive position with chain; reputable firm, exc[illegible] opportunity. Reply with cor[illegible] resume, state salary exp[illegible] X7652 News.

**KENNEL MANAGER. Woma[illegible]** take complete charge of l[illegible] kennel. Experience necessary. [illegible]locate. Z8923 News.

**MILLINERY DESIGNER'S** SISTANT. Wonderful oppor[illegible] for creative woman. Exper[illegible] necessary. If you suit us, yo[illegible] name your salary. Florence [illegible]mann Hats, 2 Unity Pl.

### MODELS
For exclusive gown shop. F[illegible]ence not essential. Apply i[illegible]son, Mr. Harrell, 547 Gra[illegible] 5th Fl.

**MODEL — CORSETS. Expe**[illegible] not necessary. Size 40. Bu[illegible] Waist 36, Hips 44, Height 5'5" [illegible]out shoes. A.B.T. Foundati[illegible] Grand St.

**MODEL—SIZE 10 DRESS**[illegible] bust 34, waist 23, hips [illegible] Richter, 342 Spruce Road.

**MODEL, FUR DEPT. Mu**[illegible] tractive. Experience unn[illegible] Must be willing to sell in [illegible]ment. Van Dyke's, 34 W[illegible] Ave.

**MONITOR Board Oper**[illegible] be tops. Knowledge [illegible]raphy useful. State ag[illegible]ence, salary. Y 2534 New[illegible]

**NCR ≠3000 OPERAT**[illegible] vacation, 40-hr. wk. [illegible]ified, experienced. W[illegible] Z7638 News.

**NURSE—RN. Supervis**[illegible] eight hours; referenc[illegible] pany reply. Bremer Home[illegible] Ladies, 89 Nelson St.

**NURSERY SCHOOL** qualified, graduate[illegible] university, child psych[illegible]ing. Excellent school[illegible] News.

### OFFICE AS[illegible]
Knowledge of typ[illegible] necessary. Some ex[illegible] in full. Z8456 News

**OFFICE Worker, to** paring payroll. Ex[illegible] ferred. X4562 News

**OPERATORS. I**
Foundations. High [illegible] work. Pleasant surro[illegible] ply any day this we[illegible] Corset, 132 Broad S[illegible]

### OPERATORS—G[illegible]
Experienced better gr[illegible] work. Good[illegible] Dress, 232 W[illegible]

**GIRL. Good oppo**[illegible] 17-21, with larg[illegible] at working co[illegible] ence necessar[illegible] , 204 South St.

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Will this be required reading for your wife if something should happen to you?

MORAL: INSURE IN The Travelers

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The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.


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*Collier's, December 16, 1950*

# MacARTHUR'S GREATEST BATTLE

**Marines slog through the thick mud of Inchon's Red Beach, their craft left high and dry by the 31-foot tide which made landings so hazardous**

By BASCOM N. TIMMONS

**The Inchon invasion, mapped by a masterful hand, will go down in history as a classic of amphibious warfare—and possibly as one of the most decisive strategic operations of all time. It caught a tough enemy napping and won us a great prize at an amazingly low price**

**Tokyo**

JUST as school children of today must memorize the dates of decisive battles—1066 A.D. for Hastings, and the like—young students of history a hundred years hence may have to remember 1950, the year of the Korean war, and Inchon. No one can appraise contemporary events with sureness, but it is far from groundless speculation to speak of Inchon as a decisive battle; it seems certain to go into the records as a classic. A vast army of the enemy was destroyed as a fighting force, at small cost. This is the fact which will stand out in military history. Also, this was a battle between an aggressor and the new international organization for peace and order, the United Nations, here engaged for the first time in a showdown struggle.

Events leading up to this climax began June 24th when General Douglas MacArthur was in his office in Tokyo busy with Japanese occupation duties. It was Saturday, but he works every day, every week, including Sundays, and has since Pearl Harbor day. The fifth year of the occupation was coming to an end and Japan had grown so tranquil that most matters which came to MacArthur's desk were routine. On this Saturday there were before him for study and decision a number of items of high importance to the Japanese government.

MacArthur weighed the value of increasing the Japanese national police reserve by 75,000 men. He worked at his office until deep into the night, then went home and to bed.

At four o'clock Sunday morning he was awakened and given the report that the North Koreans had crossed into South Korea. Months before, the State Department had assumed complete control and responsibility over American interests in Korea; it had not kept MacArthur in touch with matters there. History moved fast now. On June 26th there came the order directing him to use the Navy and Air Forces to protect the evacuation of civilians from South Korea; on June 27th, to use the Navy and Air Forces (south of the 38th parallel) to aid the South Korean army; and on June 30th, to use the Army ground forces.

Instructions reached Tokyo from Washington. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were on the sending end, knew this was a tough assignment they were giving MacArthur. He needed more men, more ships, more tanks, more planes—more of everything to fight even a small war, and they had no way to supply him immediately.

As the teletype conference was nearing its end, they anticipated that he might—as he had every right to do—come back at them with a request for delay, or for a change of plans so he could get set for the operation. But when the Chiefs had finished sending, and waited to get his comments and recommendations, the only sentence that came over from Tokyo was substantially this: "Have you any further instructions?"

Just that, and the famous general who thought



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## The General and the Author

Douglas MacArthur and Bascom N. Timmons met 38 years ago under sad circumstances. Famous and colorful Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur had died suddenly in Milwaukee while addressing the survivors of his Civil War command. Douglas MacArthur, home from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to attend the funeral, wanted to learn more about his father's last days. Timmons, a young reporter for the Milwaukee Sentinel, had known the elder MacArthur well as a personal hero and a source for many news stories.

The young captain of Engineers and the younger reporter had many talks. They became friends, and since that distant day in September, 1912, they have remained close.

Not long after the Old General's death, Timmons left Milwaukee to work for the Washington Post. A few weeks later Captain Douglas MacArthur was transferred to the capital, where he was attached to the General Staff of the Army, and the two saw much of each other for years.

When World War I broke out, Major Douglas MacArthur was named press officer for the War Department, the first man to hold the job. Thereafter, until Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur went to France with the Rainbow Division, Bascom Timmons saw him several times a day. Not long after the separation, Timmons got into uniform and became, as he puts it, "one of the war's best-known color-blind privates."

After the war Timmons, who was born in Collin County, Texas, in 1890, returned to Washington and developed a news bureau serving out-of-town papers which did not have their own capital reporters. He has owned the bureau since. It now represents 25 newspapers—in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Tennessee, North Carolina, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas.

In 1930, MacArthur was appointed Chief of Staff, and from then until he went to the Philippines five years later, he and Timmons saw each other frequently. After that they corresponded, but it was not until September of this year, when Timmons went to Tokyo for Collier's, that they saw each other again in a happy reunion.

THE EDITOR

and hoped he had fought his last war and his last battle was off to war again, fighting for the fourth time on foreign soil. Never before, not even in the Philippines at the time of Pearl Harbor, had he started with so little as he had in Korea those early days in July. He had nothing more lethal than a military shoestring with which to keep the enemy off balance until the United Nations' forces could be built up.

Immediately, MacArthur had to make a painful and dangerous decision. Should he commit his meager troops piecemeal against vastly superior man power and equipment? The alternative—to select a place near the southern tip of Korea and begin to build up there in the hope of stopping the Reds—was impracticable. He had to make them deploy. American tradition and military textbooks, both, say forces are not to be committed small units at a time, to be consumed by the onrush of the enemy. But MacArthur decided the best chance he had was to go against tradition and the textbooks. He explains his decision this way:

"The enemy's plan and great opportunity depended upon the speed with which he could overrun Korea once he breached the Han River line and . . . shattered South Korean resistance. When he crashed the Han line, the way seemed entirely open and victory was in his grasp. The desperate decision to throw in piecemeal American elements as they arrived by every means of transport from Japan was the only hope to save the situation."

It worked. The enemy was slowed enough to give the United Nations the time so desperately needed. Fresh divisions, with Chinese-trained man power and equipment from the Russian arsenal, poured down from North Korea. There were many soft spots where, if the Communists found them, they could mount a crushing attack and push our forces back into the Sea of Japan.

MacArthur had to get troops somewhere, and at once. The only way, it seemed to him, was to integrate South Koreans into American units. Members of his staff presented the objections: Most of the South Koreans did not know how to handle rifles. They would have to be trained. Furthermore, they could not speak English. In reply MacArthur told of an experience he had in World War I, while in command of the Rainbow (42d) Division. He had suffered heavy casualties, and sent a call for replacements. Word came back that the only available men were raw recruits. He asked that they be sent up.

"One day in the Saint-Mihiel offensive," he related, "I saw that the regiment on my right seemed to be in trouble. At one place there was a huddle of about 100 men around one man. I went to the concentration to upbraid the sergeant in charge for allowing it. He replied: 'Sir, I am teaching them how to load rifles.' I saluted the sergeant and told him to carry on. When an army is in the fix that we were, the knowledge of how to load and fire a rifle is rather basic."

Now, 32 years after Saint-Mihiel, American preparedness had fallen so low that any man who could hold his place in line and fire a rifle was acceptable. MacArthur, after one of the longest day's work of his life, issued the order at one thirty in the morning for the incorporation of the South Koreans into the United States Army. The size of the American companies in the combat area was raised from 200 to 300 men by putting 100 South Koreans in each company. It gave United Nations forces 30,000 additional troops. To carry the war forward, MacArthur scraped the bottom of the man-power barrel. (By early September not one organized company of occupation troops remained in Japan.)

MacArthur was now ready to plot what was to be the most daring strategic move of his long career—an amphibious landing in what is perhaps the most hazardous harbor in the world for such a lodgment. For the perils involved, there was the promise of rich rewards. If it could be carried out, combining surprise and a successful tactical envelopment, it could have as its maximum immediate effect the cutting of the lines of communication and supplies of the North Koreans and complete destruction of their ability for further fighting south of the 38th parallel; and it possibly could have the ultimate effect of ending what MacArthur once called "the roll of the Communist armies over Asia."

Perhaps there never has been so much opposition to any MacArthur operational plan as there was to his proposal that Inchon be the location for the undertaking. Members of his staff in whom he had the greatest confidence doubted that Inchon was the right place. Opinion in military councils at the Pentagon in Washington, where decisions are made, also was divided; but Louis Johnson, then Secretary of Defense, signed an order leaving MacArthur free to choose Inchon, or any other place, with the comment: "He is one of the greatest generals we have ever had. He will know when and where to apply his forces."

Bold as MacArthur is in action, he is first of all a prudent leader. He plans no battle by intuition. He researched all the perils of Inchon. This harbor on Korea's west coast presents unprecedented difficulties for an amphibious assault. The extremely ragged coast line is completely altered twice daily by the 31-foot tides. At high tide countless small islands dot the sea just off shore; at low tide these are transformed into mud-flanked mountains. In some areas the mud flats extend for miles from the high-water mark. And the immediate area around Inchon represents the worst of this very difficult hydrographic situation.

One high admiral, who at first questioned the wisdom of MacArthur's plan, said an attempted landing there was likely to result in a lot of ships stuck helplessly, while shore batteries ruined them. Others wondered what would happen if a typhoon came along at the wrong time.

**Invasion aftermath. U.S. Army engineers prowl through the ruins of Inchon's water front, blasted by preliminary air and sea attack**

**Ignoring battle smoke behind them, South Korean people watch as Marine amtracs make a dawn crossing of the Han River near Seoul**

**Collier's for December 16, 1950**

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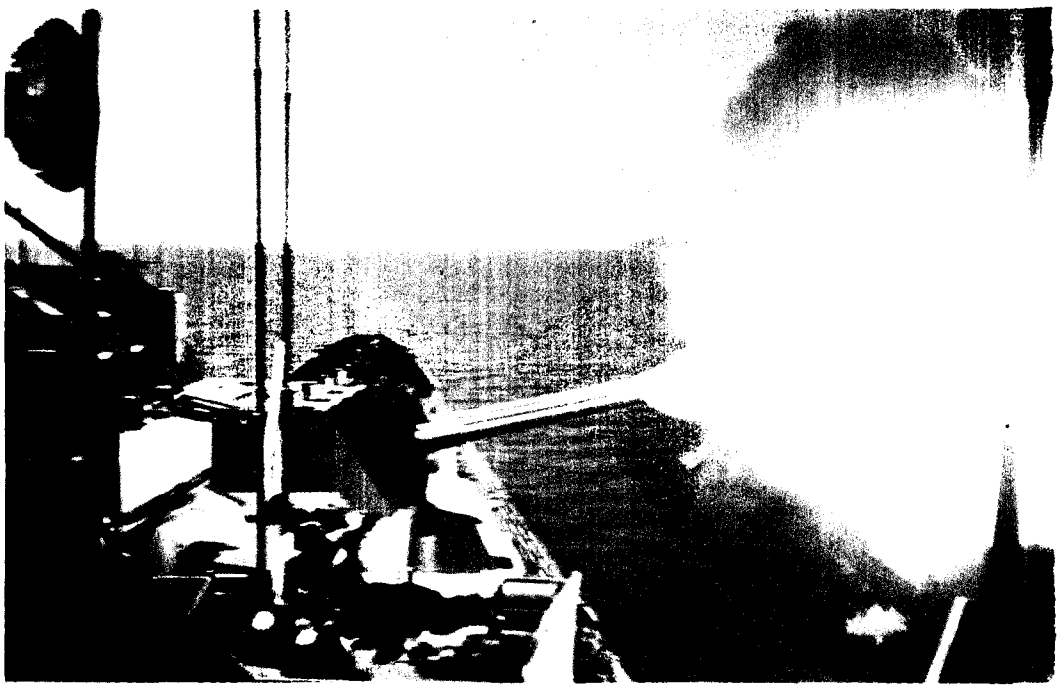
On a hill overlooking the fighting zone, Gen. MacArthur confers with Marine Gen. Lewis B. Puller and Vice-Adm. A. D. Struble

After the landings, Red Beach was strewn with rubble. The heavy bombardment preceding the invasion smashed trees, buildings

This sharpshooting Marine tank crew knocked out three Red Korean armored vehicles in 10 minutes of fighting around Inchon



Cruiser Rochester's batteries, never before fired in anger, pound shore targets tricked into showing themselves by destroyer decoys

All conditions must be favorable for a successful landing, and there remained in 1950 only two or three days in September and a similar number in October when this could happen. The men and their equipment must be got ashore at flood tide, which meant within about two hours. It would be horrible to land insufficient forces and leave them to the mercy of the fierce enemy while waiting 12 hours for the next tide and reinforcements.

Nature herself, Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, Chief of Naval Operations, had declared, was the most powerful ally of the Communists at Inchon.

Suppose the bold venture failed? What would be the consequences not only to the expedition itself, but to the Pusan front, where Lieutenant General Walton H. Walker was fighting hard to hold on to the small area left the United Nations forces, and at times—even as late as the first days of September—was doubtful that he could do it? He needed more men desperately; but this Inchon plan would force him to give up his Marine contingent, and forgo the additional Marine help he expected. He would be left with a reserve much too small for comfort. The hazard was great either way, but the Inchon landing, as MacArthur saw it, promised vastly better results than could be had by slow and costly land fighting back toward the 38th parallel, or even by an amphibious landing at some other point.

The combined attack—sea, air and land—might quickly give him, with small losses, the Kimpo airfield, best in Korea, providing a base from which to launch a paradrop, if that proved feasible, and place him across the rail lines into Seoul, one running from Vladivostok and Communist Russia and the other from Harbin and Communist China. Along these lines aid had been coming to the Red Korean army.

From his young manhood, Douglas MacArthur had avid interest in amphibious operations. As an engineer fresh out from West Point he had studied tides and currents. At Vera Cruz he had gone ashore to scout behind Mexican lines while our fleet came in and took the port. In the Philippines he had long ago taken part in the building of the Guimaras sea wall. He continued his studies at Panama and San Francisco. All this knowledge he had used as he fought his way back from Australia to the Philippines in World War II.

Now he dug deep into history for a situation resembling that which would confront him at Inchon. A lightning-fast reader with an unbelievably retentive mind he had read most of the military library which his father, Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, and he had accumulated. While pondering Inchon, he recalled that 191 years ago, on another September day, Major General James Wolfe, British commander in Canada, was seeking to break the hold of the French in North America. The French forces, under the marquis, General Louis Joseph de Montcalm de Saint-Véran, were on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec. Could those precipitous cliffs be scaled and the heights be stormed?

Wolfe presented his daring plan to his three brigadiers, and to the British Admiral Saunders. The generals and the admiral said it would not work. No attacking force, however brave, could storm those heights in the face of an enemy.

MacArthur went home at night thinking of the similarity in the situations. Wolfe on the banks of the Montmorency knew that the season during which operations could be continued was coming to an end. So was such a season approaching in Korea. MacArthur had said that Thanksgiving should be the absolute limit of time for cleaning up Korea, if the North Koreans obtained no allies.

The more he thought of the siege of Quebec, the stronger became his conviction that a landing at Inchon was sound.

Finally the general simplified the situation like this:

"I imagine that Wolfe thought to himself, if his brigadiers and his admiral believed his plan unfeasible, then General Montcalm must have reasoned that Wolfe would not try it. And if able American officers think Inchon impracticable, doubtless the Communists do, too."

The element of surprise *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON, COLLIER'S COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

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# TOURIST REST

**By HAMLEN HUNT**

*All his life Mr. Benison had dreamed about a place to call home. When he met Mrs. Kennedy, he learned something surprising about homes—and about dreams*

MR. BENISON was an expert on how to find comfortable lodging for the night, whether he was in Connecticut or out in the motel country. In fact, selecting a room for the night had become his hobby in life. His gift was partly instinctive, and, at a glance, he could choose the right motel in a fifty-mile area, or, more particularly, the right tourist home. He rather preferred, for himself, a room in a clean tourist home, upstairs, toward the back and away from the sounds of traffic.

This late afternoon, Mr. Benison began to think about where he would stay. Already the night-blooming No Vacancy signs were in evidence, but nevertheless he passed by several possible places because he knew they weren't what he wanted. For a homeless man, the choice of a night's lodging was important. He checked with his privately compiled list, but there was nothing within several hundred miles, so he kept on driving and looking.

Several times he slowed down, then shook his head, and drove along. In the old days, he had sometimes been fooled by a clever stucco front, and found himself committed to a dingy room with a sagging bed, and a grimy pink chenille cover, and a shower too scummy for him to step into. He knew city deceits of glamorous electricity and poor comfort. He knew country meanness—rambler roses, and then stiff dark-gray towels, and torn linoleum on the floor. He had grown familiar with an odor—a brackish, damp, mildewy smell—that warned him away instantly.

"I'm sorry," he had taught himself to say, after one sniff. "I'm afraid this isn't quite what I had in mind."

It was already growing dark when, with a groan, Mr. Benison saw before him another set of yellow signs saying, Road Under Construction—Proceed at your own risk. At once, gravel rattled under his wheels, and the bags of clay he carried in the luggage compartment of his car began to shift and thump. Giant road-building machines slept, like dinosaurs, along the borders of the desert they had created out of farms and streets and pleasant meadows . . .

Horace Benison. His clear plastic name tags gave that as his name but, rather sadly, the only address to go with it was that of the home office of Chameleon Clay, in North Carolina. As he grew older, he didn't like the look of these tags. He hated calling for his mail care of General Delivery.

"A year or two more will be about enough," he thought, jolting along and thankfully noting houses ahead. "Then I'll settle somewhere for good." He wondered where.

Mr. Benison had lived with his mother until she died, when he was in his late thirties. She had been a nice, interesting woman, but not in the least domestic and, since she had a heart ailment that kept her semi-invalided, they had lived mostly in hotels and boardinghouses. Horace had worked in the main plant, then, but when he was left alone, he became a salesman for the clay company that employed him. At that time, he was a rather pale, shy, but secretly romantic man, who had won a prize for naming, in a company contest, the useful clay they sold to many industries.

Chameleon Clay was now a famous trade-mark, and the clay itself was used by laundries and by sculptors. It had something to do with cleaning processes, the manufacture of plastics and some china, the tanning of leather; and the movie industry used carloads of it every year. So Mr. Benison traveled, from coast to coast, more or less continuously.

In the last lonely decade, Mr. Benison had thought about a great many things, as he drove across the country, evolving new and profitable trade routes, with sample sacks of clay in the luggage compartment, and his neat, expensive bags in the seat beside him. He followed Route 66, and then branched off. Or he took Route 1 or 101, just for the scenery, and left the shorter, straighter inland routes for his return trip, when the weather would be worse.

Horace Benison was now a man of about fifty. He was not so pale, because he got a good deal of sun and air, driving through forty-eight states and back. He felt there were several states that would never be missed, but he rarely said so, because people were touchy. And he was not so shy. He had learned he was a good salesman, with a pleasant, honest manner. But he was still romantic, and lonely, and his dream was to find a place and a person around which he could train up the tendrils and vines of his affections before it was too late.

GLANCING at his wrist watch, Mr. Benison said to himself, "Better find a place right here. Don't want to drive any more tonight."

Abruptly, the construction work ended, and Horace Benison bumped off, and turned down a side street to a low yellow house, rather isolated, with a small lighted sign saying, Tourist Rest. He knew at once he had found his night's lodging.

The house had a lawn, with trees and chairs and flowers: the smell of country garden wafted a welcome to him as he opened the white gate and walked up the flagstone path. There was a small, penciled note fixed to the door, near the sign that said, Ring bell. The note said, Out for a minute. Walk in.

"Yes," said Mr. Benison.

Mr. Benison was lonely, and he knew it. He was a domestic creature without a home; he never had had one, because his mother had been too ill to make him one, and the rest of the time he was on the move. Traveling constantly, Mr. Benison had many acquaintances but few friends; and when he went back every few months to the main office, he felt somewhat lost there.

"Welcome back, Mr. Benison," they said, sort of surprised to see him. He earned a lot of money for the firm, his salary was good, and his commissions better. But, somehow, they didn't really expect him to be in and out of the office, in the flesh. Mr. Horace Benison was letters and reports, by mail: he was a salary check, and expense money, by mail, care of General Delivery. If he happened in on the Christmas party, there was always a scrabble to wrap up some little thing for him to find in the grab bag.

"So he won't feel left out," the receptionist would say, wrapping up two cigars.

So, naturally, Mr. Benison grew very observing of any small, particular comforts offered the lonely traveler who stayed one night, and then moved on. Certain things he expected, but it was the unexpected thoughtfulness that won what he called an Appleseed Award.

If someone slipped a local morning newspaper under his door, or provided both a comfortable chair and a reading light beside it, if there were seesaws and swings in the yard to amuse the children while their parents repacked the car, then Mr. Benison left a pleasant surprise of some sort for the landlord or landlady. It might be a box of candy, or a crisp couple of dollar bills and a note of thanks.

He also left neat notations of what was wrong, if anything was. Bathroom door doesn't close. Bottom of stall shower sticky. Sheets rough. Not enough soap. Light extremely poor.

He was tactful. All he said as he left was, "I'm afraid I couldn't recommend this room, Mrs. Keezar, as it is. I've left a note on the bureau. For your information. Thank you."

"Oh, you did, did you!" Mrs. Keezar was very apt to reply.

But, on the other hand, he was quick to show approval.

"This is a very nice-appearing room," he would say, and it pleased him to think that when he was many miles away, the surprised lady of the house would find a little bottle of perfume, or a set of glasses, on the bureau of the room he had recently left. Sometimes, at Christmas, a lonely housewife in Indiana would get a little present, something pretty, or something foreign, and delicious, from "Horace Benison. Once a guest in your home. You treated me kindly. Merry Christmas."

He felt there might, in time, grow up another legend about the wayfaring stranger in the dark blue car, the modern Johnny Appleseed of the highways, sowing seeds of gratitude wherever there was kindness in the soil—encouraging civilization.

THE instant he entered this house, Mr. Benison had a strange feeling of return, though he had never been here before. The hall was pleasant, and on a low table was a plain guestbook, in which he signed his name, to register. There were some printed cards saying, Tourist Rest. Springvale, Ohio. Off Route 32. Mrs. Lucy Kennedy. Rates: $3.50 a room. Without even going upstairs to look at the rooms, Mr. Benison put down three dollars and a half, near a little vase that held sweet William and Nicotiana. The flower smell did not entirely quench the smell of freshly baked bread curling in from the back of the house. There was a neatly typed menu beside the guestbook, too, that said, Breakfast, 6:30 to 9 A.M. Sixty-five cents complete. Please leave word. *(Continued on page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

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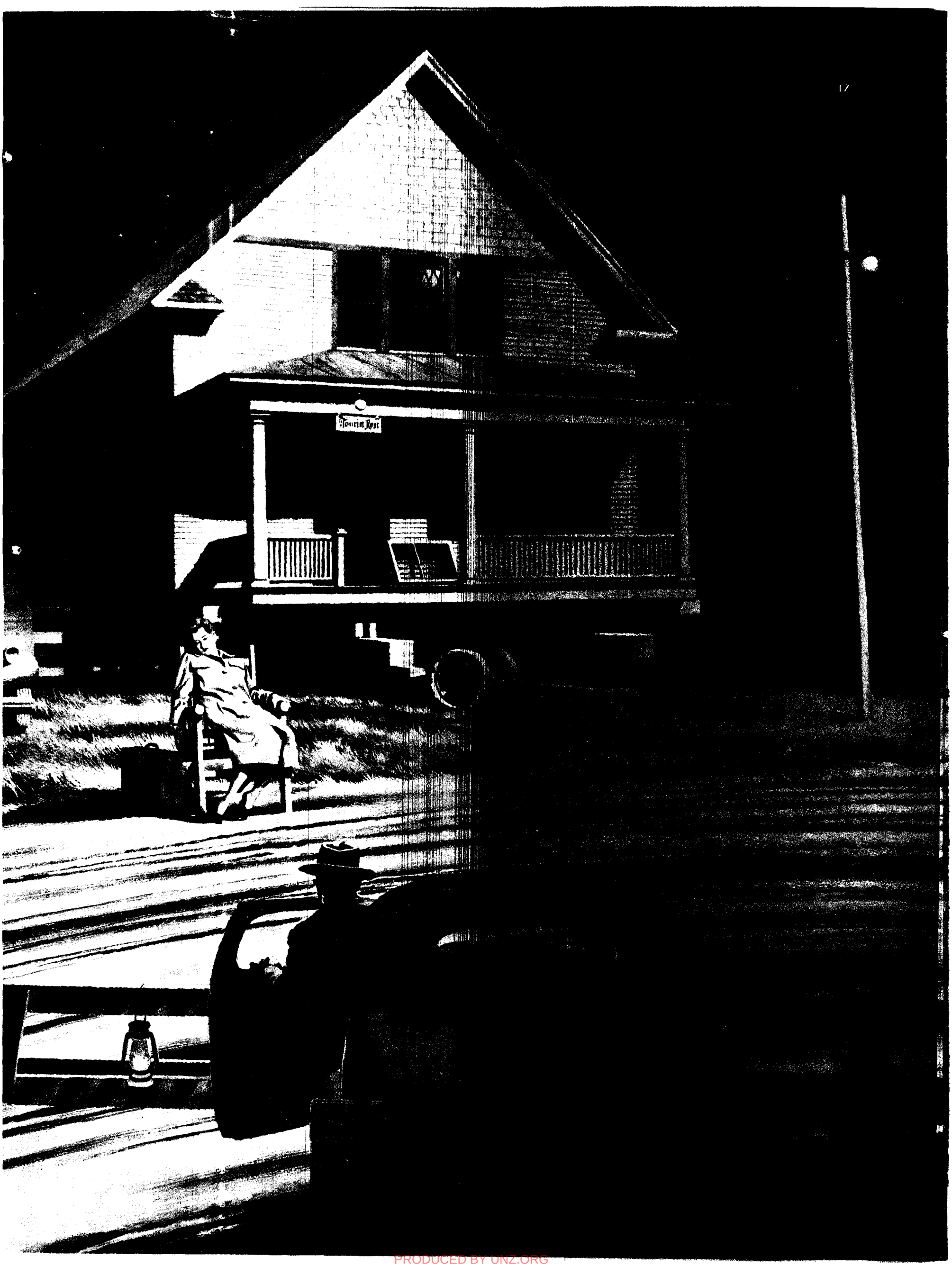


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# *Our Alarming* DOCTOR

*We desperately need physicians—yet the leaders of organize*

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

A TINY group of well-intentioned men has placed your health, and even your chances of Atomic Age survival, in the most serious jeopardy. These men mean you no harm. Indeed, they are the leaders of the American Medical Association, an organization sincerely dedicated to fighting disease and saving life.

Yet they must shoulder major responsibility for a shortage of medical personnel which is constantly becoming more critical. They are the one big obstacle in the path of Congressional efforts to meet that shortage with federal aid to medical education —a solution which has the backing of most medical school deans, of leading university presidents, of both Republicans and Democrats, and (by a unanimous vote) of the United States Senate.

The bill which embodies this solution was drawn up with the advice of A.M.A. representatives; time after time it was modified to meet their objections, and in its present form it represents almost precisely what they wanted in the first place. Nevertheless, the American Medical Association's leaders have fought the measure to a dead stop in the House of Representatives.

By so doing, they have made it entirely possible that wounded American soldiers, in the future, will receive some second- or third-rate substitute for the marvelous medical services that saved tens of thousands of lives in World War II. Because of what they have done and what they have prevented from being done, civilian atomic-bomb victims may perish untended. Mothers, lacking a physician's help, may die in childbirth under the ministrations of incompetent midwives. Plagues and epidemics, which we all thought banished forever, may return to claim millions of victims.

These are not the dire and gloomy forebodings of neurotic alarmists or scare-peddling sensationalists. They are rather the considered private predictions of shocked and worried experts who, ever since the end of World War II, have been trying to get the organized medical profession to take steps to overcome a growing shortage of physicians, nurses, dentists and public health technicians.

Behind this shortage lies the fact that our medical and other health education schools cannot expand for lack of funds. Many of them are so deep in the red that they may even have to fold up entirely.

The shortage of physicians has been recognized for years. In May, 1945, for example, Dr. Victor Johnson (then secretary of the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Education and Hospitals) testified before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs that, while we would need 35,000 more physicians after World War II, our training program was geared to provide us with an increase of less than half this number by 1948.

Despite this warning of a growing shortage of doctors, even for civilian needs, we demobilized our medical schools, along with everything else, when World War II ended. Financial difficulties—and a desire to improve the quality of training—led college after college to cut back its student roster, often by as much as 20 to 30 per cent. Instead of training more doctors than ever before, we began to train fewer. Our nursing, dental and public health schools all moved in the same direction.

### A.M.A. Secretary Makes a Forecast

In October, 1947, Dr. Donald G. Anderson, the new secretary of the A.M.A. Council, stated, "We are prepared to contend that the maximum deficit that could possibly be forecast for 1960 does not exceed 15,000 physicians."

Anderson's words were couched in terms designed to minimize the problem. Yet they amounted to a startling admission. For according to the 1950 American Medical Directory, there are about 200,000 physicians for more than 150,000,000 Americans—an average of one doctor for every 750 persons. Since this includes doctors doing research and other work not directly connected with the care of patients, the actual number of persons per general practitioner is estimated to run as high as 1,500. Taking 1,000 as a conservative figure, what Anderson was actually saying was that approximately one in every 10 of us would be without doctors in 1960, or that all of us would be averaging 10 per cent less medical service than we needed and were willing to pay for.

A similar situation of chronic shortage has been developing in the other health-service professions.

We have only 280,500 professional nurses. Right now, without allowing for the expanding needs of the armed services, 74,000 more are required. But enrollments in our schools of nursing have dropped to less than two thirds of the wartime peak.

We have 75,000 practicing dentists. By 1960, the U.S. Public Health Service reports, we will need at least 95,000. But our dental schools can't train enough, unless their capacity is substantially increased. A continuing deficit of at least 5,000 dentists looms.

The same is true for nursing teachers, doctors of public health, sanitary engineers and all the other groups of specialized health technicians. Far from overcoming these deficits, we have been falling ever farther behind in training new medical personnel.

In 1910, our medical schools graduated 4,440 students, producing one new doctor for every 20,000 of our population. By 1940 the number of graduates had increased to 5,097, but the growth of population had far outstripped the increase in doctors. In that year we produced only one doctor for every 26,000 of our people. In 1950 our physician output mounted to 5,553. But, once again, it did not keep pace with population growth. We produced this year only one new doctor for every 27,000 people.

Worst of all, our schools of medicine, dentistry, nursing and public health find themselves in a deep and growing financial crisis. Their costs have been mounting, but their income has not nearly kept pace.

This country's 79 medical schools, for example, had a total budget last year of more than $61,000,000. They had to spend an average of $2,577 for every student. But their tuition fees averaged only $548. Income from research grants, endowments, state appropriations and all other sources still left a gap of more than $10,000,000.

More than three quarters of the 44 privately owned medical schools have been operating at a deficit. Even a number of the tax-supported state schools have been running into the red. According to the American Medical Association, only eight schools reported, a year ago, that they did not stand in urgent need of additional operating funds to meet essential costs.

The same situation has been hog-tying our other health education schools. Dental colleges, with an average tuition fee of $500 a year per student, have had to find $2,000 per year to cover the cost of edu-



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# SHORTAGE

*medicine won't let Congress quit*

## *It's Not "Socialized Medicine"*

The article on this page sets forth a serious national problem that, in another all-out war, could become a national catastrophe. Few will bother to deny the present shortage of medical personnel. Few will deny the actual and potential dangers of such a shortage. Few will question its obvious solution. The country's medical schools must have money in order to expand and to reduce the sometimes prohibitive cost of medical education.

There is strong public and professional support for financing an expansion program with federal funds. But the leaders of the American Medical Association are against the idea. So far they have blocked the passage of legislation which would make such a program possible.

Collier's thinks that their stand is wrong. We appreciate the Association's great contributions in maintaining high professional standards and protecting public health and safety. Yet, in this case their attitude seems narrow, and their case weak.

Federal aid to medical education is not "socialized medicine." And as long as the danger of general war and atomic attack against our civilian population exists, the argument that federal aid may lead to federal control of medical education is academic, to say the least.

We hope that the A.M.A. leaders will withdraw their opposition. The Senate has already passed a bill which would provide money to end the doctor shortage. If the A.M.A. continues its fight in the new Congress, we trust that the lawmakers will have the courage to enact the measure anyway in the interest of urgent necessity. THE EDITOR

cating each person. The schools of public health, with tuition fees averaging only $440, have actually been spending an average of seven times as much per student.

Even the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Education and Hospitals, when it surveyed the sorry situation of the medical schools more than two years ago, found that they needed an additional $15,000,000 a year to support their operations and nearly $200,000,000 of capital funds to construct urgently needed facilities.

In the words of Herbert Hoover, "Our medical educational system is woefully inadequate for the conduct of our national defense and our federal hospitals for veterans and others. And it is doubly inadequate for the needs of the people generally."

In the event of all-out war, no other nonindustrial bottleneck will do more to endanger our chances for victory than these shortages of medical personnel. For we shall need more doctors and nurses than ever before in our history.

Our armed services will be compelled to drain the home front of tens of thousands of doctors. But home-front needs will be infinitely greater than they were in the past.

### When War Ravages the Home Front

Listen, for example, to the carefully weighed words of Dr. P. J. Carroll, dean of the School of Medicine of Creighton University in Omaha. "In the event of another world war," Dr. Carroll warns, "we shall not be able to leave the civilian population without adequate medical services as was done during the last war. There was no conflict or even a threat of conflict within our borders. The next war will be different. Our large cities will be enemy targets and a large part of our population will be evacuated. It will be necessary to disperse our civilian population in small concentrations, away from military installations. The greater the dispersion of our people, the greater will be the need for more physicians."

It is this dilemma—the need for more doctors and nurses for the services, coupled with a multiplied need for the same doctors and nurses at home—that is giving sleepless nights to the experts of the National Security Resources Board and the other agencies whose duty it is to prepare for both mobilization and civil defense.

They have no hope of really solving the problem in the sense of having enough doctors and nurses both to meet all military needs and fully to protect civilian health. Our chance to achieve that goal has been frittered away in five years of inaction since the end of World War II.

The best they can hope for, today, is to arrive somehow at a formula that will equalize the shortage, a scheme that will go as far as possible toward taking care of military needs without leaving us utterly stripped of medical resources to meet ordinary civilian needs—*plus* the tremendous medical demands of atomic or bacteriological defense.

The experts have one other hope. Given a few years of even partial peace, the training of large numbers of doctors, dentists, nurses and technicians might be started—if the program got a great shot in the arm.

Faced with this alarming situation, the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, bitterly split between proponents of national health insurance and those who fight it as "socialized medicine," decided in the spring of 1949 to separate the problem of medical education from its long-stymied omnibus "National Health Act." This, the senators felt, might lead to something they all could agree on to aid the medical and other health education schools.

A bill was drawn up to provide federal subsidies ($500 per student in the case of medical schools) to help meet current operating deficits. Additional sums were to be available for any school that increased its roster. And to aid the schools in expanding their physical facilities, grants of $5,000,000 a year were to be allotted for construction and equipment.

This bill was sponsored not only by such Fair Dealers as Senators James E. Murray of Montana and Claude Pepper of Florida, but also by two outstanding Republicans, Senators Robert A. Taft of Ohio and Forrest Donnell of Missouri. The Hoover Commission backed its principles. President Truman got behind it. The Association of American Medical Colleges anxiously urged its passage. Most of the state-owned medical schools supported it. The privately owned medical schools were almost unanimous in their endorsement.

Nevertheless, anxious to meet all possible objections, the Senate Committee followed up its public hearings with a week-long series of conferences with representatives of the Americal Medical Association and the other health professions.

At these meetings, under the chairmanship of Lowell J. Reed, vice-president of Johns Hopkins University, every conceivable objection to the original draft of the bill was freely raised and discussed.

### A Concession to Medical Opinion

The original measure, for example, provided for an Advisory Council representing the health professions, to be appointed by the Surgeon General of the Public Health Service with the approval of the Federal Security Administrator. The representatives of the American Medical Association, however, objected to giving this much influence to Oscar Ewing, the administrator, whom they deeply mistrusted as a leading advocate of compulsory health insurance. Instead they asked that the measure provide for Presidential appointment of the Advisory Council. This change was made.

The early draft of the bill provided a ceiling of 50 per cent on the proportion of the budget of any school that might be met by federal subsidies. This ceiling was designed to preserve local interest in supporting medical education and to prevent the federal subsidy from dominating the picture. Under the formulas for subsidy, the richer and larger schools would never approach the ceiling. But the representatives of the medical schools and of the universities felt that the 50 per cent figure was essential if adequate help were to be given to the most needy schools.

The American Medical Association representatives, extremely fearful of so great a federal participation in the support of medical education, held out for a ceiling of 30 per cent. Ultimately the Senate Committee compromised at 40 per cent.

Still wary of federal influence, the representatives of the A.M.A. asked that the Advisory Council be granted a veto power over the actions of the Surgeon General in administering and allotting the subsidies. The medical school deans and the other educators, who long have *(Continued on page 83)*



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20

# THE SKINFLINT

*With my greedy ki*

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*Rather, it wasn't the Christmas spirit. It was the gift itself—or so I thought*

# By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

EDDIE was sitting at the dining-room table, counting his hoard of Indian-head pennies and looking grouchy, and I was laying on the studio couch by the window, eating popcorn out of a pan on the floor beside me and reading a murder mystery. There's a difference for you. It was Saturday night, three weeks before Christmas, and outside the wind was throwing sleet at the windowpanes, and Mom was in the kitchen stuffing a chicken with sage dressing and listening to Christmas carols on her little radio. It would of been a good night to be staying home, if it wasn't for Eddie the skinflint.

"Hank," he said. "Hey, listen, Hank."

I scowled at him for interrupting my reading. "What?" I said.

"I'm going down there tomorrow after Sunday school."

"Down where?" I asked him, feeling annoyed at him.

"Down there to git Jake from them darn' kids," he told me.

"Okay." I started reading again. "You got my permission," I said.

"Will you go with me, Hank?" He couldn't drop the subject.

"Why the heck should I?" I said. "He's not my dog. Remember?"

"Well," Eddie complained, "I don't know where they live."

I reached for more popcorn. "I'll draw you a map, skinflint." I used to call Eddie a skinflint and a tightwad all the time, and he never denied it. Sometimes he'd say, " 'At's all right, boy, you're jist jealous." And I got to admit I envied him all the dough he'd glued onto in the past year or so. He was about the closest twelve-year-old miser you ever heard about, the way I had him pegged. I guess one reason I felt so sour toward him was because he was the only member of the family that had any money, and it wasn't doing anybody any good, the way he hung onto it.

Eddie didn't say anything for a minute. Then he said, "Well, I ain't sure I'd recognize them kids if I seen 'em, Hank."

"You'd recognize Jake," I said. "He ain't changed none."

Jake! That's all I heard, Jake, Jake, Jake, and it made me think about Uncle Jake, and I didn't want to think about him with Christmas coming up. *That bum,* I thought. Whatever the opposite of Santa Claus is, that's what I thought Uncle Jake was. On account of him it was going to be another icky Christmas for us. Mom wouldn't get that automatic washing machine she'd been wanting for a long time. Nobody would get what they wanted except maybe Eddie, only he probably wouldn't be willing to turn loose of the dough.

I laid there on the couch, looking at the book without seeing it, thinking about Uncle Jake. He used to be a hot-shot baseball player, but then he got to be a guy that played cards and went around promoting schemes to make money without working. A year ago about this time he had a hot tip on a new oil field they were opening up west of town, and he talked Dad into borrowing from the bank so they could buy up oil leases around there and get rich in a hurry, after they struck oil, selling leases to people that didn't get in on the ground floor, like Uncle Jake said him and Dad would be doing.

Well, Dad got the money by mortgaging the house and everything, and he give it to Uncle Jake, his only brother. So what happened? That's what Dad would like to know. Someone told him Uncle Jake got drunk and lost all the money in a poker game, and when he sobered up he lit out for parts unknown. Dad didn't sick the law on him, since it was his own brother. He just developed a sad, bitter look that never went away, and started paying off the loan. He sold our car, and he told us we'd all have to tighten our belts until he got out of debt.

Me and Eddie used to get an allowance, before Uncle Jake put Dad in the hole, and when he stopped our allowance was when Eddie took the job at the cream station. By now Eddie was loaded. He never spent any dough, as far as I knew, except the time he bought the dog. Anyhow, it always made me feel lousy to think of Uncle Jake.

*That Christmas killer,* I thought, laying there eating popcorn.

"Listen," Eddie said. "I never seen them kids only at a distance."

"That's the best way to see them," I said. "Stop yakking at me. Can't you see I'm trying to solve a murder case?"

"Some brother I got," Eddie said. "A great guy, that Hank."

"Shuddup," I said. "Go soak your pointed head, you miser."

Pretty soon he poured his Indian-head pennies back in the baking-powder can and went in our room, and the sound of the money made me feel depressed. Money, that's what I needed, and when a guy needs it he is bound to resent someone that's got it like Eddie had it. For Christmas all I had was nine dollars I got the hard way, candling eggs at the grocery store and doing dirty odd jobs around, and that wasn't enough.

You know how it is—they put up Christmas decorations downtown, and you hear carols all day, and bang!—you got the Yuletide spirit. You want to buy everybody something terrific. You get crazy ideas, like me wanting to buy Mom the washing machine she wanted so bad. One of those new-fangled deals like the one in the window of Sloan's Appliance Shop, they put a woman on Easy Street. I mean those babies do everything but hang it out on the line. But when you look at the price tag, you know your mother will just have to go on using the one she had ten years.

Listen, don't blame Dad because he couldn't buy her luxuries like that. He was human, he trusted his own brother, he fell for a get-rich scheme because he wanted to have money to buy *all* of us nice things. Well, he learned his lesson—and I learned mine, too. Don't ever trust anybody, *especially* your own brother. You take Eddie and me, okay, we were brothers, I was fourteen and he was twelve, I was a junior-high basketball and baseball star and he was a guy that got forty cents an hour washing cream cans after school. We were different. We didn't have anything in common except parents and the bed we slept in. And after that Uncle Jake deal I'd look at him and wonder if someday we'd be like Dad and Uncle Jake.

Maybe it sounds crazy, but sometimes I worried about it. I used to always want to be like Uncle Jake, an athlete and kind of reckless and easygoing, an adventurer. Now I was scared I *would* grow up that way. And while I was frittering away my time with sports, there was old Eddie raking in the money and salting it down. Sometimes I'd imagine us grown up, Eddie with a million bucks and me maybe trying to think up a deal where I could take him for some of it. Sometimes just looking at Eddie would make me feel like a crook.

Especially with Christmas coming on, especially now, when I could think of so many things I'd do if I had his dough. I shoulda hustled me a job long ago, like skinflint, I'd think. You know, instead of being like all the other kids, playing basketball and stuff. So I was laying there on the couch, eating popcorn and feeling poor and gloomy, when Mom came in and sat down in her rocking chair with some socks to darn.

Look at that, I thought—she can't even sit down without finding work to do.

She looked tired, and I felt sad about that. I guess around Christmas you're more emotional or something, and start thinking about all the things you should do for your mother you know darn' well won't ever get done. I felt like a no-good loafer because I couldn't get her a washing machine and an ironer and a dishwashing machine and a convertible and a yacht. I thought: Whoever started the rumor that Christmas is the best time of the year was a jerk.

"Why don't you go to bed, Helen?" I said. I don't call her that except just kidding sometimes. I was kidding now, in a way, but in another way I wasn't kidding at all.

She smiled at me. "I'm baking a pie for tomorrow," she said. "And I have to iron you boys some clean shirts for Sunday school." See how it was? She couldn't go to bed. She was trapped. Someday, I thought, I'll be playing big-time baseball, and I'll make life easy for Mom.

Yeah! Like Uncle Jake did before his pitching arm went sour. Nuts! What she needed, she needed it now, not in the lousy future. And there I was, a fourteen-year-old failure with nine bucks. A big operator. A real sharp agent. Maybe even another Uncle Jake, the louse.

"Eddie in bed already?" Mom asked, and I said, "Aw, he's probably in there reading the latest stock market reports."

She kind of grinned. "Henry, did you ever read the fable about the grasshopper and the ant?" she said. "And the one about the grapes and the fox?"

"If they were murder mysteries I did," I said, but I knew what she meant. Eddie the ant, and me the grasshopper. And sour grapes. I finished the popcorn and told Mom good night and went in our room. Eddie was in bed with the covers pulled up over his head. I undressed and crawled in and laid there shivering between the cold sheets, listening to the wind and the sleet outside, and I heard Eddie snuffle.

"Cripe sakes!" I said. "Are you bawling, skinflint?"

"Hell, no, I ain't," he said. He was lying. "A guy can't own nothin' without people trying to beat him out of it," he sniffled.

"Oh, my gosh!" I said, turning my back on him. A guy loaded with lettuce, bawling about an old bad-eyed dog I wouldn't give a nickel for. Trying to get sympathy out of a guy that didn't believe in Santa Claus. What a screwball, I thought.

LISTEN, I'll tell you about Jake and those two colored kids, Ray and Vernon. Jake was a present from Eddie to Eddie last January on his twelfth birthday. He bought it at the city dog pound, a big clumsy pup six or seven months old. I remember when Eddie brought him home.

"I never heard of a guy buying himself a birthday present," I said.

"They'd of killed him," Eddie said. "Besides, it was my money."

"That's what shocks me," I said. "You turning loose of the dough, skin." He'd been working a couple months by then, and I bet he didn't spend ten bucks last Christmas, and I was already beginning to call him a cheap skate. He was still touchy about it in those days.

"Listen," he said. "I'm saving my dough for a good reason."

"What reason?" I said. "To buy mongrel dogs with?"

"Aw, shut your big fat mouth, you smart aleck," he said.

"Steady, steady," Dad said. He looked at the dog. "That looks like one of those everything dogs I've heard about," he said. "Part everything. What do you plan to name him, Eddie?"

"Jake," Eddie said. "After Uncle Jake."

Boy, there was a silence you could of heard a gnat sneezing in. Mom and Dad got kind of tight-faced and looked away from each other. Eddie was only eleven when Dad *(Continued on page 59)*

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Doing what comes naturally, food editors sample soups served by the Campbell company at one of the parties during their conference in New York

Editors win American Meat Institute "Oscars"—statuettes of the goddess Vesta—for best food pages. L. to r., Mildred Planthold of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Clarice Rowlands, Milwaukee Journal; Monica Clarke, Meat Institute, and Agnes Olmstead, Atlanta Constitution

Theater-bound in a barouche are (l. to r.) Faith Palmer, Dorothea Hake, Esther Hall, Maria Wooden, Dorothy Parnell. Below, Ruth Church, Chicago Tribune, and top oyster chef Nick Petters

The Pan-American Coffee Bureau serves Cleo Kerley, Hollywood Citizen News (left), and Phoebe Thompson of the Rockford, Ill., Star Republic-Register a cozy breakfast in bed

# They Know What's Cookin'

## By JAMES M. KAHN

**The girls who write the food columns for our daily papers are a hardy lot who prove they can take it as well as dish it out**

IN THE pursuit of the news items which tell the American housewife not only what is good to eat, but what is new, nutritious and economical as well, the girls who write the food columns in the nation's daily newspapers show a lot of intestinal fortitude. Neither meringue nor soufflé nor *poulette au vin* stays them from the completion of their appointed rounds.

Their journalistic course is a perilous one. It is marked with gastronomic pitfalls and caloric hurdles as hazardous to the human frame as any of the jumps in the Grand National at Aintree. Those less hardy, or with a lesser devotion to their task, would never get over them. They would be thrown before they ever got up to the *coquilles St. Jacques à la Mornay*. But not these gals. They are hard-working and undaunted. They take the leaps in stride and rush on. To them, the deadline is more important than the waistline.

As a result, the American homemaker is the best informed of any in the world in the matter of food for her family. The food editors hammer away at it every day, its cost, its nutritive value, its development in new forms, as well as its preparation and serving. The housewife in Van Buren, Arkansas, no longer need feed the old man hog jowls and turnip greens every night instead of something tastier, more attractive and more nutritious, because she doesn't know any better. Nor need the urbane hostess, tossing a cocktail party in her New York flat, send out to the caterer for *canapés* or hors d'oeuvres instead of whipping them up herself at home.

It is all there in the paper—there and also in the huge-circulation women's magazines which, through their many highly specialized departments, devote so much space and effort to the presentation of facts about food and the problems of the home. And while these ladies of the *(Continued on page 67)*



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**Author-farmer Louis Bromfield talks to editors at H. J. Heinz Company "Pennsylvania Dutch Dinner," and tells them that food can only be as good as the ground in which it is grown**

**Edith Barber, syndicated writer, is an expert on herbs and spices**

**Helen Robertson's Cleveland Plain Dealer page prints prized recipes**

**Edwyna Fenton gives Centerville, Ia., housewives sophisticated fare**

**Zola Vincent writes a food column for several West Coast newspapers**

**Harriet Cooke of Buffalo Evening News won a diamond at conference**

**Bessie Murphy of Memphis chides women for bad shopping manners**

**Cissy Gregg, Louisville Courier-Journal, features Derby Day meals**

**Dorothy Sinz of the Dallas Times-Herald boosts products of Texas**



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE AND WILLIAM O'NEILL

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# Double Exposure

## By JOHN D. WEAVER

**"That camera you got," the picture editor said, backing away in awe from Marvin, the sleepy photographer. "You oughta be careful where you aim it. It's loaded"**

MARVIN had a talent, much admired by the other copy boys, for sleeping while standing up. His first day on the Bulletin he fell asleep walking the fifty feet from the slot to the pneumatic tubes which snuffed copy up to the composing room. Nobody knew much about Marvin except that he lived on a farm outside of town and that his father, to discourage him from journalism, refused to excuse him from his regular chores. He had to do a full day's farm work, then walk two miles to the nearest streetcar line and ride for an hour before reporting to the city desk.

"It ain't so much I'm sleepy," he kept saying. "I'm tired."

He was a long-legged adolescent with rumpled hair, a downy face, and drowsy eyes which, when open, always seemed to give the impression that he had just been awakened, and resented it. Beneath his somnolent surface lay a desperate ambition. He wanted to be a press photographer. Most copy boys tried to wangle a spot on the sports desk, which required a minimum of literacy and wallowed in a wealth of passes, not to mention the attractions of Christmas, when every shady promoter in town rustled up enough cash or credit to send the sports writers a case of expensive liquor. The press photographers got autographed pictures of the mayor.

"It's just something I wanta do," Marvin said, and he immediately attached himself to the paper's top cameraman, Red Findlay. Marvin, leaning against the pneumatic tubes or sleeping in the cluttered shadow of the copy desk, would wake up the moment Red came swaggering back from an assignment. He'd trot across the city room, relieve Red of his camera and his flash bulbs, then follow him back to the darkroom, where he'd wait outside until Red had finished. The kid was like an Airedale, a one-man dog, and sometimes when carrying Red's damp, crinkle-edged prints over to the city desk he would even run.

"I keep stumbling over him," Red complained, but after a while he was showing the kid how to develop pictures.

Marvin began to ape Red's mannerisms, moving about the city room like a sleepy caricature of his idol. He talked, walked, laughed like Red, and one morning he came in with a cheap box camera, carrying it with the same careless swagger Red affected with his Speed Graphic. Paul Vaughan, the stomach-troubled city editor, glanced up. "I see you got a new lunch box."

"No. It's a camera." Marvin was short on humor.

Vaughan grunted. "Fill the paste pots."

Red, by accident or design, met the kid outside during his lunch hour. "Lemme see the box." Red frowned over the camera, taking it apart, studying the lens and shutter action. "I tell you how it is," he said. "If you got picture sense, you can do tricks with any kinda camera, and if you ain't got it, it don't matter what kinda camera you got." He handed the camera back to Marvin. "Maybe you got it, kid. I don't know."

Marvin spent so much time outside, taking candid shots of pigeons and passers-by that Vaughan finally ordered him to leave the camera home.

"But I might get something good," Marvin said.

Vaughan popped a pill in his mouth. He took so many pills he was able to swallow them dry. "Go get the noon editions."

Marvin was drowsing behind Vaughan next morning when Sally Sherman turned in one of her expertly tailored rewrite jobs. This was a holdup story. Three masked men had strolled into the fourth-floor offices of the Higby Surety Corporation in the Sayer Building and forced the employees out on a ledge above Main Street. For ten minutes, while the stick-up crew rifled the safe, the executives, clerks, and stenographers had clung in terror to the granite face of the downtown building.

"They sure were scared," Marvin said, yawning.

Vaughan glanced over Sally's story and, because the paper was embarked on a crime crusade to embarrass the mayor, marked it for a front-page spread. He dropped it in the wire basket to his right, then suddenly frowned and swung around, squinting up at Marvin. "Huh?"

"I said they were scared."

"Did you *see* 'em?"

"Sure. I was across the street." Marvin stretched, blinking sleepily. "I took a picture."

"You *what!*"

"I was on my way home and I—"

"Where's the picture?"

"In my camera."

"Get it the hell out!"

"I haven't finished the roll yet." Marvin backed away as Vaughan grabbed the nearest spindle. "Besides, the camera's home."

"Take a cab."

Marvin hesitated, his thoughts transparent. Vaughan, between sputtered obscenities, made it clear the Bulletin would pay the cab fare.

"*Both* ways?"

Marvin ducked and ran. The spindle, luckily, hit nothing but the book-page editor.

THE picture, considering the camera, the cameraman and the circumstances, was remarkably clear. The Bulletin ran it four columns on page one, along with an editorial, Terror Stalks the City, which attacked the mayor for an indifference to crime so shocking that holdups could now be brazenly staged downtown in broad daylight. Marvin was reimbursed for his cab fare and given a bonus of five dollars.

"Bull luck," the regular photographers said when they saw the picture.

Red Findlay wasn't so sure. "The kid's got something. I don't know what."

"Not insomnia."

"No." Red studied the four-column halftone. "Something. He's got something."

Red fixed up one of the paper's old cameras and lent it to Marvin, along with a box of flash bulbs and a light meter. Marvin said he wanted to try some interiors. Red, like so many experts, was inarticulate about his craft, but he managed to warn the kid against the slick superficiality which might make him famous, but would never make him a good, honest workman.

"Don't ever cheat," Red said, and when he saw Marvin's first attempts at interiors, he groaned. "Now take this one," he said, then broke off abruptly. He whirled around, held the wet print up to the light. He whistled. "Where'd you get this?"

"A place on Spring *(Continued on page 53)*

**He was lying in the hammock with a kitten curled in his lap. The kitten purred. Marvin sat up. "I got my future to think about," he said**

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURO SCALI

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Managing Editor B. H. Reese (seated) and (l. to r.) A. R. Bertelson, make-up; E. A. Talley, assistant telegraph editor; L. S. Ruble, cable desk

THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

1 Year). PART ONE. PAGES 1—24A ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1950 162 PAGES

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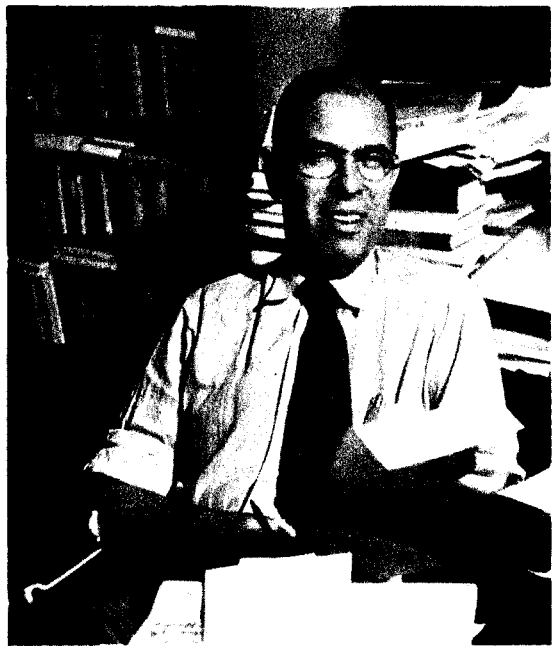
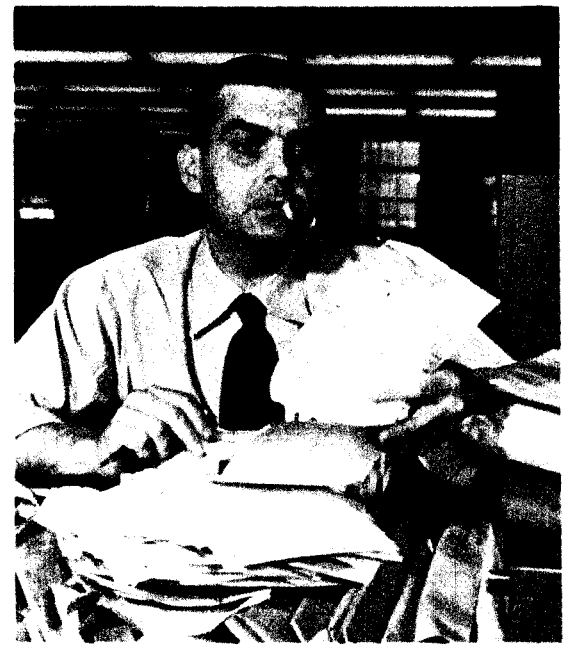
# Putting crooks behind bars is routine for this crusading paper whicl



Scholarly Irving Dilliard is editorial-page editor. His passion is the Bill of Rights

Daniel Fitzpatrick, famed for hard-hitting cartoons, has been drawing them since 1913



Ted C. Link, top crime reporter, pores over his personal records on the U.S. underworld



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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PEORIA GRAND JURY INDICTS POST-DISPATCH REPORTER WHO EXPOSED CORRUPTION
TEXT OF REPORT
Reporter Link Disclosed Crime,
SHUFFLING OF ELECTION JUDGES AIDED FRAUDULENT REGISTRATION IN 5TH WARD
Fraud Evidence
Ward
SENATOR
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH FINAL
ED PAULEY QUITS UNDER FIRE
CLIMAX OF POST-DISPATCH OIL POLITICS EXPOSE
GENERAL MOTORS STRIKE SETTLED; 18½ CT. RISE
JUSTICE JACKSON'S ELLEN KNAUFF CASE STAY ORDER
STAR CHAMBER JUSTICE
ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT
Inside Story of How Donnell-McDaniel 'Contest' Began; 8 Politicians Meeting Secretly in Hotel Left Job to Hulen
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
Illinois Editors and Publishers On Green's Payrolls for $300,000
Most of Them Hold 'Gravy Train' Jobs, Although Some Actually Worked for What They Received.
SHELTONS' $2000-A-MONTH GAMBLING BRIBE TO ILLINOIS STATE OFFICIALS DISCLOSED
UNION ELECTRIC VIOLATES CORRUPT PRACTICES ACT BY CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

Headlines—and a cartoon—the fighting paper is proud of. When the P-D sniffs a scandal, it goes all out to bring the malefactors to book

# - PULITZER'S PRIZE

## also fights vigilantly to protect civil rights

BY [illegible] BUTTERFIELD

I

WHEN the late Boss Tom Pendergast of Kansas City was about to enter the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth for evading payment of income taxes, one of his last acts was to send a helpful message to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, a newspaper which had pursued and denounced and exposed him persistently for years. He had his lawyer telephone Spencer McCulloch, a reporter of whom Pendergast was personally fond —and whose writings had done a great deal toward bringing his ill-used power to an end. Through the lawyer the old boss disclosed that he was going to slip into prison quietly through a side entrance in order to avoid the hordes of newspapermen who were sure to be waiting at the main gate.

"Tell your city editor to send a photographer around to the side if he wants a picture of me going in," the lawyer quoted Pendergast. "After all we've been through together I wouldn't want you to think I was trying to fool the Post-Dispatch too!"

Such friendly gestures from malefactors of high and medium degree are not uncommon in the annals of the Post-Dispatch, which has always worked harder than most newspapers to prove to its readers—and to crooks in general—that crime does not pay.

John T. Rogers, a crime reporter who flourished on the Post-Dispatch in the 1920s and '30s, once received 31 Christmas cards and letters, during a single holiday season, from convicts he had helped to catch and jail. One of them came from a dentist named A. J. Bass who was serving a life term for murder; he addressed his letter to "My dear friend Rogers" and ended up, in all sincerity, "How can I ever thank you for all you have done for me?" What Rogers had done for the grateful Dr. Bass was to persuade him to talk, and eventually confess the murder of a man for $200,000 in life insurance, after everyone else, including the police, was ready to believe that the crime had been committed by an itinerant gangster.

There is something about the way the Post-Dispatch goes after wrongdoers which seems to arouse their respect and admiration—and even, at times, an urge to co-operate. On the morning of last June 7th, for instance, a call came into the office for Ted C. Link, who is one of the paper's top crime reporters. "This is Little Earl Shelton, over in Fairfield," a familiar voice told Link. "Some of those punks just got Uncle Roy. He is laying out in a field here now but nobody can get near him because they're using him for bait. They were still shooting a little while ago."

Link and the Post-Dispatch have had many vivid experiences with southern Illinois' dwindling but hard-bitten Shelton gang; in the brief interval before that morning's first deadline the story of Roy Shelton's passing was checked with the appropriate authorities, written, and sent to the city desk with nearly two columns of informative background material. And, thanks to the thoughtfulness of the Sheltons themselves, the Post-Dispatch had the full story first.

Serious students of American journalism have long ranked the rich, rambunctious and opinionated Post-Dispatch among the top four or five dailies of the nation, and there are plenty of working newspapermen from coast to coast who regard it as just about the best all-around newspaper there is.

Its news coverage of the entire country is superb; its editorials hit hard and speak plain, yet remain completely civilized in their language and world outlook; its cartoons (by the celebrated D. R. Fitzpatrick) are famed for draftsmanship and power; its photographs and features compare favorably with the best in the leading national magazines. Its Sunday "package," including a lush four-color rotogravure picture section, runs between two and three pounds of solid newsprint, while its circulation (436,325 for the Sunday morning edition and 285,814 on weekday afternoons) is dominant in both those fields in St. Louis.

But what really makes the Post-Dispatch great is the deadly thoroughness and generally high purpose with which it fights. In an age when too many well-meaning newspapers are either too proud or too timid to "crusade," the P-D—as St. Louisans call it —is frankly a crusading paper. Its crusades, moreover, are not the noisy, *(Continued on page 76)*



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# Racket Alley

**The boys from the big city were determined to move in. How far would they go? They found they couldn't scare Arky and the Mover—would they try murder next?**

**The Story:** Racket Alley is part of a Midwestern city in which politics and organized crime go hand in hand. In this city's atmosphere of indifference to municipal corruption and incompetence, vice and gambling flourish, and the profits that accrue to the big bosses are enormous.

It does have a conscience, of a sort: it has an honest public official in Police Commissioner THOMAS STARK; and the Journal voices its disgust with conditions through the columns of BEN REISMAN, a veteran reporter who is quietly gathering information he hopes may lead to a big exposé. Reisman's investigations bring him to the unsavory 17th Ward, where Police Captain CARL DYSEN reigns, and to a puzzling man named ORVAL WANTY, known to most people only as ARKY, who seems to be more important and more feared than his position as owner of a minor bookie joint warrants.

Arky is indeed a big wheel. It is his function to act as intermediary between the underworld characters who must pay for protection from police raids and the "respectable" masterminds at the top. Once a week, Arky collects the take from dapper LEON SOLLAS, owner of the Club Imperial and front man for the organization, and turns it over to a man called the PAYMASTER who receives it for the boss, who is never known by any other name than the MOVER. The Mover, in return, furnishes protection for the rackets.

But now the organization is threatened from within and without. Commissioner Stark cannot be bought, and Leon, alarmed at the falling off of profits, due to the commissioner's cleanup drive, tries to call in out-of-town racketeers who claim they can get Stark kicked upstairs to the Supreme Court. The Mover has a similar plan for getting rid of the commissioner, and he doesn't trust Leon or the men Leon is trying to bring into the local picture. The Mover has Dysen raid and close a club Leon's new friends have already bought into, thus leaving Leon out on a limb.

And Arky has his own personal worries. His home life with his girl ANNA HUNCHUK has been disrupted by the arrival of her homeless niece MILLI and Milli's baby. Bighearted Anna has taken them in without Arky's permission.

Now he and his chauffeur-bodyguard, a little Syrian named ZAND whose girl LOLA is a good friend of Anna's, are on their way to the Club Imperial, where Arky will meet the emissaries of the out-of-town organization. There, too, he will see ROBERTA, Leon's receptionist—a girl who has taken his eye.

## II

IT WAS pay night. Zand drove the car in behind the Club Imperial and took the usual stall beside Leon's chartreuse convertible. Arky got out. "I may be a little longer than usual, Zand," he said, "if I've got it figured right. Don't get nervous."

When Arky entered Leon's outer office, the Indifferent One glanced up quickly, this time with interest in her eyes. She was perched on the edge of a blond wood desk.

"Hello, ball of fire," said Arky.

**Robbie glanced down at the bill. "I don't take money from men," she said, "unless, of course, it's in very large denominations"**

Robbie smiled slightly. "Hello, country boy. I didn't realize what an important guy you were. I like important guys."

Arky hesitated. Had Leon been talking? "I tried to tell you I was a big stockholder," he said.

"Must be pretty big," said Robbie, "the hell I got from Leon. Say, Elmer, what's the idea giving Leon the run? You know you called me up and tried to fix a call."

"Maybe you got your days mixed up, or your men." Arky smiled slightly. Apparently Leon had not talked; only in general, that is.

"All right. Play games. But you got me one masterpiece of a bawling out. Don't I even get an orchid, or something?"

Arky decided that it might not be a bad idea to have an in with Robbie. Could come in handy. He slipped a bill out of his pocket and palmed it. "Sorry, girl; I don't carry orchids around with me. But you're a good kid. Shake."

Robbie stared at him blankly but shook hands. When she felt the bill in her palm, she drew back. "I don't take money from men," she said. "It's the one thing my mother always warned me about." Then she glanced down at the bill Arky was now displaying between his fingers. "Unless, of course, it is in very large denominations." She daintily extracted the bill with her pointed finger tips. "Thanks, Elmer."

Just then the door burst open and Leon came charging out, his face red with annoyance.

"Say, where in hell—" he began; then he noticed Arky. "Oh, hello, Arky. I saw you drive up the alley and I just wondered— Come on in."

Arky winked at Robbie and followed Leon into his private office. Leon seemed nervous. "Let's get our business over quick, Arky," he said. "There's a couple of guys waiting to see you. I had a hell of a time getting them to stick around for a day or so. They're big guys, don't wait for anybody."

Arky smiled to himself.

Leon took the thick, sealed Manila envelope out of his desk and tossed it to Arky, who caught it and put it carelessly into his coat pocket.

"Twelve G's short," said Leon.

"It figures, I guess."

There was a short silence. Then Leon spoke again: "All right. Let's talk to these guys. Okay?"

Arky nodded, crossed his legs comfortably and lighted a cigarette. Leon went out. In a moment two strangers entered, followed by Leon, who seemed to be showing exaggerated deference.

Leon introduced them to Arky, who got up, nodded and shook hands solemnly. The short, fat one was Mr. Riebe: he was about fifty and had a pink, chubby, almost blank face. Dressed drably and correctly, he could pass among any crowd of businessmen. The other one was introduced as Mr. Kelly, but it was obvious that that was not his name. He was slender, wiry-looking and could be a Syrian, an Armenian, an Arab, or even a Sicilian.

He said nothing and sat in the background. Nevertheless, it was obvious to Arky after a moment that Mr. Kelly was the boss, and probably a very big boy indeed—sure of himself, contemptuous, even slightly amused.

Riebe, meanwhile, was trying to give the impression that he was a rather befuddled and cheerful soul, which obviously he was not, or he wouldn't have been the spokesman for a hundred-million-dollar mob.

". . . you may ask," Riebe was saying, "why we even want to come in. Here we are, you'll say, with a city of three million people and yet we would like to move into a town, co-operating, of course, with the locals—*co-operation*—I want to emphasize that . . . now where was I? Oh, yes. Why should we be interested in a town of nine hundred thousand people? First, let me say that expansion is a very nor-

mal phenomenon. But that's not all. We have a population of three million—yes; but two million of them are—shall we say?—peanut-eaters."

He chuckled good-naturedly. "I'm sure you know what I mean. At the tracks, they eat peanuts and bring the family. They don't bet. Here it's different. This is one of the biggest gambling towns per capita in the whole United States, a real field for the operation of a smooth-running corporation like our own, a corporation which—I don't like to boast—but a corporation with state-wide influence —I might even say nation-wide—"

"Why not international?" Mr. Kelly asked in a soft, flat voice. "Don't undersell yourself, Chub."

Arky looked at him, then at Riebe, who was flushing at the rebuke and showed some nervousness.

"Mr. Kelly thinks I am overdoing it," said Riebe. "A very modest man, Mr. Kelly. But—well, where was I?"

"Maybe I don't understand," said Arky, cutting in. "But I don't get all this. *We're* operating here right now, and doing all right."

"You'll pardon me," said Riebe, "but you are not even scratching the surface. Mr. Uh . . . Besides—and Mr. Kelly will bear me out, and also Mr. Sollas, I believe—you will not be able to operate at all—not on any city-wide scale, I mean—if something isn't done fast." *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

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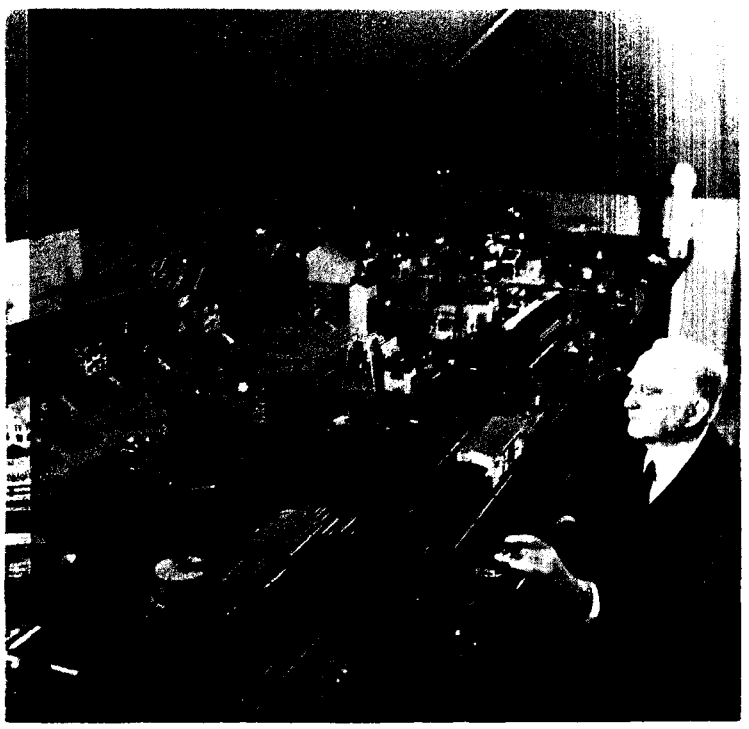
**Elaborate layout on display in Lionel's New York City showrooms would cost $12,000 to duplicate privately. It's absolutely collision-proof**



**It's a serious, satisfying hobby. Clarke W. Tobin, of South Orange, N.J., a hosiery mills executive, has built up a prize $20,000 road**

**Famed cartoonist George McManus, creator of the comic strip Bringing Up Father, relaxes with the toy line in his Beverly Hills home**

**Charles Giaimo, Lionel plant manager, chats with employees. He developed realistic toy whistle after years of repeated experiments**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN AND RICHARD MILLER

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# He's Been Working on the

## By COLLIE SMALL

**The first Lionel liner was invented 50 years ago by a talented gentleman with a one-track mind about tiny trains. He believes they carry a cargo of happiness**

T SEVENTY, Joshua Lionel Cowen is the sort of executive one might expect Robert Fulton to be if Fulton were still alive turning out steamboats, or Thomas Edison to be if Edison were still manufacturing light bulbs. Exactly 50 years ago Cowen induced a tiny wooden car with an electric motor to travel a circle of brass track. Having thus, eureka-like, invented the toy electric train, he immediately founded the Lionel Corporation to manufacture it and rushed forward to make the nation miniature-railroad conscious.

By and large, he has succeeded. Cowen has been the leading manufacturer of toy trains all his adult life, and he has no intention of ever being anything else. As chairman of the board of Lionel, he is possibly the most indomitable board chairman to be found anywhere, and he is certainly among the most dedicated. Several months ago, in acknowledgment of his fiftieth anniversary as America's first and foremost Lilliputian railroader, the staff in Lionel's New York office presented "J.L." with a clock. Cowen was grateful, but he refused to take his eye off the future. The next morning, there was a notice on the Lionel call board. "Thank you very much," it said. "May I suggest that you start your fund now for my seventy-fifth anniversary?"

Cowen's determination to enter his second half century of miniature railroading with the same vigor and enthusiasm he imparted to the first 50 years is apt to result in some impressive accomplishments. A short, restless man, he works in the same purposeful way that the drivers on a steam engine function. Under his direction, the Lionel Corporation now does perhaps three fourths of the nation's electric train business, its sales gross more than $18.000,000 annually, and will probably earn more than $2,000,000 this year. All told, the American public is expected to spend a whopping $40,000,000 in 1950 for Lionel trains and accessories.

There are a number of reasons for this vast outpouring. Most people, including Cowen himself, are hopelessly fascinated by trains to begin with. According to an independent survey made not long ago to determine public acceptance, Lionel's four-color catalogue ranked right behind those of Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck. Likewise, at the last estimate, there were approximately 500,000 permanent toy train installations in the United States, operated by model railroaders who are constantly revising and expanding their layouts and are therefore an unusually dependable group of purchasers.

Lionel, however, draws its principal bead on the Christmas shopper. It is he who provides the bulk of the company's business and it is he to whom Cowen offers his real allegiance; he is personally convinced that a Lionel set is just about the ultimate in Christmas purchases, but he also likes to think of it as a year-round investment, decided upon in family council after due deliberation, rather than as a gewgaw to be bought on the spur of the moment, stored away, and forgotten shortly after Christmas is over.

To an extent, this quality of permanence which Cowen attaches to his trains is supported by their actual durability. Lifespan tests have indicated that with normal use a Lionel electric train is apt to last forever, a possibility which pleases Cowen immensely but which has a depressing effect on his son, Lawrence Cowen, who has been president of Lionel since 1945. As a businessman, the younger Cowen is understandably a little less enraptured by the romance in a speeding Lionel Diesel than by the profit it shows. "J.L. is the father of the baby," a friend said not long ago. "Larry is simply the pediatrician."

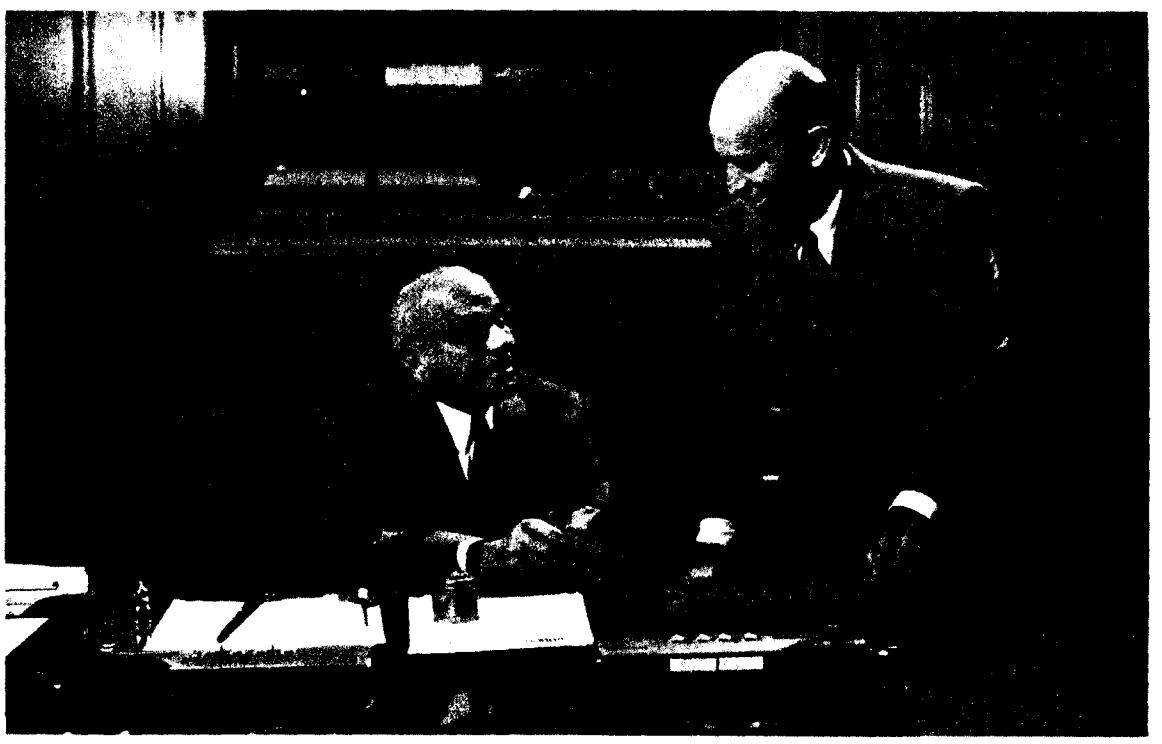
Larry Cowen admits there is probably something in this. "At the San Francisco Fair in 1939," he recalled recently, "we ran two of our locomotives 12 hours a day for three months, and at the end of that time they were as good as new. Pop was pleased as Punch, but had I been in his place, I think I would have been a little discouraged. I have a tendency to worry about turnover."

The Lionel Corporation has delved rather deeply into the moods and habits of the American train buyer and has found that the sale of a train set establishes a buyer of accessories and additional rolling stock for about five years. Lionel's concept of the "correct initial train age" is six to nine, and it has concluded that a boy who is still interested in trains at the age of fourteen is likely to be a Lionel customer for life.

The planning required to serve the miniature train needs of the nation is fairly intricate, although much of it is naturally based on published statistics and sales data. Arthur M. Raphael, Lionel's executive vice-president and director of sales, pays strict attention to the birth rate, which has a definite bearing on the sales potential, and he watches closely the progress of the rural electrification program since he feels, after 29 years with Lionel, that an electric train has as much right to be in an up-to-date farmer's home as, say a vacuum cleaner or an electric cream separator. Raphael also tries to stay abreast of population shifts and he keeps a weather eye on the sales of toasters, waffle irons, automobile tires and similar items.

The great imponderable is the number of adults who buy trains for themselves. Some years ago, for example, an oddly belligerent securities buyer from Wall Street appeared at the Lionel showroom and ordered more than $500 worth of trains. Next, he left $300 in tips to the popeyed salesmen. Joshua Cowen, who is not one to interfere in either a man's buying or his tipping, nevertheless looked at the man inquiringly. "I was too poor to have trains when I was a kid," the man explained. "These are for my niece." Then, pinning the bantam Cowen against the wall, he shook his finger in Cowen's face and said, "But, dammit, *I'm* the one who's going to play with them!"

Cowen was pleased by the man's spirit. Many adults are frankly interested in miniature railroading and do not hesitate to say so, but Cowen suspects that others who profess to be buying trains for their children are bashful and are actually inventing children they don't possess. He finds this annoying not only because it prevents Lionel from getting an accurate line on *(Continued on page 72)*



**After 50 energetic years of running the Lionel Corporation, Joshua Lionel Cowen still works at full steam as chairman of the board. His son Lawrence (right) is president of the firm, which grosses over $18,000,000 a year**



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The "Boutonniere" design, modeled by actress Yvonne de Carlo, has tiny hand-knit openings through which a flower is threaded

Willy de Mond and film star Ruth Roman, wearing "Bouquet" hose, study some of his designs. They are being produced now by Sanson Hosiery Mills

# *TRIMMED ANKLES*

## The latest thing from the movie capital is hosiery decorated with scrolls, gems—and even live posies

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

THE gaudy gaskins on this page are the creations of a onetime amateur boxer named Willy de Mond, who for years—as Willys of Hollywood—has been designing becomingly bespangled hosiery for film stars and other notables. Among his legwear productions have been a $5,000 set made of 24-carat gold thread, a pair woven of silk straw for a moving picture about prehistoric times, and a pair of jewel-encrusted stockings for the trousseau of Britain's Princess Elizabeth. Some of the hose shown here have their designs fused on by a 100,000-volt electrical charge. They once sold for about $100 a pair, but they're available now at popular prices.

**Joan Crawford displays a jeweled cocktail stocking known as "Samba"**

**Once again, the "Bouquet" design. This time it is a black variation, set off by brilliant rhinestones**

**The "Hanging Heart" stocking has rhinestones and jewels to match Diana Lynn's black and pink gown**

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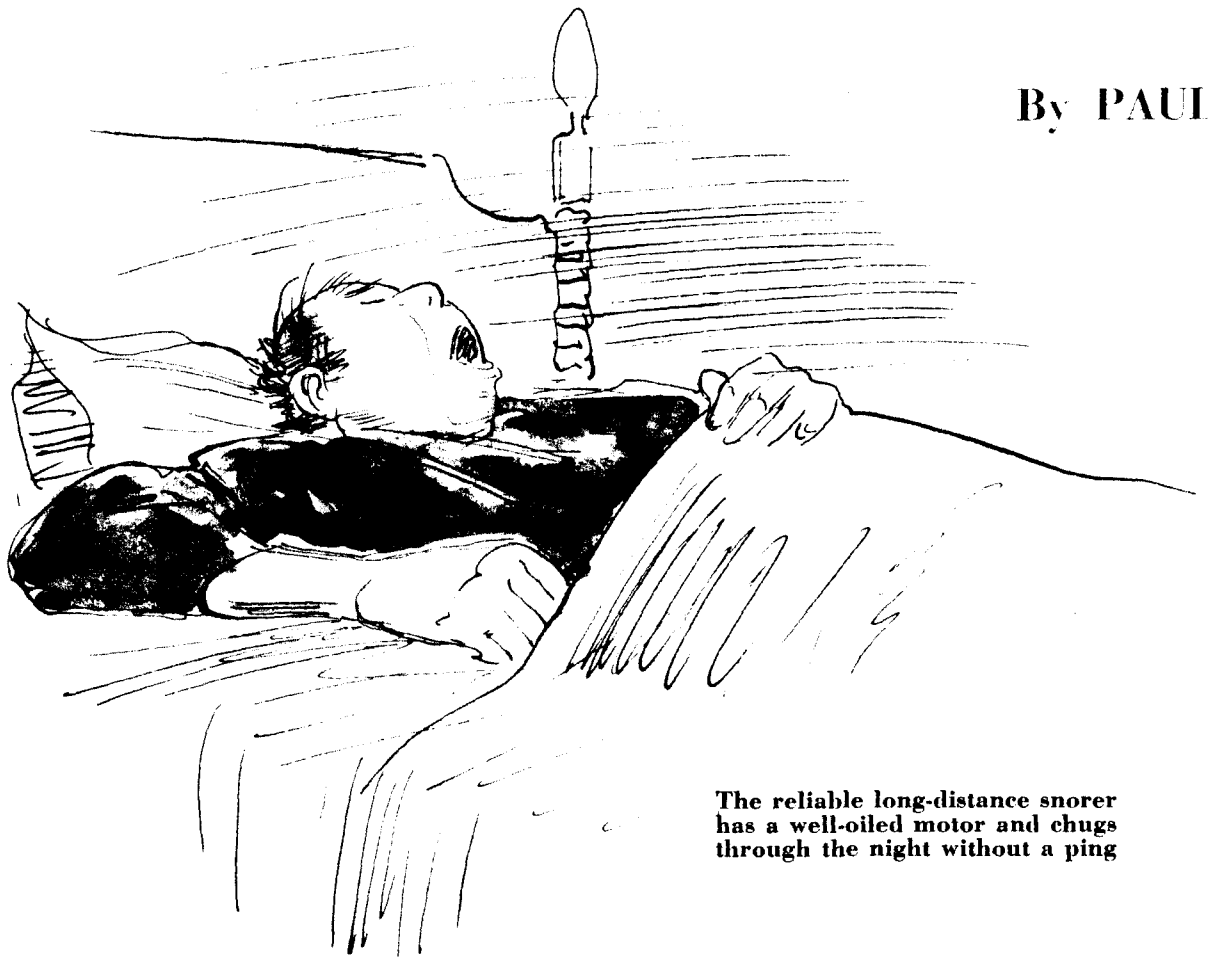
# SHEET MUSIC

By PAULINE GALE



**The reliable long-distance snorer has a well-oiled motor and chugs through the night without a ping**

OF COURSE, *you* don't snore. Certainly not. However, snoring is indulged in by mothers, fathers, children, dogs and just plain people. The reverberating sounds that arise from the trumpet nose at night are many and varied, with equally interesting reasons for their differences. Let us examine these snore-types dispassionately and with scientific detachment. Naturally you won't find yourself in any of these categories. But your wife—or husband? Better take a look, anyway. Now come our case histories, whose data was painstakingly gathered in the dark of the moon.

1. STEADY-AS-SHE-GOES. Here is the reliable long-distance champion snorer. He goes to sleep quickly, starts his well-oiled motor and chugs through the night without a ping. *UNHHH—SHOOOP! UNHHH—SHOOOP! UNHHH—SHOOOP!* No change of pace save for an occasional grunt when he turns over. His wife easily becomes accustomed to this snore and can sleep comfortably, knowing he will not surprise her with a sudden difference in quality or sound. This is a man who, when he tells his wife he will work late at the office and be home at ten o'clock, *comes* home at ten o'clock, smelling slightly like carbon paper. He doesn't roll in at 2:30 breathing of good Scotch and a faint flavor of Night in Paris. When such a man finds a mistake in his bank statement, he doesn't have to apologize. The bank does. His wife and children are lucky; they always know where their next meal is coming from. However, don't expect him to bring home unexpected presents or suddenly tell his wife he is taking her to Europe. Slow and easy does it. He retires early—both to bed and from the business world.

2. THE ONE-SHOT. This is not a true snorer, but must be included in our careful study. He sleeps quietly enough, but at least once in the night he turns over, or twitches, and emits a thunderous *SNAAKHT!!* and then subsides, leaving his mate cowering under the coverlet, badly shaken. His sudden eruption resembles the sounds made when air gets into the water pipe, and is just as terrifying. This man's timer is badly in need of adjusting. You will find his wife a nervous, thin little woman. No wonder! He is the Executive Type. He wants his meals on time, his office in perfect running order and his wife amenable to his sudden decisions to entertain twenty for dinner tomorrow or take a trip, including the children, at a moment's notice. He fires as quickly as he hires and his political views are always available to anyone who will listen, though they are blistering. His world is difficult and beset by enemies.

3. SEWING MACHINE. Now we find the little woman who tucks herself in bed, turns on her motor, and stitches away all night with a gentle but penetrating *HUMM—plff! HUMM—plff!* She doesn't know she snores and her husband is too fond of her to tell her, so there it is. She is a busy housewife and never stops for a minute. Her day begins early and she picks up after the children, cooks luncheon and dinner, mends, sews, cleans and still finds time for The Girls (her old club) and civic affairs. If you ask her to relax she just looks hurt. She is always Doing Something. Her husband would love to find her lying on the chaise longue reading a novel someday, but he never will. She is a Waltzing Mouse among women. But what would we do without her?

4. VARIETY SHOW. The guy who never snores the same for two minutes. He starts out with a regulation *SNAAA—WHOOF! SNAAA—WHOOF!* Do not be deceived. This is soon mixed with snorts, cheeps, bellows and moans. His gas feed is intermittent and he obviously has sugar in the carburetor. His wife must needs lie awake, because who knows what will come next? Even words. Yes—he talks in his sleep as well. Never a dull moment for him. This man, when awake, is the Life of the Party. He is the one who puts the ladies' hats on and postures. He, to believe his friends, keeps one in stitches. Far in the background one may find his wife, smiling wanly for the thousandth time at the shaggy-dog story. Need we add that he is a salesman and a good one? If you don't like one sales talk he can quickly switch to another and get you—even if it takes a third. His children adore him but he can't fix even a squeaky door in the house. His wife is resigned and gallant. Poor husband? Not at all. He's so much fun you forgive the wet towels on the bathroom floor and the extravagant fishing tackle he buys just when Junior needs to have his tonsils out.

5. MISSING CYLINDER. A steady-as-she-goes who is evidently full of carbon. Needs a tune-up job. His snores miss. They go like this: *AHHH—HOOOSHL! AHHH—HOOOSHL! GRACKLE snfmpf!* See? The poor man is trying to go up a hill, but his motor won't take it. This is a worried man. He worries about his job. About his wife. About himself. Just as he gets set for a long haul, his subconscious plays a dirty trick and he remembers to worry about the gas bill—hence the *snfmpf!* His wife is usually a calm, serene and capable individual who soothes his troubled brow when awake and is so tired when he's asleep that she often forgets to kick him and tell him to shut up.

6. THE KEENING SOLO. Now we find a lady (it can be a man, though) whose snore sounds like a high-powered saw going through a log full of knots. *EEEE—HEEEESH! EEEE—HEEEESH!* It sometimes amounts to a soprana wail. This sound carries through hundred-year-old oaken doors. When young, such a snorer keens on a high note but not so loud. After forty, however, a deeper tone takes charge and approaches the sound of a threshing machine going full blast. The owner of such a snore is a frustrated artist. She (or he) would have made a hit in the movies. Or as a writer. Or a painter. They usually eat by candlelight and loathe their neighbors. Definitely artistic.

Now having categorized the main types of individual snorer, let us look into the team. Here is a duet that is difficult to imitate. The man snores deeply—his wife accompanies him with a high singsong that matches in mood and tempo his every change of pace. This is something to hear.

He starts off with a low obbligato and she weaves her little song around that base, rising and falling as he changes key. There are interesting breaks wherein he goes pianissimo and allows her to carry the soprano solo and then comes in with a low susurration that she matches, at once, with a gentle trill. When he snorts and changes pace—she gives a brief *HUKK* and they start on the second cantata.

Most people who snore, when awakened, will deny it. The worst kind will admit it and say, "So what?" Nobody knows if he snores or not. It's a mystery. You suspect it, but you aren't sure. If you aren't sure—you snore. THE END

**They sound like threshing machines at work**

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

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# A Child's-Eye View of America

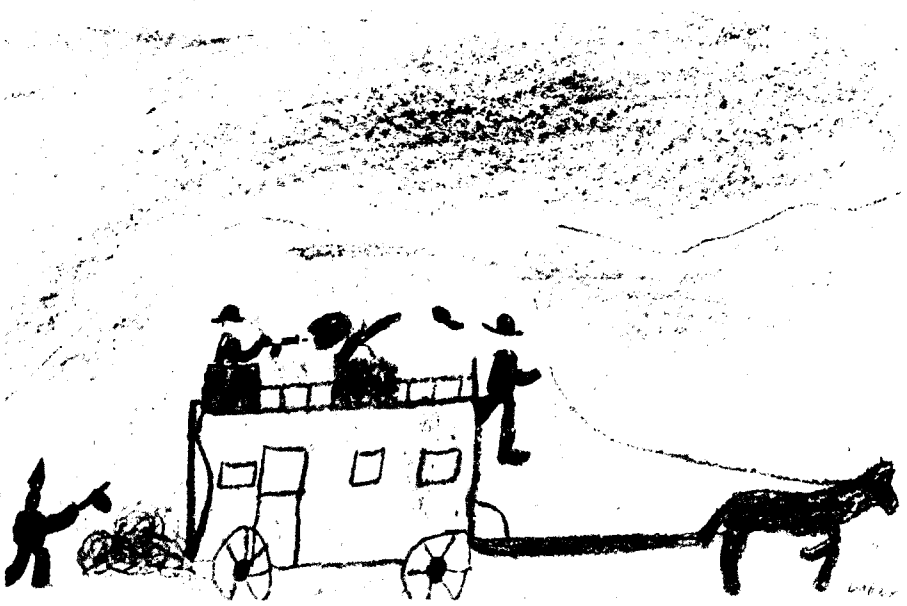
EVERY year America is discovered all over again by millions of bright-eyed young adventurers—our children. They find everything new and exciting in a country which is for them almost completely unexplored.

The ten drawings and captions on these pages are the untouched work of boys and girls from eight to twelve years old. Young America Magazines conducted a contest in schools all over the United States and in the Canal Zone for kids in the third through the sixth grades. The children were asked to give their impressions of the communities in which they lived, and from the thousands of entries Collier's has selected a few at random from all sections of the country to give a view of America as seen through our children's eyes.

Many of the youngsters chose subjects that were familiar, but still remarkable to them. With a sharp perception for the unusual and the colorful in everyday life, an amazing range of things was investigated and recorded, almost always with a telling, simple realism. Behind the description of a fawn or a drugstore there is the suggestion of a sense of wonder and of rich discovery.

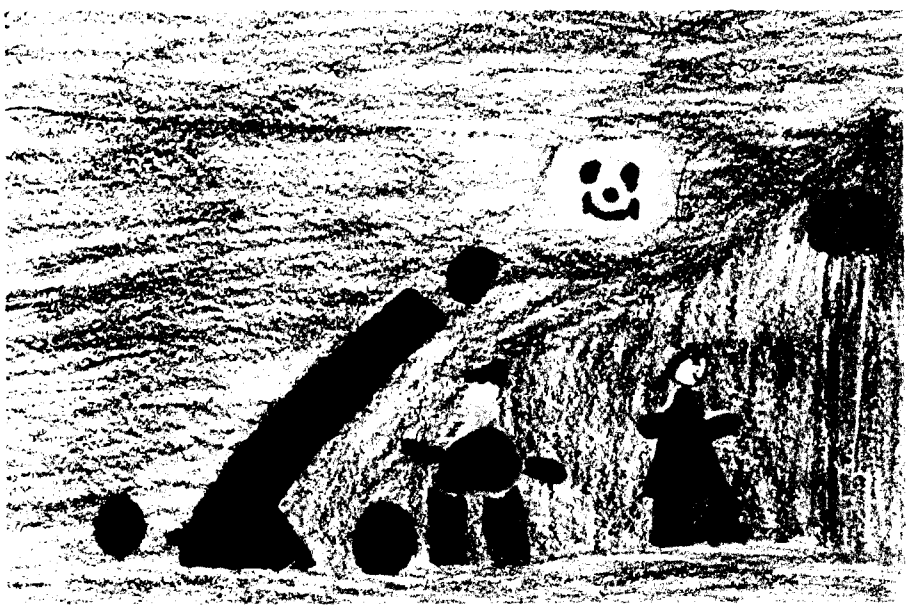
All of the excitement is not contained in the drawings and captions, which were written by the artists themselves. One youngster, in answer to our request for more information, explained that he had been so excited at hearing from Collier's that he had forgotten to sign his caption.

Long before a child can find complete expression in words, bright-colored crayons give him a way of describing his experiences. And in the range of subjects on this page, Mardi gras to mule (not an animal), there is the clear suggestion of every sort of talent, interest and feeling.



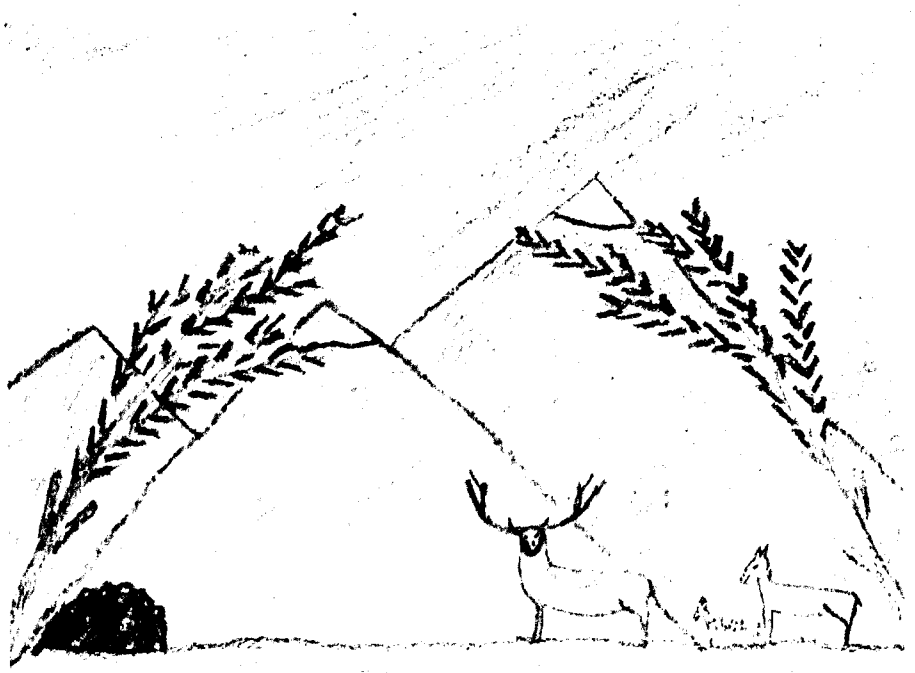
**THE ATTACK.** When I think of Tucson I think of the stagecoach days. Sometimes Indians jumped the stage and took the horses. Robbers took the gold and money and hid it

*Bobby Roberson; Blenman School; Tucson, Arizona*



**BAY RIDGE.** This cannon is near Fort Hamilton. There are heavy cannon balls near it. It was used long ago. Now children climb up on the cannon to play

*Nicholas Ziccardi; Public School 170; Brooklyn, New York*



**A FAWN.** One day my father and I walked up a hill. I saw a little fawn and his mother. The fawn ran and tripped over a rock and broke his leg. My father picked it up and we went home and fixed the little fawns leg

*Bill Buckner; Kerby School; Kerby, Oregon*

**THE OHIO MARCHING BAND.** One day my father took me to the football game. And I saw the drum major turling his boton It went around and around It went so so so fast I could not even see it. so so so I said Yipee!!

*Ronald Ervin; Fairwood School; Columbus, Ohio*

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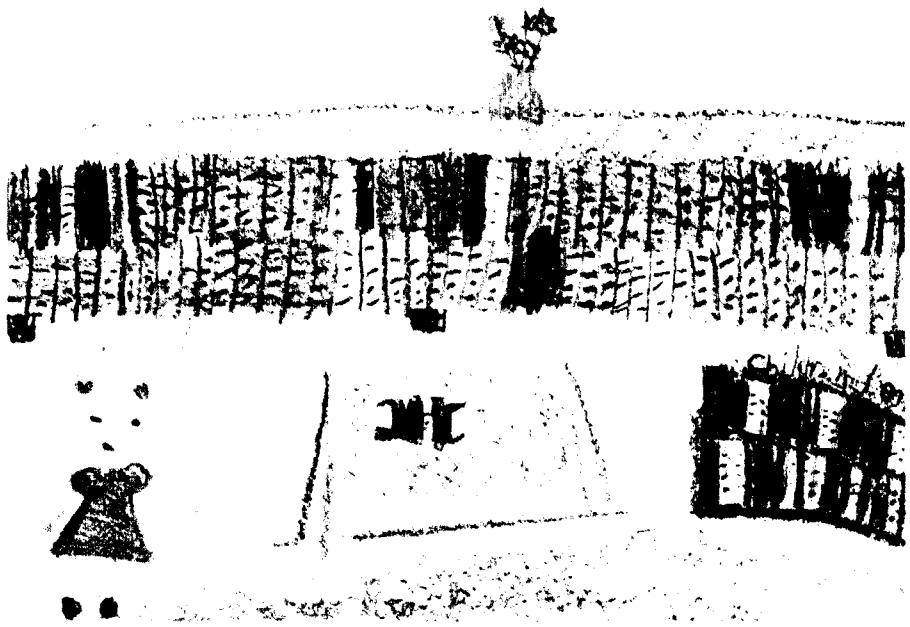
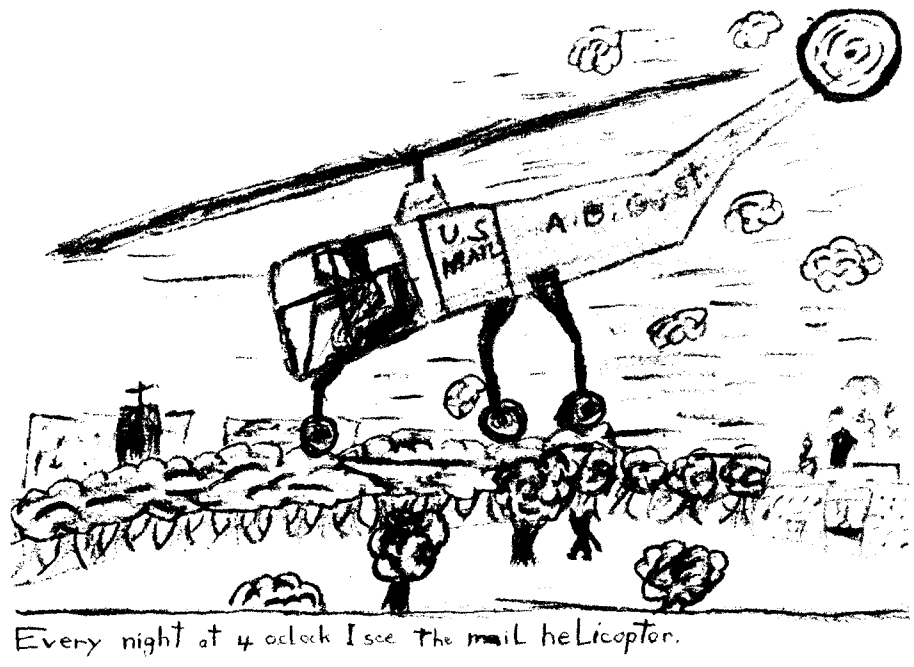


**LIBRARY.** Once upon a time a little girl went to the Library she read a lot of books. She likes books. Do you?

*Barbara Storkman; Maxwell Park School; Oakland, California*




**HELICOPTER.** One morning I saw a helicoptor going over the school, later I found out that it was a new mail service to Batavia

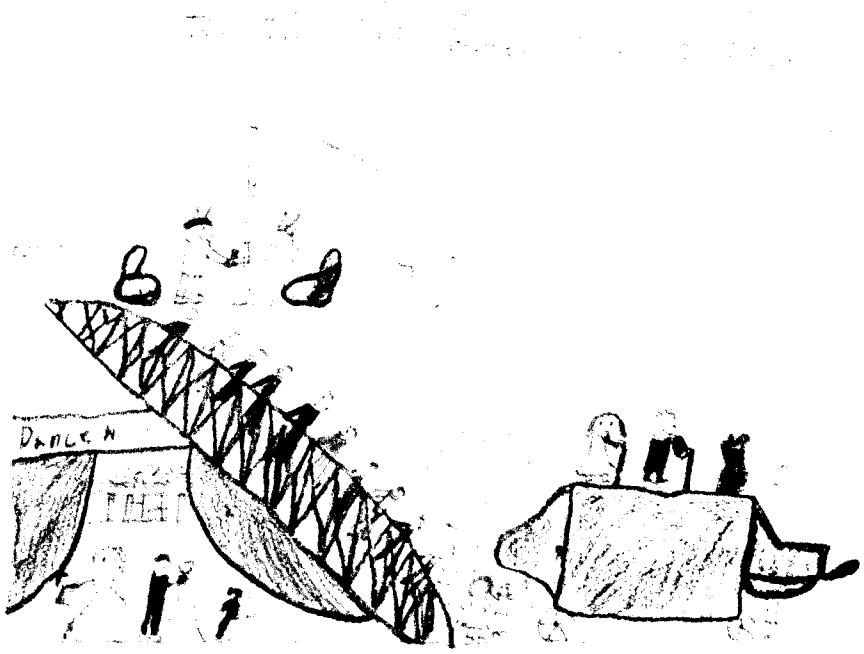
*Harry Beresford; McWayne School; Batavia, Illinois*

**CORNER DRUG STORE.** This is a corner drug store where my girl friend and I buy good sodas. Everyone loves ice cream

*Betty Lou Zahornacky; Rawson School; Hartford, Connecticut*

**A MULE** is not an animal. It is a machine. The mule pulls the ships through the Panama Canal. They are run by electricity. Men run them

*Ruth A. Gandy; School Ancon; Ancon, Canal Zone*



**MARDI GRAS** is a day of fun. While the Queen waits at the Boston Club the king is riding by in a float. The king stops at the Boston Club. There he toasts his Queen. When he rides by the people do not know who he is because he has a mask on. He has on a pretty costume too

*Mary Cunningham; Newman School; New Orleans, Louisiana*

**AT MILLER BEACH.** When it gets hot in Gary some families go to the beach and go swimming and see the sand-dunes one man is sun bathing and waiting for a wave to splash over him. Some people rest under big beach umbrellas

*Lawrence La Bash; Glen Park School; Gary, Indiana*

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"You're a liar," the detective yelled. "Where did you get that gun, Marco?" AL BRULÉ

# Too Late to Lie

THE light in Marco's eyes no longer bothered him. But he wished they'd let him stand, instead of making him sit in one place. He could see only the lower half of the man who was talking to him. The rest was hidden in shadows.

"Cut out the lying, Marco," the man said. "What made you pick on Horn's?"

They'd been asking the same question over and over, ever since they brought him to the station house. "It could have been any place," the boy said listlessly. "I told you already—I just happened to pick on Horn's."

"Where'd you get the gun you used to stick up the old man?"

Marco kept his voice level. "I told you before. I found it back of the poolroom on Eighth Street."

"All right, so you found it." The detective's voice was loud and harsh and close to Marco's ear. "So you went into the store and the old man jumped you. Why didn't you kill him? That's what you wanted to do, isn't it, Marco? You wanted to kill him. You wanted to kill him!"

The man's voice had risen to a shout, and Marco didn't answer. He was sick and scared. It was like playing some kind of game where the other guy was winning because you didn't know the rules.

The detective was talking again, not so loud—but Marco didn't listen to what he was saying. Marco was thinking: They must know about it at home by now. They must know I got pinched. He hoped his brother Pete would come instead of Mom. Pete would be madder about Marco swiping the gun from Pete's souvenir case than he would be about the stick-up. But Mom would cry.

More and more, lately, Marco had got to hate the way Mom hung onto her old-country ideas. Always running to church. Pulling a face every time Marco went anywhere with Pete. Mom still treated Marco like a kid. If she came to the station instead of Pete, she'd cry out loud and talk Italian and move her hands around a lot. Tnat was the way she did the night Pete took him to the fights, just a couple of weeks ago . . .

Marco was supposed to have gone to Trade School that night, and Mom was waiting for them when they got home. "So," she said very quietly. "Now itsa start. You play hook' from school."

She said it like he'd robbed a bank or something. Pete took his part. "Ah, why don't you let the kid alone?" Pete said. "School—Mass on Sunday—all that stuff! What good did any of it ever do me?"

Mom's head was shaking a little, like it always did when she was sore. "Itsa no good for you. You a loaf', a bum." She turned to Marco and pointed to Pete. "Three years a soldier—he's think he no work again alla his life. You no be like Pete, Marco. Pete he'sa no good."

Pete just grinned. "Let's get the hell outta here, Marco," he said. They went, leaving Mom crying. . . .

Marco stirred in his chair. One of the detectives was yelling again. Same question: "Where did you get that gun, Marco?"

"I told you," Marco said.

"You're a liar!" the detective yelled. "This isn't the first time you've pulled this sort of thing—" The opening of the door cut him short.

"You guys about finished?" asked the desk sergeant. "He'll have to go to the Refuge tonight, Joe. Under eighteen." He peered into the lighted circle at the thin-faced boy, who still sat upright.

The fat man answered: "I know, Matt. But this is different. Bixby wants him."

The sergeant whistled softly, shaking his head. "Bixby! A kid like that—well, I guess you guys know what you're doing. How about sandwiches?"

"Okay." Joe snapped the main switch throwing the dusty room into drab relief. "Make it four and two containers of coffee." He struck a match with difficulty on the sole of his shoe. "You hungry?" he asked Marco.

The boy shook his head, indifferent alike to threat or cajolery. He was thinking again. He was thinking about what happened yesterday. He'd been fooling with the gun and his brother had come into their room suddenly.

Pete had been mad. "Get your hands off that!" he'd shouted. "And keep them off! If I ever catch you with that pistol again I'll break your neck."

It was the first time he'd ever touched the darn' gun—first time he ever held any gun in his hands.

Then Pete had cleaned the gun carefully like he did all his souvenirs.

Marco was scared. Maybe Pete could get into trouble just for having a pistol—even though it was just a souvenir from overseas. Marco wouldn't want Pete to get into trouble with the cops.

The thin detective spoke from behind the chair: "Where'd you get that gun, dammit?" Then the door opened again; the cop called Matt came in.

"Here's the sandwiches," said Matt. "And the coffee's hot. Say, how long is Bixby going to be?"

Joe crammed food into his mouth with one finger. "Dunno. An hour, maybe. He's at the lab."

An hour! "Why don't you let me see my family?" said Marco suddenly. He wanted to see Pete.

The thin man showed his teeth at Joe. "How do you like these cheap hoodlums? At sixteen he sticks up a store, then wants his family, the little crook. You want a lawyer too?" He laughed. The fat cop called Joe frowned. "Look, son,"—the fat cop's voice was wheedling—"being like this'll get you nowhere. You want to see your folks. Okay. We'll take care of that. But first you got to make things easy on yourself. How about these other things you pulled? We'll know in the long run."

Marco was silent. Then Joe whirled, fat finger outstretched. "Who was with you at Seager's Liquor Store?"

Marco didn't know what the cop meant. All he knew was they were trying to frame him.

"I never heard of no liquor store," he said.

Joe sighed, reaching for the shrilling phone.

That's how they did it. Made phone calls—passed notes to each other. Anything to try to scare you, make you say you did something you didn't do.

"Okay." Joe had him by the arm. "You're going to cool off for a while."

It wasn't cold in the cell, but he shivered. If only Pete would come. He didn't want to be alone.

SLOW minutes passed before Joe opened the cell door. He beckoned to Marco. The boy left the cell dragging his feet a little, unwilling to show his eagerness. Joe held him by the sleeve.

They went out through the steel gate, their footsteps echoing down the stone corridor. They stopped halfway and Marco stared at the black-lettered sign: LIEUTENANT BIXBY.

Joe knocked and someone said to come on in. Somehow Marco knew that the man behind the desk was different from the others. More dangerous, even though he was smiling.

"Here's Fischetti, Lieutenant," Joe said.

Bixby's voice was bland. "Sit down, Marco." He looked at the boy, then at his desk. The pistol lay there—and with it the adhesive tape that had been in Marco's pocket.

"People who use guns generally wind up in prison," said Bixby. "Do you know what it's like in there, Marco?" He held the pistol on a pencil inserted in the barrel; he smiled again. The words came softly. "It's not nice to be locked up, Marco."

He might have been talking to himself. Slowly he raised the pistol, admiring the lights on the blued steel. Marco stared at it. Pete's gun—that was Pete's gun. Bixby looked past the gun at the boy.

"That's right, Marco. You make one small mistake and spend the rest of your life behind bars being sorry," continued Bixby. "You know what homicide means?"

Another trick question. He hadn't shot anybody. This guy was like the others. But Marco nodded.

Bixby placed the gun gently on the desk. "I'm the officer in charge of homicide," he said. "Two nights ago the manager of Seager's Liquor Store was shot to death in a holdup. The bullet that killed him came from a Luger—*this* Luger. I want the truth, Marco. Where'd you get the gun? Where'd you get the gun?" THE END

*Collier's* SHORT SHORT BY DONALD MACKENZIE

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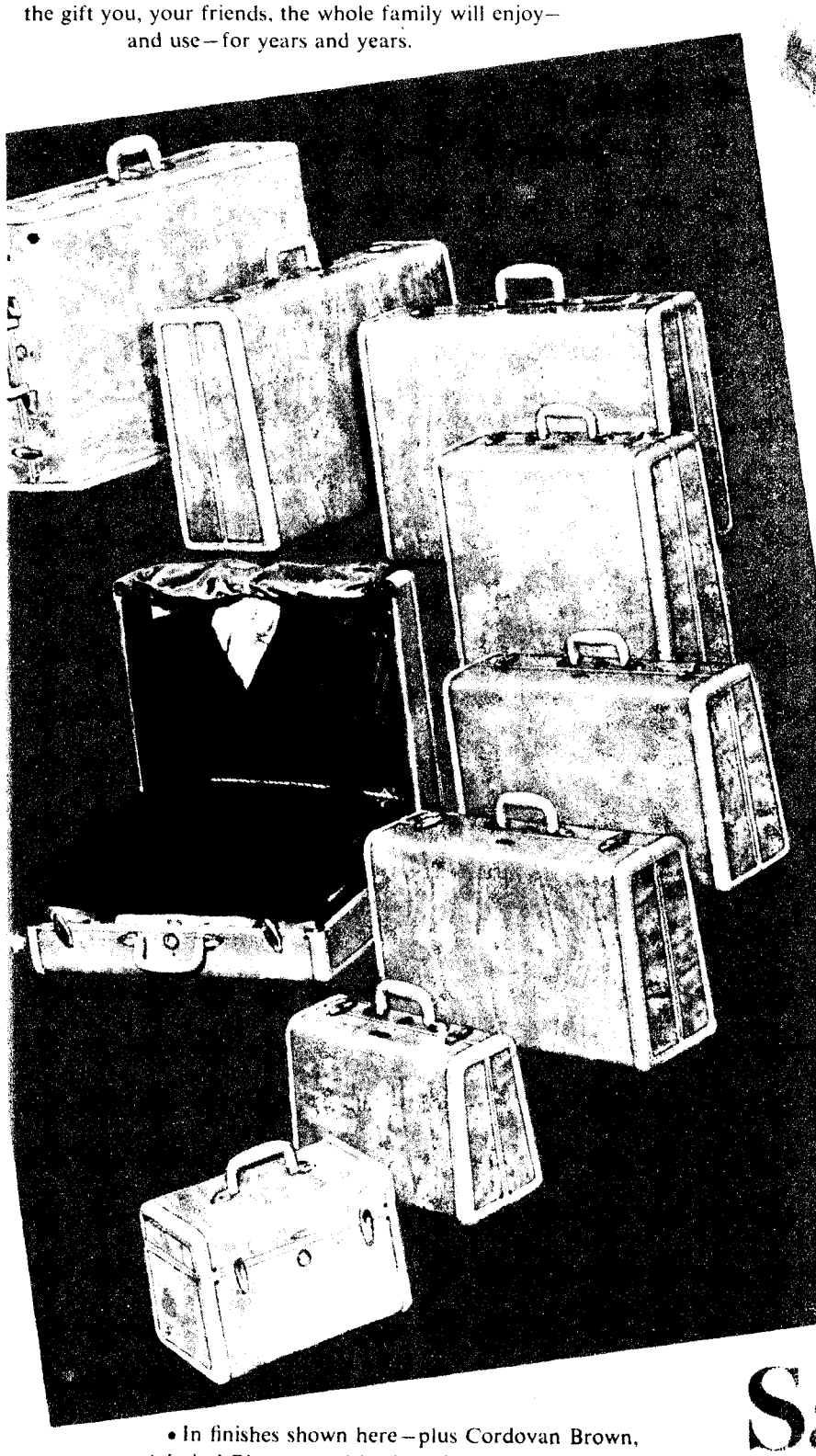

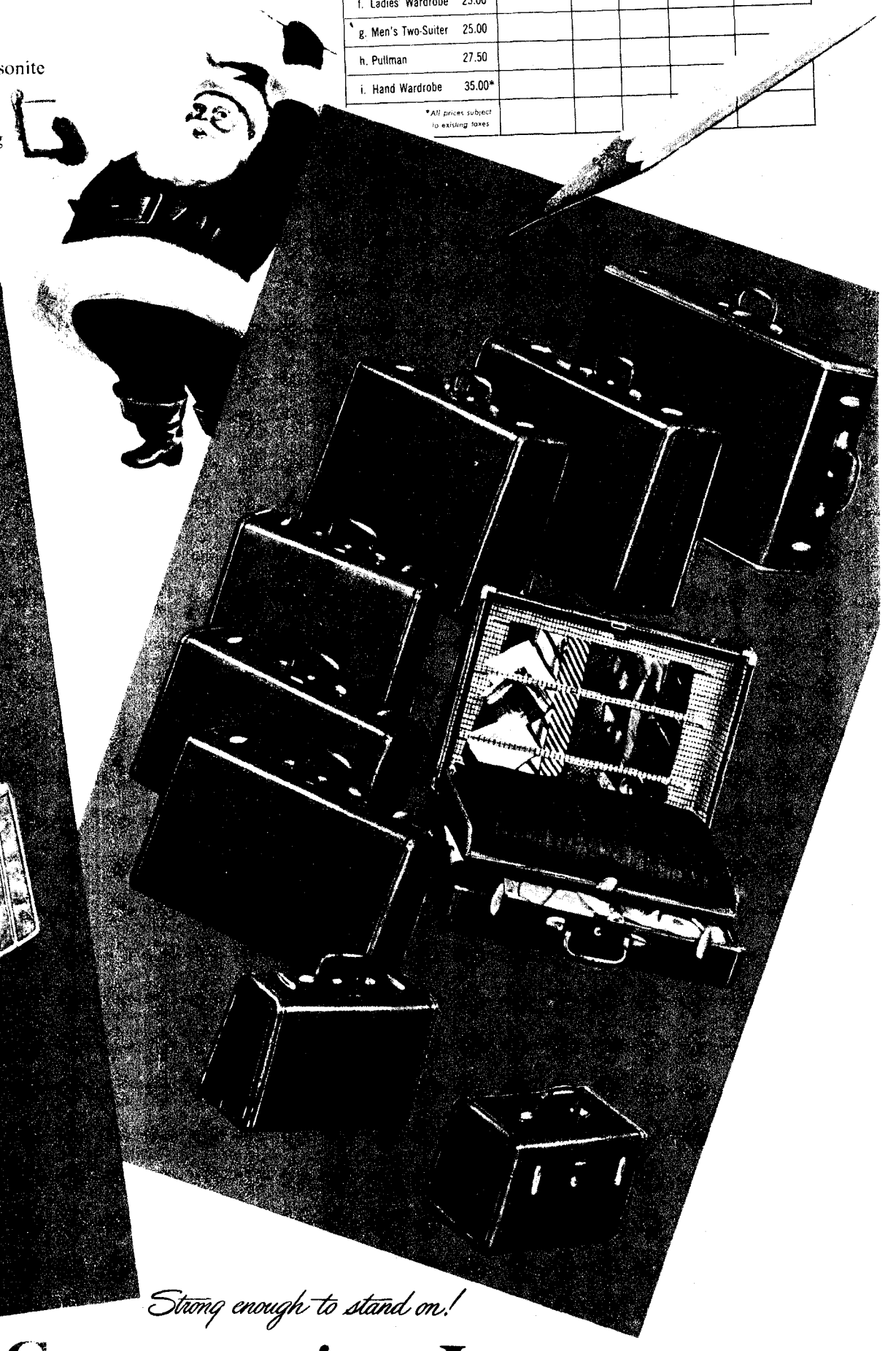

• In finishes shown here—plus Cordovan Brown, Admiral Blue . . . and in these Fashiontones—Beige Clay, Pink Copper, Bermuda Green (women's cases only)

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# Tourist Rest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"One breakfast, 7:30," Horace Benison wrote at once on a small pad provided for the purpose, and then he went upstairs with his heavy, expensive calfskin suitcases.

Most of the rooms were rented. There was only one open door along the front hallway. He could hear murmuring conversation from one room; the other rooms were silent. Most travelers went to bed early.

Horace Benison went down the back hall and put his suitcases down in a room with a wide bed. There was a low armchair near the window, and beside it a lamp containing a bulb powerful enough to read by.

The windows opened onto the garden behind the house, and a smell of summer came in, and with it the sounds of a summer evening—crickets chirring, boys playing baseball in the near-dark, young girls walking arm in arm on the sidewalk, talking about how hateful it was to do the dishes, and what they wanted to wear the first day of school.

Mr. Benison sighed at that. For if this was perfection in a summer evening, small-city version, it was tinged with the thought of autumn.

I'm tired, Mr. Benison thought, sitting down. I've had about enough traveling.

Now it came over him that, when he retired, this was the kind of house he wanted. He had money enough, and annuities enough, and his pension, so he could retire now; but he knew, and the firm knew, it was loneliness that kept him on the move.

He heard light footsteps on the carpeted stairs. He turned and looked at the woman standing in the doorway. She had soft brown hair, waving back from her rather pale, pretty face; her full-skirted medium-blue linen dress was very becoming.

"I'm Lucy Kennedy," she said. "Is your room all right, Mr. Benison? I saw you had registered, downstairs. I'm sorry I wasn't in."

She put down a bowl of flowers on the table. "Or perhaps you don't like flowers in the room where you sleep?" she said.

"Oh, I do," said Mr. Benison.

HE WATCHED his hostess check the soft towels and lay on top of them a large cake of soap. If there was one thing Mr. Benison disliked, it was small, sample-sized cakes of soap. Mrs. Kennedy showed him there were blankets in the closet, in neat plastic containers.

"It turns cool, later," she said, smiling. "Right now, it's lovely outdoors, if you'd care to sit in the garden a little."

"I think I will," Mr. Benison said, though he had planned to bathe and go straight to sleep. He had a long day ahead of him tomorrow.

"That's nice," said Mrs. Kennedy. "So many go right to bed. I understand. They're tired, and they plan to be on the road real early. They say it's the hours before noon that count, driving."

Again, in the garden, where Mrs. Kennedy led him and left him, Mr. Benison thought how permanence was the keynote of the whole place.

Perennials bordered the garden, the brook murmured under a miniature rustic bridge of the kind people liked, fifty years ago, and the house itself had settled in its landscape as though into loving arms. After a while, Mrs. Kennedy came out with cookies and a cool drink.

"How very nice," said Mr. Benison, rising to help her. Mrs. Kennedy was persuaded to sit down, and they began to talk. She was as natural about conversation as she was about everything else.

Mr. Benison knew already that her impulse toward hospitality was genuine. She liked to make people comfortable. She was secure in herself, so she could spare comfort for others.

"A lovely old place," Mr. Benison said, and Mrs. Kennedy said yes, it was—her father's and grandfather's old farm, originally. Then the town had grown up around it. She had married, but her husband had died. She had no children, just the house. She taught school—"You know what the salary's like"— so, in the summers, she opened her house for tourists and loved doing it.

"It's wonderful for a stranger to find a place like this," Mr. Benison told her. "Everywhere you go, everything's changing—being torn down, or put up, or done over. This house has been civilized a long time."

Mrs. Kennedy gave him rather an odd, sad look.

"Yes, it has," she said.

Mr. Benison told Mrs. Kennedy about his job, and the death of his mother, years ago, and how he really felt uncomfortable at office parties, but still, it was the nearest thing to a social occasion a man like himself ever knew.

"Why, you can go to a fiesta, if a town you're going through happens to have one," Mrs. Kennedy protested. "Or you can take in a rodeo. Or see Grand Canyon. Or Indian dances at Gallup. It seems a wonderful, exciting life to me. I'd love to travel."

Mr. Benison said, "You don't take in as many of those things, alone. It's not much fun going places all by yourself, with no one to share things with."

"Well, in a town this size, a lone woman's a burden, too," Mrs. Kennedy said, with surprising cheerfulness. "I have my position, I'm respected—but after school, I'm an odd number. I'm shy about visiting people, and if I ask people in to dinner, I wonder if they've come just because they're sorry for me."

"Oh, no!" Mr. Benison cried. He had a vivid picture of Mrs. Kennedy giving a party. Everything would taste delicious, from drinks to dessert. She would not flurry. She would not press her hospitality home, like the point of a knife. She would be easy, she would be a little excited, she would laugh. A woman like her ought to give parties often, he told her.

Mrs. Kennedy laughed, and got up. "This is like a party, in a small way," she said. "A farewell party. I have to be up well before six, so I'll say good night, pleasant dreams."

Mr. Benison knew it was late. He said good night and impulsively added, "And thank you for a pleasant evening I'll always remember."

Mrs. Kennedy said, "Thank you, Mr. Benison. I sort of dreaded this evening—for reasons of my own, but it *has* been nice, hasn't it?"

LUXURIATING under a light blanket, in lavender-smelling sheets, Mr. Benison was reluctant to go to sleep. He got up and put a bottle of perfume and a note in the top bureau drawer, for Mrs. Kennedy to find tomorrow. He put a box of candy on the closet shelf, and he put his other Appleseed Awards in various other places.

At last he went back to bed, knowing that when he awoke it would be nearly time to leave, and he didn't want the time to come.

His feelings solidified in sleep, and in the morning he knew quite well what he ought to do. He also felt it was impossible for him to do it. "It's out of character," he told himself. "I couldn't ask her. But I'll come this way again, on the return trip. Meantime, I'll write."

He went downstairs to breakfast, after a final look around the room that had been his for a night. He moved his best present

COLLIER'S

**"Gee, thanks for the raise, Mr. Belknap. Could you make it retroactive to the first week in July, 1947?"**

KATE OSANN

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**"Holiday Visitors,"** by Douglass Crockwell, Number 50 in the series "Home Life in America."

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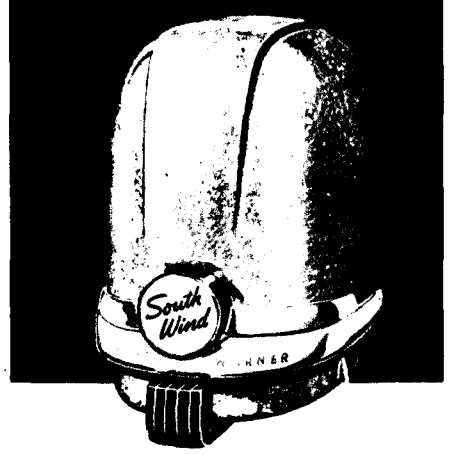


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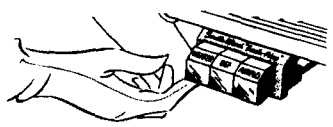

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**CAR HEATER**
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so Mrs. Kennedy couldn't fail to see it promptly. The present was azalea slips from Mobile, Alabama, which ought to be planted soon, even though they were all right in wet moss now. He felt the rewards for what he had received were inadequate. He went down the stairs, thinking of the tiresome and lonely day that stretched before him.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Kennedy. She looked very tired, as though she had hardly slept. "Everybody else has gone."

"Then won't you sit down and have a cup of coffee with me?" Mr. Benison said.

"I'd like to," Mrs. Kennedy said.

BREAKFAST was, as he had expected, wonderful. He relished the hot, fresh cinnamon rolls and quince jelly. The sun shone into the room, filtered through blinds. The room opened onto a stone terrace he hadn't noticed at night. Mrs. Kennedy's old farmhouse kitchen, modernized, was a colorful, unsterile-looking place, with a cat asleep in the rocker.

"I'll surely stop on my way back," Mr. Benison said, when he reluctantly bade her good-by. He held Mrs. Kennedy's hand for a quick, warm moment. "You'll hear from me soon."

"Have a good trip," Mrs. Kennedy said, and there was something in her smile that made Mr. Benison know he ought to have acted out of character. He should have spoken out loud the thought that was in his mind. He was full of the strangest longings and regrets as he turned out of the street onto the immediately rough, dusty highway.

The road-building equipment was all out and moving. By the scraped expanse of wasteland that had been farms and other roads, by the bales of hay piled as barriers down incompleted lanes, and by other familiar signs, Mr. Benison understood the purpose of the superspeedway, as he had not been able to do in the dark of the evening before.

He did his business that day, in a desperate, hurried way. Constantly he thought of Mrs. Kennedy. Perhaps she was setting out the azalea slips right now, and thinking of him. He was overcome with nostalgia for a family homestead that was not his own.

"You can't," he told himself, weakly. "What would she think? Write to her first. Explain. *Then* go back."

Suddenly, late in the afternoon, when he ought to have been somewhere else, Horace Benison turned the car around and drove back to Springvale.

"I *should never have left her*," he thought. "I knew, and she knew."

He drove fast, but again it was dark when he struck the now familiar stretch of torn-up, devastated country that would, one day, be a speedway. He had stopped for coffee once or twice, because he was pretty tired, but he planned to have dinner at some nice place in Springvale, with Mrs. Kennedy. Do her good to leave the house for one evening. He even liked the homely name of the town. There must be a thousand Springvales in the country.

But he thought perhaps he had got into the wrong one, when he turned the corner and found nothing there. Then he realized, it was a different corner, and he tried to feel relieved, as though he had made a simple error, but his anxiety persisted. Why had he mistaken the corner? He drove back some little distance, and the torn-up road now seemed wider, stranger, longer; it was dotted with new barriers, arrows and signs, and flares. Again he turned the corner.

Now he had a horrible feeling that he had dreamed the whole episode. Out of all his years' experience, and out of his loneliness, he had created in his own mind, the perfect tourist home. He had not really stayed there—he had only dreamed it.

"It was the realest thing that ever happened to me," Horace Benison said, at last, and a kind of peaceful frenzy replaced the anxiety.

He looked more carefully, up and down one street and another. Finally he knocked at a door and inquired.

"Lucy Kennedy's place, you mean?" the woman who answered said. "Three streets back? Why, didn't you know—speedway's going right through her property. Poor thing—it was her father's and grandfather's before her. A shame—nice old place like that. Still, they say it will be a great thing for the state, the new road . . ."

"Where is she?" Mr. Benison demanded. "Lucy Kennedy. I've got to find her!"

"Somebody bought the front half of the house—going to take it somewhere else, just like they do in California," the woman said. "I was in California once. Never would go again. Lucy didn't want it someplace else, she said. Said the elms was part of the house, far as she's concerned. Odd woman, Lucy. They can't have moved the house very far."

"Thank you," Mr. Benison said. "I'll find her."

As he drove, searching the darkness, he tried to protest and tell himself it could not have happened so quickly. She wouldn't have had people in the house on the night before her house was to be moved. She would have had to strip the place days ahead, pack up all the preserves, the albums, and the household belongings; she would have had to transplant all the flowers.

"I guess you don't understand Lucy," Mr. Benison said to himself. "She'd make the most of what little time there was left. I was privileged to share the last evening with her. I know how she lives."

WHEN he finally found it, the front half of the house was standing on blocks several hundred feet from the rear half and the trees that had shaded the yard, it was ready to be trundled away; and Lucy Kennedy was sitting in a garden chair, asleep, and nearby was her faithful old coupé. No wonder she was tired, Mr. Benison thought. The minute he had gone, she had hurried to remove everything she was taking with her—everything that was still hers. She must have done a month's work in a day.

By midafternoon, the house had been separated into two halves and lifted from its foundation; the scrapers had gone over the land where the garden had been, removing that surplus thing, civilization; effacing the pleasant surfaces; obliterating all the little valleys and rises that had made the land unique. This barren waste might be anywhere.

"Mrs. Kennedy," Mr. Benison said, touching her shoulder.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "I got all your presents," she said. "It was nice. Like a birthday."

"I never should have left you," Mr. Benison said. He almost added, "Look what happened, the minute I did!" but reason told him these road plans were created some time in advance. They were plans Lucy Kennedy knew about—and had had to play her own painful part in bringing about.

She said, "You know, I feel numb. I knew the old house had to go, and, in a way, once I knew, I made up my mind to be glad. Now I could travel—see someplace else. I could find another house, when I was ready to. It doesn't matter so much where you live: it's how you live. I told myself that. But—" Her voice broke. "I still feel real bad," she said. "I'm glad to have somebody to talk to."

Mr. Benison bent and put his arms around her.

"I wanted to ask you to marry me this morning," he said. "I wanted to take you with me. Then I didn't want to make myself out queer, springing a proposal after just meeting you. I told myself I'd write. But I couldn't wait. I had to come back."

Lucy Kennedy protested, gently. "You're not in love with me," she said. "You're in love with what I stood for. And now it's gone."

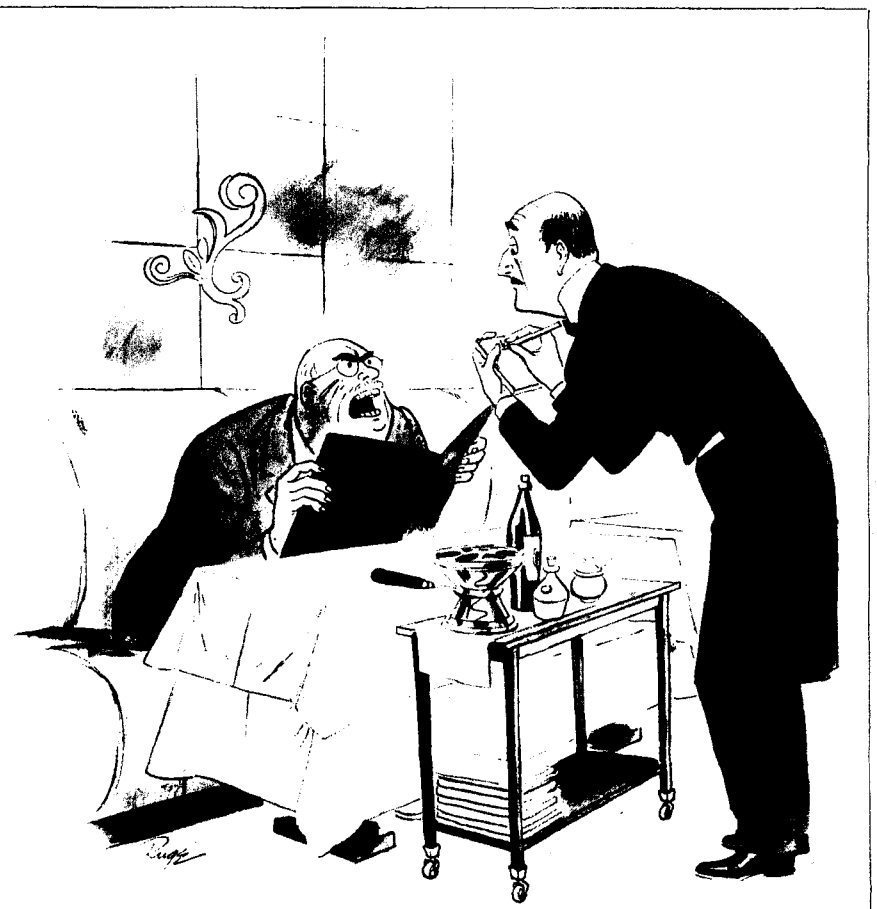
She paused and reached back to put her face against his hand for a minute.

"I do appreciate it though," she said. "The only plant I took along was the azalea you left for me."

"Please, Lucy," Mr. Benison said. "It wasn't the place, it was the person. A person to love is about the only permanence there is, right now, the way I see it. I looked everywhere to find you."

"I was right there, all the time," Lucy said, and he knew how a tired, wayfaring stranger must feel, seeing apple orchards in bloom where, last time, there had been wilderness.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Haven't you got something that isn't '*à la*' anything?"

JOHN RUGE



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# Racket Alley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"You mean the commissioner?"

"Yes, naturally. Also, the way Commissioner Stark is being backed up by a large section of the community, pretty soon you'll have a reform administration voted in and then you will have real trouble. A reform administration is very hard to deal with. We know, having weathered several. Am I right, Mr. Kelly?" he asked deferentially.

Mr. Kelly did not even nod. Riebe cleared his throat and went on: "Now, Mr. Uh . . . if we come in and co-operate with you, no matter what we take out of the town, your share will be larger, much larger, than it is at present. Doesn't that interest you?"

"I'm here to listen," said Arky. "I got no authority to say yes or no. I'm just kind of an errand boy."

MR. KELLY glanced at Leon as if to say: "What does that make *you?*" Leon winced faintly.

"I'm sure you are too modest," said Riebe. "Now the commissioner. Your problem is to get him kicked upstairs. That we can guarantee."

"Guarantee? You don't know the commissioner. He don't want nothing but a clean town."

"Not even a seat on the Supreme Court?"

Arky started slightly. The Mover had broached the same subject. "Maybe, maybe," he said.

"Politically, it would be considered a fine appointment: not a single objection in the state. Our governor would be a hero. Everybody would be happy, including ourselves."

"You might be able to guarantee the appointment. But you can't guarantee he'd take it, especially if anything got around." Arky hesitated, then he rose. "Tell you what, I'll talk to the Mover. Then I'll call Leon. One question: What's George Cline got to do with all this?"

Riebe smiled blandly. "Who, may I ask, is George Cline?"

But Mr. Kelly cut in harshly: "He made a few suggestions. We pay him off. He don't come in here. Satisfied?"

Arky looked around him. Very pale, Leon avoided his eyes. Fat Mr. Riebe was cringing at the brutal way Mr. Kelly had made a liar out of him.

"It's not up to me to be satisfied or not," said Arky. "I'll talk to the Mover."

Arky went out. Robbie looked up.

"Night, honey-chile," she said. "Home to your sorghum and corn pone."

"How long the boys been around?"

Robbie hesitated, glanced at Leon's door, then said in a low voice, "Moonface has been here about three weeks. The other one just got in, by plane."

Arky winked at her and went out, laughing to himself, thinking: That's a right cute kid, and no bunk about her. She's on the make and she don't care who knows it. . . .

About ten o'clock Arky called Leon, who sounded nervous and eager.

"No tricks this time, huh?" he said, with a forced laugh. "It's really you, Ark."

"Yeah. I'm with the Paymaster. We just talked to the Mover over the phone."

"Yeah?" said Leon eagerly.

"Leon, he said for you to tell your friends to get out of town and stay out. The Mover's keeping pretty good tabs and if they buy in again there will be real trouble, not just a raid. We don't need no help of any kind. The Mover's got a real big deal on the fire and if it cooks, we're in clover."

"My God, Arky, I can't tell these guys things like that. They're big. They—"

"Oh, yes," said Arky calmly, "another thing. The Mover says to tell Mr. Kelly he knows who he is and that things must not be going so good in the big city or Mr. Kelly wouldn't be trying to cut in in the sticks. Make it strong, Leon."

"Arky, my God! I *can't*. You want the shooting to start?"

"Okay," said Arky. "Hold the fort. I'll be right down. *I'll* tell 'em."

"No! No!" cried Leon, hastily. "I—I'll tell 'em. Don't worry. I—I'll make it strong. Just as the Mover says. But, Arky; something mighty puzzling to me. These guys got a wonderful angle. The commissioner. If he moves up, things will go back to normal. They'll double, triple."

"Look, Leon; just follow orders. Other people got angles too. Remember that. And be a good boy, Leon; be a good boy."

Going home from the Paymaster's, Arky took the wheel, in spite of Zand's yelps of protest.

After a few miles of grabbing the door and almost putting his feet through the floor boards, Zand said, "Arky, why don't you go back to the horse and buggy?"

"Relax, will you? I was a chauffeur for over five years."

"Chauffeur!" cried Zand. "It must have been for a lunatic."

Arky laughed to himself. Zand didn't know his old boss had been the Mover. Zand didn't know the Mover, for that matter. Arky remembered how he used to sit rigid in the back of the car, too proud to tell Arky to slow down and take it easy. That was the Mover, all right. You'd never get a show of fear out of him. . . .

WHEN Arky got up to his apartment, Anna had just finished feeding the baby and was sitting at the dining-room table, drinking a bottle of beer.

"You should have seen him eat tonight, Ark. Like a bear. And then he went right back to sleep. I got a song I sing him in Polish. He likes it. And when I call him Thaddeus he likes that, too."

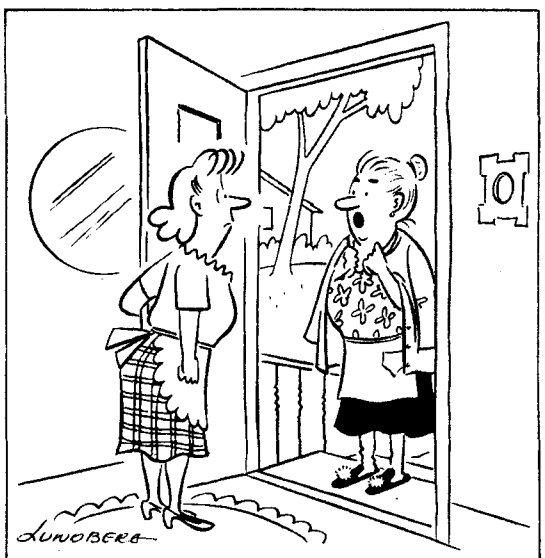
"I'd think the poor kid would puke. You sing to him in Polack and call him Thaddeus. That's a hell of a name."

"Well, what should we call him then?"

"I don't know," said Arky. "How about Elmer? That's my brother. Or Leeroy? That's another brother. I got one named Anderson, too, and another one named Tasker."

"My God!" shrieked Anna. "Sounds like you're making them up. But I got a better idea. We'll call him Orv, after you."

"Not after me you won't. He ain't my kid. Anyway, if we change his first name, might as well change his last name, too.




**"I don't believe in gossiping, so I thought it was only fair to pass this information on to someone who does"**

COLLIER'S — GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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Nobody can spell it, or even pronounce it."

"I don't know what we're going to do about Milli," said Anna, after a moment. "She cries herself to sleep every night."

"Why?"

"It's on account of Chuck. She keeps writing him letters."

"Does she know where he is?"

"No. She sends 'em to a place where he used to work. Somebody might know. And if she don't hear from Chuck pretty soon—well, we're going to find her lying down there on that pavement some morning."

REISMAN heard the news just as he was leaving the hospital, where he'd spent two weeks for a checkup on the ulcer. He was at the desk, arguing about his bill when a nurse hurried over and told him he was wanted on the telephone.

It was Downy, and he was so eager to impart information that he could hardly talk. "Leon Sollas has disappeared. They found his car parked at the Transco Airport, but he didn't take a plane out."

Reisman was calm, but a flash of excitement showed in his eyes. "How do they know that?"

"No one answering his description—"

"Oh, bunk! You can't trust most people to pick their own mothers out at a line-up."

"Anyway, it's red-hot. Just thought you'd like to know. Mush Head's got all the bird dogs on it. Red Seaver's working on it full time until the case breaks."

There was a pause, and when Reisman made no comment, Downy continued: "How you feeling, Ben?"

"Guess I'll see another Christmas. Say—any more on the commissioner and that Supreme Court deal?"

"He won't comment, Ben," said Downy. "Even had a reporter thrown out of his office for asking questions out of turn."

Reisman chuckled to himself. Good old Commissioner Stark. Used to handling the average politicos, who would do a handstand on Blackhawk Boulevard to get their names in the papers, the boys from Newspaper Row hadn't the faintest idea how to manage the commissioner.

"Thanks, kid, for letting me know. 'By."

Reisman wandered back toward the desk, lost in thought. Here was the big story again; and column or no column, Red Seaver or no Red Seaver, he wanted a piece of it. If Leon was finally found with his toes turned up—what a story! Might set off a whole chain of explosions. . . .

It was about six o'clock when Reisman wandered into the bar of the Regent Hotel. The Regent was a big, antiquated place on the northern edge of the Front and for years its bar had been a hangout for newspapermen, touring actors, horsemen, gamblers and gentlemanly upper-crust hoodlums.

Reisman ordered black coffee and a corned-beef sandwich on Russian rye, then looked around for familiar faces. Had the boys gone underground till the Leon business was cleared up? Not a single hoodlum in sight. Not even a fringe character.

That is, unless you could count Harry Radabaugh a fringe character, and Reisman decided you could. Harry had once been on the police force, where he had a bad record for using his gun and billy too freely. In fact, Herman Frick, the chief of police, had finally kicked him out during the big cleanup last summer when Commissioner Stark demanded action so loudly that even the lethargic Frick was forced to do something, anything, to make a showing. Harry was one of many who had got the gate. He was now a special investigator for the district attorney's office and he got around, and the hoods liked him because he never fingered anybody big, only the small ones, principally the out-of-towners who were trying to muscle in. Harry probably had no trouble spotting them as he was a great muscle artist himself, not above blackmail—or so Reisman had heard.

Radabaugh was talking to a couple of plain citizens at the end of the bar. When he nodded to them, paid his score, and started out, Reisman called to him.

Harry smiled, but it was more than a little forced. "Hi, Ben. Thought you were still in the hospital."

He was a big, tough-looking fellow with dark hair and bloodshot eyes. He had a hard chin and big shoulders but there was something wrong with his mouth—something flabby, something babyish.

"I'm out on parole," said Reisman. "Drink?"

"Up to here. Got a date. See you."

"Wait a minute, Harry. I been behind walls. Thought you might bring me up to date. Like on the Leon Sollas business."

"I don't know a thing, Ben. I wasn't assigned to the case at our office. So all I know is what I read in the papers. Plus the fact that the boys were all happy for a day or so and now they're all sad."

Reisman glanced about him. "How can you tell? Looks to me like they all followed Leon."

"It figures. It's a nice time to stay home."

"What were they so happy about?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. But I'd be happy if I was one of them."

As if you're not, thought Reisman, but asked: "Why?"

"With Commissioner Stark moving up to the state capital? Come now, Ben."

"Is he?"

"You think he can resist it?"

Something stabbed at Reisman and it wasn't the ulcer. "Nice for the boys, eh?"

"It looked like it. Now I don't know," said Harry. "All supposition on my part, of course. I don't get the Leon business at all." He glanced at his wrist watch. "See you, Ben."

A break for the boys, all right, thought Reisman, as he finished his sandwich. But an accidental one. Had to be. Nobody was big enough to swing a thing like that.

COMMISSIONER STARK'S secretary, a huge bull-like man named Balch, was not pleased to see Reisman.

"Not tonight, Reisman," he said. "You should have called. No chance tonight."

"What's so special about tonight?"

"Judge Greet's giving a reception—kind of a party for Commissioner Stark. I guess the judge figures the commissioner won't be with us much longer."

The buzzer sounded and Balch grabbed up the intercom.

"Yes, sir?" Balch snapped out, like a top sergeant talking to a colonel. "A bow tie, sir? No, sir, I'm afraid that I—"

"What's the matter?" asked Reisman.

"He's getting dressed in there for the party. Can't tie his bow tie."

"I can tie one."

"Mr. Reisman's here, sir," said Balch. "Says he can tie one. . . . All right, Reisman," said Balch. "Go ahead in."

Reisman opened the door. Commissioner Stark was standing in front of a mirror with his lean face screwed up, trying to knot a black evening tie. He was wearing a rusty-looking tuxedo and his hair was standing up angrily all over his narrow skull.

"With a simple twist of the wrist, Commissioner," Reisman said, "I can solve your problems."

The commissioner said nothing. He merely turned around, came over, and stood in front of Reisman, who knotted the tie deftly and patted it into place.

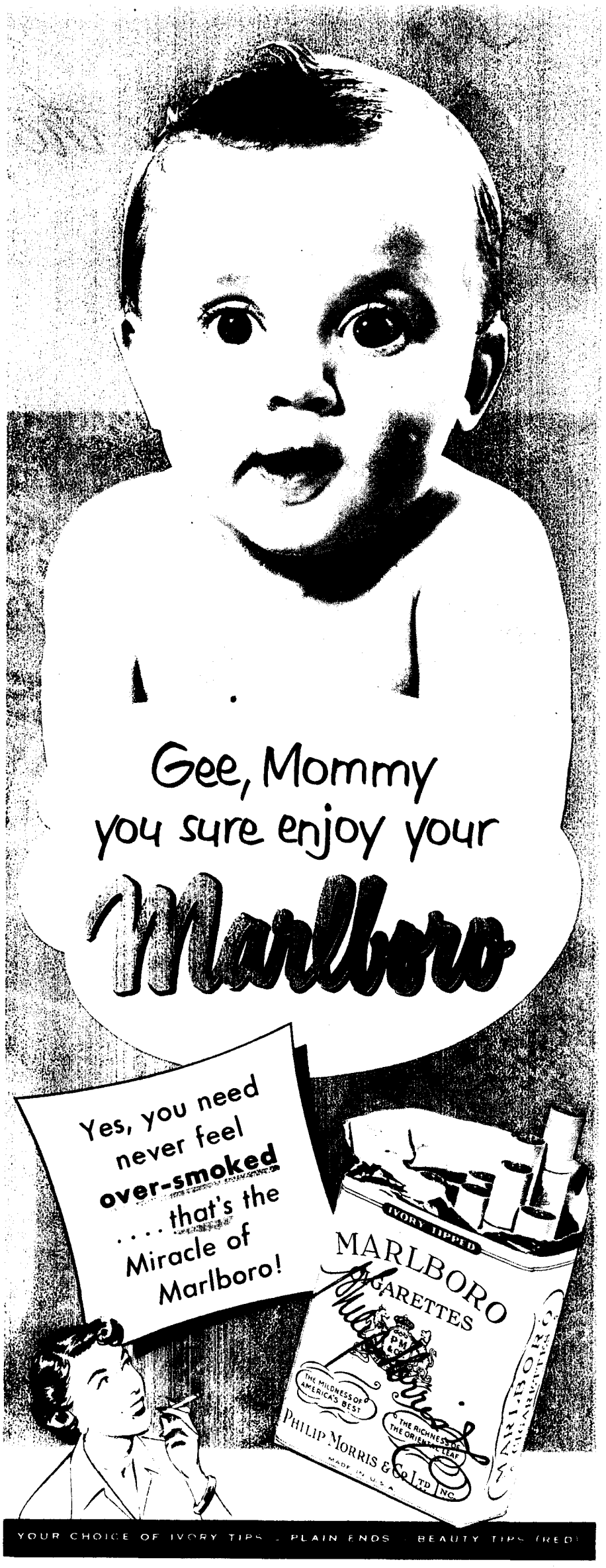
"Thanks," said the commissioner. "All my wife's idea. I haven't had a tux on for ten or eleven years. You want something, Reisman?"

"No. I was just passing by. What about this reception? Are you really moving up to the state capital, Commissioner?"

"To tell you the truth, I haven't made up my mind yet. But I suppose it is inevitable. My wife's all for it. Thinks I'm working myself to death as commissioner. Says it is a thankless job. But thanks are not what I want."

"What *do* you want, Commissioner?"

"A clean city. Or rather, as clean a city as humanity allows. And I'm not trying to disparage humanity. Don't misunderstand me. A self-righteous man can be very dangerous in a high position. He will insist on the impossible. I only insist on the possible,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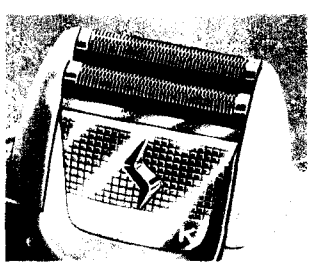

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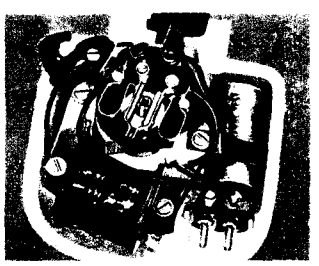

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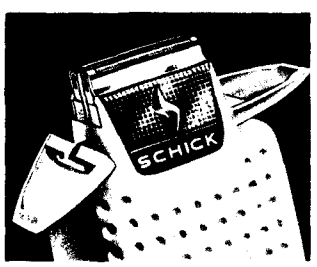


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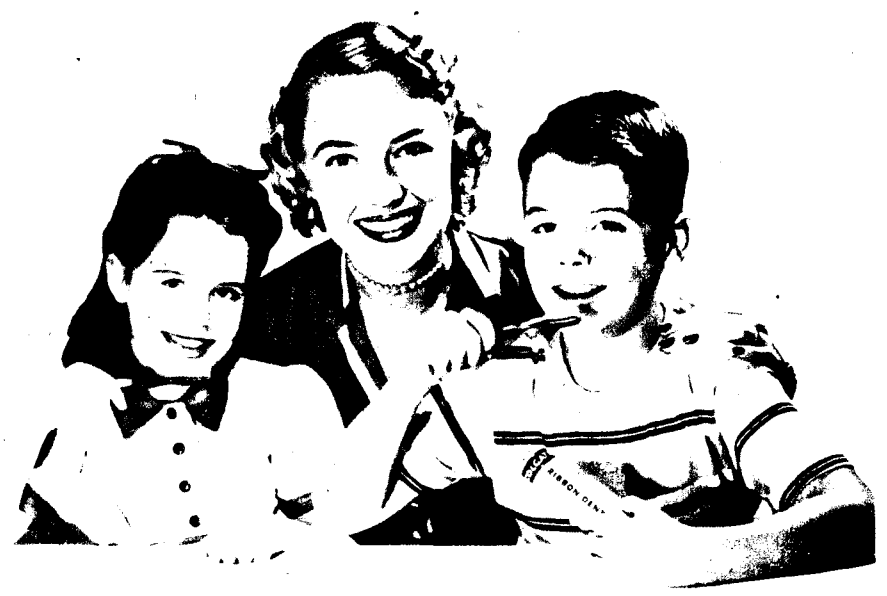

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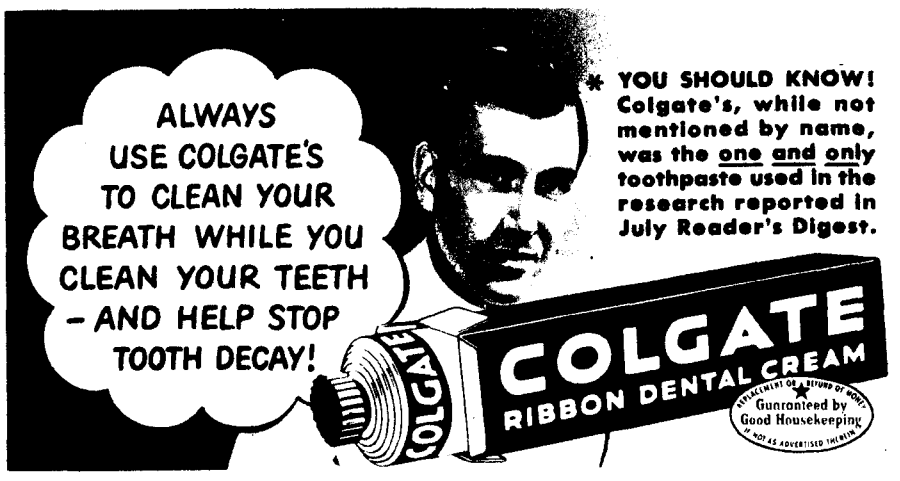
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but my idea of the possible does not seem to agree with anybody else's."

"It agrees more or less with mine."

"Yes, I know that," said the commissioner. "And you've been a big help to me. By the way, what about this Leon Sollas business? Do you think he was murdered?"

"Could be. But I doubt it. The boys have their little squabbles. And sometimes it's better politics, and safer, for them to disappear till the atmosphere clears."

The commissioner seemed to think this over for a moment; then a frown passed over his lean face, and he said, "Reisman, give me your honest opinion. Do you think I'll be able to get by at Judge Greet's in this suit?"

"Oh, I think so," said Reisman, hesitantly, rather appalled at the thought of the commissioner appearing at such a disadvantage among the swells of Riverview. The Greet mansion was one of the show places of the city. Judge Greet had married a Byron, and though he seemed like rather a nice man himself, Reisman had seen enough of the Byrons to hate them thoroughly.

"Well, it doesn't matter," said the commissioner. "I'm no Beau Brummel. Everybody knows it."

After a brief pause Reisman spoke again: "If you go north, Commissioner, this town just won't be the same."

"It can get along without me."

"Oh, it will get along. But it will be so much easier for the boys to operate."

"I'm not so sure. There's a new temper in the town. It's been coming. I guess I'm just a reflection of it."

"Well," said Reisman, "all I know is, the boys are mighty happy at the news that you're going north."

The commissioner glanced at Reisman. "Is that a fact?"

"A cold fact."

ABOUT eight o'clock that night a long-distance call came through for Arky. He was lying on his bed, smoking a cigar. Finally, after a long wait, Leon came on. "Leon? What did you ditch the car for?" asked Arky without preamble.

"Didn't Rudy pick it up?"

"No. Haven't you seen the papers? Lot of people think you're dead."

"I'm close. You are too. Keep your head down, Arky. That goes for everybody."

"The Mover, too?"

"Yes. They know who he is, and I swear to God they didn't get it from me. I told Kelly the Mover knew who *he* was, like you told me to. Kelly laughed. He says, 'I got news for you. It's mutual. I've known about your pal for two years.' That's the straight truth, Arky."

"When you coming back?"

"Never. Rudy's all ready to take over for me, if it's okay."

"Are you crazy? It will all blow over."

"No. Not this time. The Big City boys think the Mover pulled the dirtiest double cross of all time, getting the commissioner moved up, after Kelly was just starting to work on it. Kelly figures he gave you the idea. This means war, Arky. With the commissioner out, anybody with enough drag and money can operate, not just us."

"Oh, I don't know. Besides, Kelly didn't give us the idea. Me and the Mover had already talked about it. What makes Kelly think anybody could work that fast?"

"I'm only giving you the facts. And another thing. Kelly's got a lot of friends in town. He's already got a partial fix running. I'm just trying to tip you off, Arky. Keep your head down. Good-by."

"Wait a minute. Where can I call you?"

"No place. But I may call *you* later." He hung up.

Arky was deeply puzzled and sat lost in thought for a long time. What was Leon's game? The more he thought about the situation, the less he liked it. He put in a call for the Paymaster.

"You caught me just in time," said King. "I was leaving. What's all this nonsense about Leon?"

Arky explained at some length, then said, "I'd sure like to talk to the Mover, if it would be convenient for him."

"It definitely wouldn't be," said King. "Not tonight. But I can get him. I'll call him right away. Call you back."

"Make it strong now. I know there's no way in the world to scare the Mover or make him cautious. But put it on strong. This might be serious, damn' serious."

Arky hung up and waited, pacing back and forth nervously. In a few minutes Anna put her head in the door.

"Are you busy? Can I ask you something?"

Arky glanced at her with some irritation. "What?"

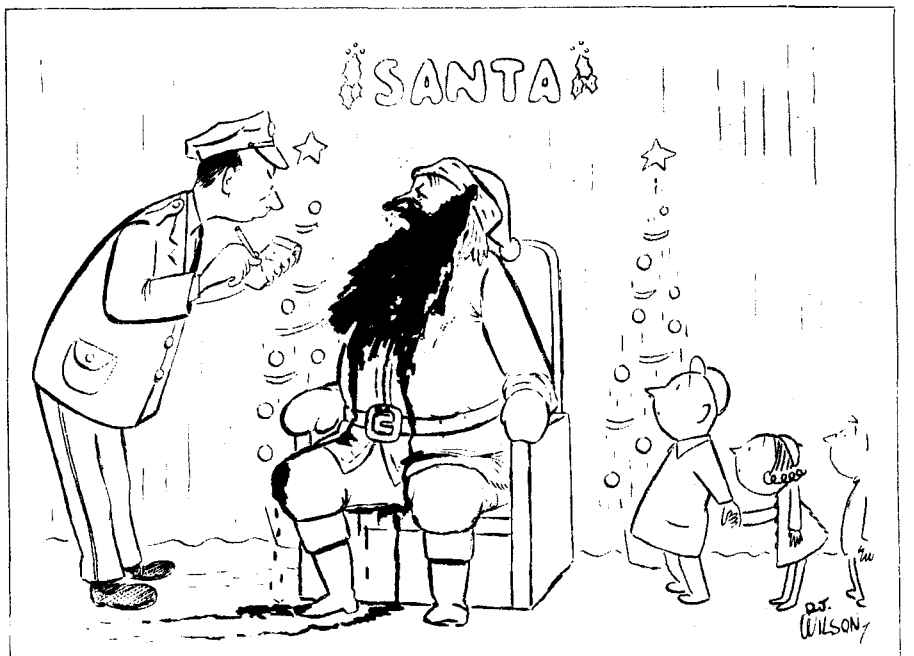
"Suppose Milli don't come back."

Arky stared blankly. "What the hell are you talking about? Don't bother me with that nonsense now."

"Well, she's been gone three hours, and she never stays away over half an hour. Ark, I think she got a letter today. You know how she always grabs the mail. If that sap, Chuck, wrote to her, told her where he was, she might run off and leave the baby. Suppose she does?"

The phone rang. Arky motioned for Anna to go away, but Anna persisted.

"Suppose she does, Arky?"




"All I know is that he had a brown snow suit, two squirt guns, and hated rats who broke promises . . ."

COLLIER'S — ROBERT WILSON



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Arky reached for the phone. "Then you're stuck with him. Beat it."

Anna rushed over to Arky, kissed and hugged him, then turned and hurried out.

Arky shook his head slowly as he picked up the receiver. "Yeah?"

"I talked to him, Arky," said the Paymaster. "No use. Just wasting my breath. He's got nothing but contempt for the boys—thinks they are all yellow cowards."

"Yeah, but a yellow coward can shoot you in the back."

"You don't have to sell me, Arky. But take my advice—don't call the Mover. He was even annoyed with *me*. By the way, Rudy Solano's the Front Man, running the Club Imperial till further notice. You keep the same schedule. And by the way, the boys have got Rudy down at headquarters, sweating him over Leon's disappearance. Rudy's going to get a big build-up now. The new underworld boss—same old newspaper stuff."

"You got any idea why Rudy didn't pick up Leon's car?"

"Yes. A couple of dicks from downtown were hanging around the airport all day for some reason or another. And a fellow from the D.A.'s office named Radabaugh. Rudy didn't like the setup."

"Radabaugh seems to be keeping pretty close tabs on Leon these days. He was hanging around the Club Imperial a week ago. You think they saw Leon blow?"

"I don't know how they could miss him. But it doesn't matter. Just makes more newspaper stories about Rudy and Leon."

After he hung up, Arky sat smoking thoughtfully for a long time. Finally he made up his mind what to do. It was up to him to protect the Mover whether the Mover liked it or not.

He put on his hat, went out into the hallway, opened the door and started down the stairs. When he was halfway down, he met Milli coming up, flushed and panting.

"Anna's looking for you," he said.

Milli stared at him in open fear for a moment, then tore past him up the stairs.

"I don't know," said Arky, laughing to himself. "Maybe it would be better if she *did* run away. Looks to me like Anna's going to be kind of disappointed to see her."

BIG BRANNIGAN was on the desk at the Pier 7 Station House when Arky entered, and several police reporters were playing hearts at a nearby table. They all looked up at Arky, who nodded to them.

"Well, Arky," said Brannigan, "finally decided to give yourself up, eh?"

"Yep," said Arky. "It's been worrying me for years. Captain here?"

"Yeah he's here."

"I got a complaint to make to him."

The reporters began to listen.

"Say, let us in on this, Arky."

"No secret about it," said Arky. "Them young hoodlums—got so we can't handle 'em. We just had a bad fight down at the place. I want it on record just so maybe if Zand knocks somebody's head off, the Captain will know the reason."

Brannigan got the Captain on the intercom, then turned to Arky. "Captain says he'll see you. But he's only got a minute."

The Captain showed no expression at all and did not even speak until Arky had closed the door.

"You're taking a big chance coming here, Ark," the Captain said finally.

"It's important. Didn't want to talk on the phone. Relax. I put 'em all to sleep out front."

"You even had me wondering for a minute. Well?"

"We got to protect the Mover."

"That bad?"

"Could be. And if anything happens to him it'll be our fault. He won't look after himself. I don't have to tell you that."

Dysen sighed, sounding like a hippopotamus in distress. "All right, Ark. But we got problems. The Mover lives to hell and gone from my precinct. I can't send prowl cars: they're bound to bump into the ones that belong there. Then we got questions from headquarters. Plain-clothes men? We still got problems. Why don't you get Rudy to dig up some boys?"

"No," said Arky emphatically. "They'd take your money and then soldier on the job. And besides, they might tip off the Mover to a wrong one."

"That's right," said the Captain. "Let me think. I could give some of my best boys an open fugitive warrant. That'd explain what they were doing in a faraway precinct. But even so, round the clock, day and night, it's going to look bad—"

"Don't worry about daytime," said Arky. "Just from sunset to sunrise. And they don't have to stand guard, for God's sake. It's a quiet neighborhood. Damn' few strangers go there. Can't they comb 'em?"

"All right, Arky," said the Captain, sighing again. "I'll do the best I can."

COMMISSIONER STARK sat smoking a cigar in the judge's book-lined study. Through the open French doors the music drifted back from the big, glassed-in conservatory, where the last hangers-on were still gathered around the punch bowl. A cool, damp breeze was blowing in from the river now, and the Commissioner, sweaty and tired, began to feel a certain relief, and sighed. "Nice breeze," he said.

Smoking, the judge nodded. "Yes," he said, "if there is a breeze going, I get it in this room. Spend most of my time here. Not so active as I used to be."

The commissioner smiled slightly. "Well, I wouldn't say you'd exactly retired, Judge."

At fifty-five the judge looked the same as he'd looked ten years earlier—no heavier, not a touch of gray in his abundant dark hair, no sign of aging in his broad face. He was a big, robust, sometimes arrogant, but almost always genial man, who was considered an ornament to the community, a first-class citizen.

He had been called "Judge" for a long time, but actually he was an ex-judge, and had only been on the bench for a few years in his thirties. Since then he'd made a fortune out of various businesses, including real estate—he'd been one of the original developers of Riverview.

Although he had never run for an elective office, he had been in politics for years: city party chairman, state party chairman, national committeeman. He had a sure hand in such matters; his advice was eagerly sought. He had been responsible for the election of Charles Marley as mayor—not a very good choice, as it had turned out—and it was said that his influence extended even to the state Capitol.

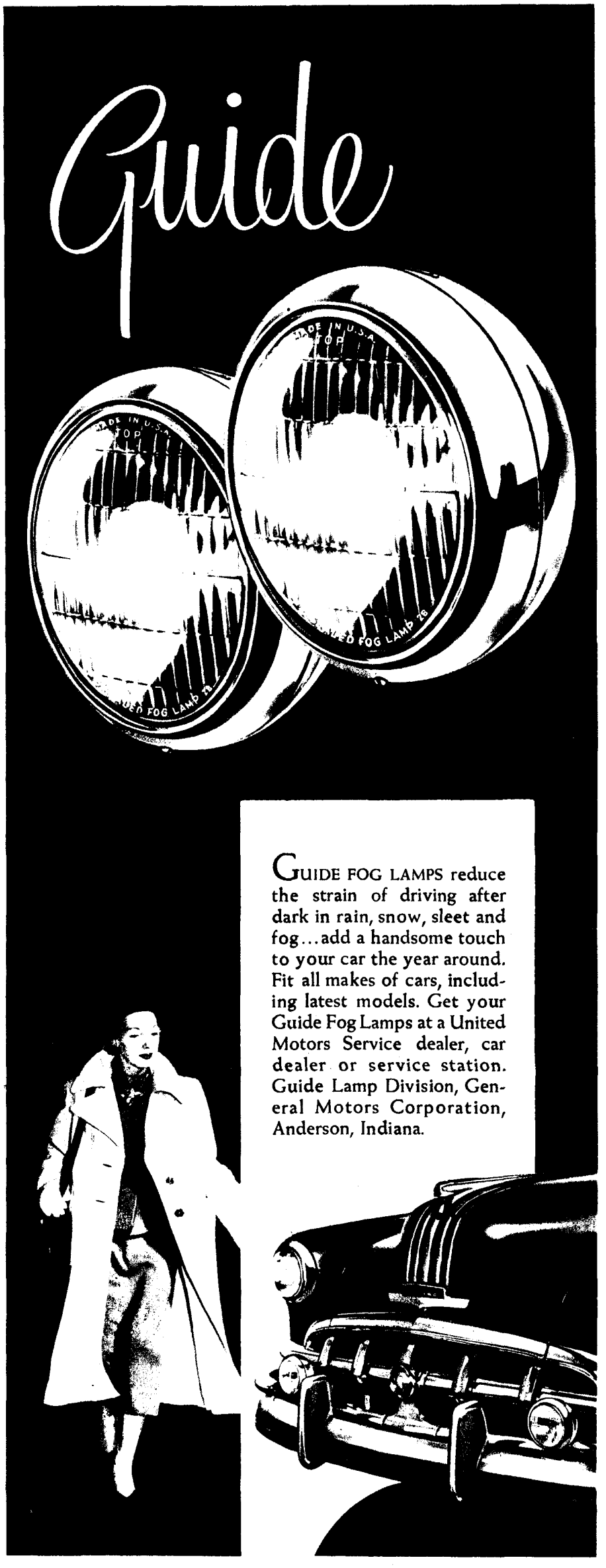
The judge smiled. "No, not retired, but I'm moving toward it. The men of my family begin dying off about my age. My father was fifty-six. My Uncle Tom was fifty-four. If there is anything to heredity, I might as well slow down my activities a little. I've always tried to be realistic about things, not emotional." The judge sat turning something over in his mind. "Realistic thinking can lead a man into strange paths. But I just took the world as it was—a dirty place, so make the most of it. I don't know why I'm boring you with this silly talk."

"You're not boring me at all," said the commissioner, quickly. "In fact, I've done considerable thinking myself along those lines. All I'm after is a reasonably clean city. As long as men want to gamble, there will be gambling—an army couldn't stop it. As long as men want women for a night, there will be prostitution. The best that any man can do is to try to control it. The greatest danger is the corruption of officials. As you know, Judge, I have no sympathy for the corrupt official. If I had my way he'd be dealt with to the limit of the law."

"I've heard many officials talk that way," said the judge, laughing slightly, "but nobody thought they meant it—and they didn't. Everybody *knows* you mean it. It's made you a big man, Commissioner, and it's the reason for the appointment that's being offered you."

"That appointment worries me," said the commissioner.

"In what way?"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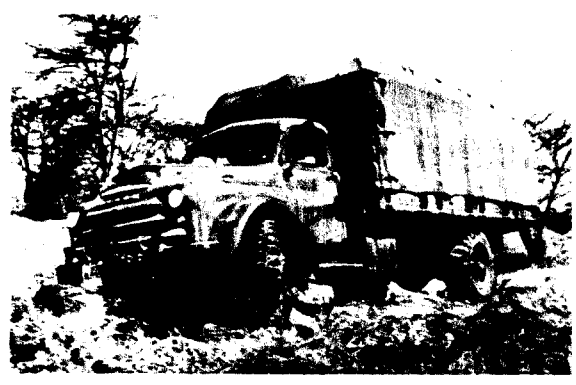

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"Well, Judge, I never was more than an average lawyer and an average judge. The thought of the Supreme Court—well—frightens me."

The judge looked down at the carpet. What a man! Remembering some of the party hacks who had been railroaded to the Supreme Court to get them out of everybody's way, the judge could barely restrain his laughter.

"Oh, you're too modest, Commissioner," he said. "You have a good enough grounding in the law, and you're a man of marked conscientiousness. Nobody owns you. Any decision you hand down will be a true decision—uninfluenced, unbiased, honest."

The commissioner thought for a moment. "To tell you the truth, Judge, I'm worried, too, about what might happen here if I left. I don't think I'm indispensable, but I talked to a certain newspaperman and he unsettled me."

"A newspaperman?" exclaimed the judge, raising his eyebrows. "I stopped paying any attention to them years ago."

"Well, he's been with me almost from the first. He's got behind everything I've tried to do. He told me this evening that the underworld would feel very happy if I left the city—it would make it so much easier for them to operate. When I say underworld I mean the men who control the gambling and the vice."

"Well," said the judge thoughtfully, "the men you refer to will no doubt feel very happy—at first. But you've started the ball rolling, Commissioner, and I assure you it is not going to stop. As you know, I was to some extent responsible for the election of Marley. And in a sense, he's answerable to me. I'll keep a close eye on him, Commissioner. Besides, you are too valuable to spend your life as a police official."

The commissioner sighed heavily; then a smile broke over his rather solemn face. "You don't know how you've relieved my mind. The idea of being on the Supreme Court is attractive to me. So attractive I've tried to resist—being a Puritan at heart, I suppose, and afraid of all temptation. I couldn't make up my mind which way my duty lay. You've convinced me."

IT WAS mid-July and the weather in the big town had been almost unbearably hot. Commissioner Stark had left for the capital, and a party hack by the name of Creeden, a former chief of police, had been appointed by Mayor Marley to fill out the commissioner's unexpired term.

The disappearance of Leon Sollas was still an unsolved mystery. Rudy Solano was now the target for editorial blasts from several papers. Otherwise, things were quiet. So quiet, in fact, that Arky felt uneasy.

Captain Dysen had phoned him three times, wanting to call a halt to the guarding of the Mover. "It'll get us in trouble yet, Ark," said the Captain. "And I don't think it's necessary." But Arky wouldn't listen.

If Leon had called again, if the Big City boys had made new overtures or even threats, Arky would have felt better. But the weeks passed, and *nothing* happened. He picked up the take from Rudy, who looked fat and happy, kidded with Robbie, who seemed to like Rudy as well as she had liked Leon, or as little; Zand drove him to the Paymaster's; and at long intervals he talked to the Mover. The Mover now always seemed in a good humor.

Under Creeden, things moved smoothly. It wasn't that Creeden knew anything about what was going on; he didn't. Nor did he care. After a protracted siege of "retirement" he was in office again and basking.

ARKY, in his shirt sleeves, sat in the deserted bookie room, smoking a cigar and from time to time wiping his face with a limp handkerchief. This was the worst yet. That day at noon the thermometer had registered a hundred degrees.

Zand came in, mopping his face, and sat down beside Arky in gloomy silence. Arky glanced at him. "What's the matter, Zand—the heat?"

"That, too," said Zand. "But Lola, mostly. She's gone baby-crazy. Orv, Orv, it's all I hear day and night."

"Go 'way," said Arky. "It's too hot to talk, even."

There was a long silence, then Arky got up. "Might take a walk. This heat . . ."

"Look," said Zand, seriously. "Don't take no walks. If you want to go someplace I'll drive you." Arky turned and stared at him. "Well, it figures, don't it? You got cops guarding the Mover. If there was trouble, you'd be the first guy shot, no?"

Arky considered, then sat down again. "Yeah. If they'd happen to blast me, the Mover'd be in a hell of a spot."

"The *Mover?* How about yourself?"

Arky took out another cigar, and lighted up. "I don't worry about myself."

"Only crazy people don't worry about themselves."

"I mean," said Arky, "I figure it's my job to look after him. He looked after me once, when I needed it most."

Zand veiled a quick, eager look of curiosity. He'd often wondered about Arky and the Mover. "Yeah," he said, "a guy feels like looking after them that look after him. Like us."

Arky glanced at Zand. "How do you mean?"

"You know how I mean. I was in with a bad bunch when I went to work for you—and practically starving to boot. I was a cinch for the Walls. Now I'm doing fine."

"You had it coming. Now shut up."

"All the same," said Zand. "Don't go taking any walks. You look after the Mover and I'll look after you."

Arky sat smoking in silence for a long time, staring off into space, and then finally he began to talk, not looking at Zand or even seeming to acknowledge his presence. "You figure a young fellow, maybe about twenty. He's had a bellyful of farm and fighting with his brothers about whose turn it is to do what. Also he's had a touch of gambling and cheap dames, running away with a carnival once when he was sixteen.

"So with maybe twenty bucks in his pocket, he hits for the big town. Don't know a soul. The way he talks makes everybody laugh, and they kid him. That's okay but it can get mighty tiresome. What can he work at? You don't pitch manure on the Front. But you can swing a pick in a ditch. So that's what he does for a while. Then he gets to playing the horses and the numbers, and hanging around with a lot of cheap tramps, male and female. Maybe the guy's just no good.

"Anyway, one night he gets into one of them things in a bar. A bunch of guys been kidding him about going back to the Ozarks. That's okay. But a couple of 'em are telling him to go back to the Ozarks in broken English. That ain't so okay, and it begins to make him sore. He drinks too much; so does everybody, and pretty soon the swinging starts. Three guys jump him. He has one down, then two, but he can't keep 'em all down long enough to do him any good. Finally he goes down himself and somebody kicks him in the face and breaks his nose. After that he don't remember much. All the same, one guy's dead, and everybody's saying the young guy used a chair on him. More than likely he did.

"Well, this young guy's got no money and no friends. They throw him in the can and get him a lawyer for free, a jerk who's so dumb he'd get a man sent up for a year for double parking. He tells the young guy to plead guilty to manslaughter, waive trial, and throw himself on the mercy of the court. The young guy don't know it, but he could have been sent up for ten years with the wrong judge. But the young guy gets the right judge. And he don't serve a day. Looking over the case, the judge won't accept the plea, and declares that the lawyer is incompetent and should be subjected to re-examination by the Bar Association. Turns out he's a stinking lush. Later, the case was dismissed."

Arky turned and looked at Zand. "Understand what I'm talking about?"

"I think so," said Zand solemnly.

WHILE Arky and Zand were playing gin rummy for small stakes a little later, the screaming started upstairs.

Arky jerked a gun out of the desk, banged back the door, and took the stairs at three bounds, followed by Zand.

The noise seemed to be coming from the spare bedroom. Arky slammed back the door, then stopped stock-still and stared.

Anna was beating Milli with her fists, and the girl was screaming, pleading, terrified, trying to get away. Finally Arky stepped in and broke it up.

"What the hell is all this?" he shouted.

"That sly little bitch," cried Anna, glaring at Milli. "She tried to run off with Orv, while I was taking a nap. And besides, she had stole money out of my purse."

"I need money . . . for . . . to . . . to get there," wailed the girl. "Anna . . . she give me lots money. I didn't think . . . wrong."

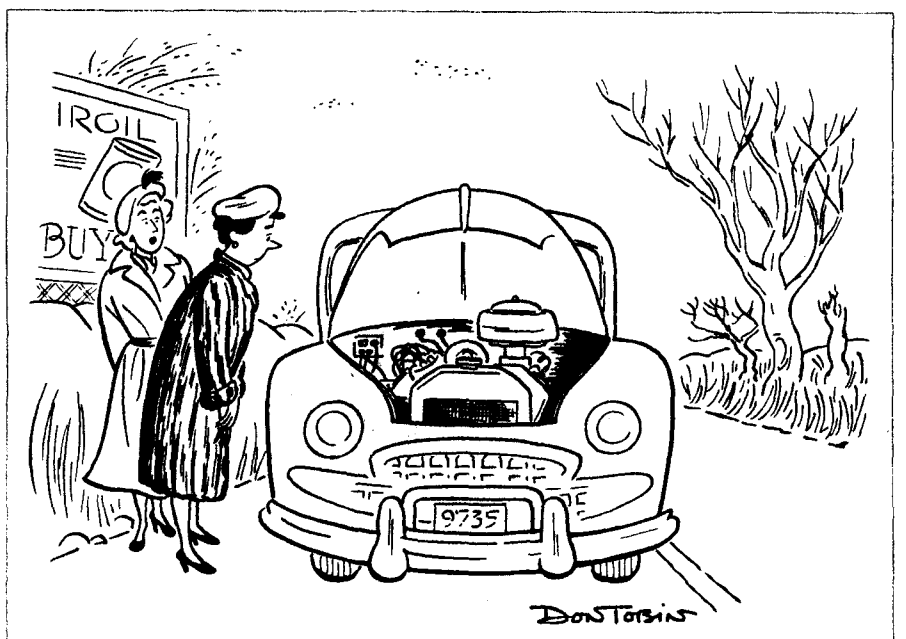
"You didn't think *wrong!*" screamed Anna. "Trying to take Orv with you when it says in that letter right there if you brought the baby he'd give it to an orphanage to raise."

"I'm tired of this damn' screaming," said Arky. "Now just shut up."

"She's been getting letters from that meathead she's married to," said Anna, after a pause. "Now he's got some kind of a piddling job and he wants her back."

Anna burst into tears, and Milli began to wail in sympathy.

"Oh, God," said Arky in disgust. Then he went over to Anna. "Look, Anna. Don't

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COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN


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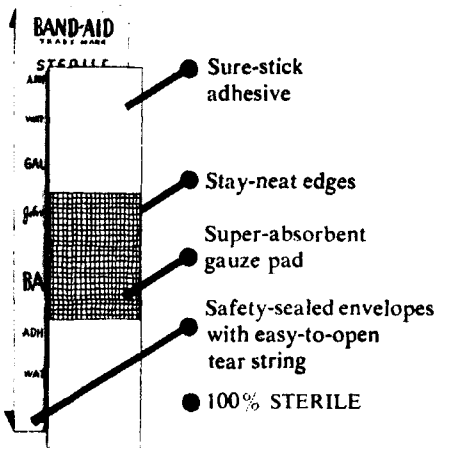


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act like that silly kid. After all, she's only sixteen, she can't talk good—maybe you don't know what's going on in her mind."

"I know what's going on in her mind, all right. The same thing that got her in all this trouble in the first place."

"That's natural," said Arky. "That's the way girls are. She didn't invent it."

"That's right," cried Anna, "stick up for her!"

"You better shut up, Arky," said Zand.

"Anyway," cried Anna, "she can sleep with who she pleases when she pleases, but she's not going to take that baby away."

"It's hers, Anna," said Arky.

"But Chuck's going to put the baby in an orphanage, and she's all for it."

"Please . . . no," said Milli. "I don't like . . . bodder."

Anna stared at Milli in surprise, then asked her a question in Polish. Milli went into a long, involved explanation, also in Polish. Finally, Anna rushed across the room and took Milli in her arms, and they both burst into tears.

Arky and Zand looked at each other in stunned silence.

"She just didn't want to bother us with the baby, the poor little dear," cried Anna. "We can have him, Arky. We can have him. Oh, God, Milli, I'm so sorry, dear."

"I did . . . not . . . understand," said Milli, smiling shyly at Arky.

Anna hurried over to Arky, struck by a sudden thought. "It's all right, isn't it, Ark? He can stay, can't he?"

"Will it keep you quiet for a while?"

"You won't hear a sound out of me from now on."

Slowly things got back to normal. Anna took down one of her own suitcases and helped Milli repack her things. Arky gave Milli fifty dollars so she would have some money of her own, and Zand insisted on driving Milli clear across town to Steelton, better known as Polishtown, where Chuck Sienkiewicz had found a job and a room.

AT DYSEN'S insistence, Arky had Zand drive him out to Locust Grove to talk to the Captain face to face. The Captain was getting nervous about talking over the phone and Arky did not want to go to the station house. They were to meet on the outskirts of Locust Grove, at a filling station which had closed for the night.

The Captain looked weary, his big face sagging. He had to squeeze out of his little coupé as if taking off a glove.

"I got to call a halt, Arky," he said. "The watchmen are beginning to ask questions, and a guy from headquarters buzzed us. I just don't like it, Arky. Things are quiet."

"Yeah," said Arky, "maybe too quiet. I don't like putting you on the spot any longer, but let's finish out the week. Okay?"

"All right, Arky," said the Captain, "but I still think you're barking up the wrong tree. Nobody would have nerve enough to tackle the Mover." . . .

It was one o'clock in the morning, a dry west wind was blowing, and the 17th Ward was like an oven.

Arky couldn't sleep. Lying on his back in the darkness, he could tell this was going to be one of the bad nights.

The apartment was very quiet. Anna had been in bed for some time and for a moment he considered going back to her bedroom and waking her up. He had the jimmies and if he could talk for half an hour or so the tension might leave him. But on second thought, he changed his mind. Anna had looked sort of tired tonight, which was unusual for her. No wonder, though; lugging that fat baby around all the time, bathing him, feeding him, giving him a sun bath, rocking him to sleep. "Why, hell," Arky told himself, "he gets more care than a millionaire. Life of Riley for that baby."

Finally, swearing quietly to himself, he got up, switched on a bridge lamp, sat down at a little table and laid out a game of solitaire. The room was hot and stuffy in spite of the blowing curtains, and Arky sat sweating under the light. Little by little, he became preoccupied with his game. Time passed. Arky found himself yawning.

"I'll finish this one, then try the hay again," he mumbled.

But suddenly he jerked to attention. He'd heard something. But what? The stealthy slide of a foot on the roof just outside his window? Arky listened intently, a slight chill going up and down his spine. Then finally he laughed to himself and mussed up his layout. He really had the jimmies! The place for him was bed, sleep or no sleep.

Just as he started to rise he heard the sound again. This time there was no mistake about it. With one swift movement Arky dived for the floor, taking the lamp with him. A sharp metallic click sounded outside his window, then a bullet whined through the room, and slammed into the hall door.

The light bulb had shattered and the room was in utter darkness. Arky lay waiting for another movement. Smart guy, using a silencer two blocks from the police station. Somebody had planned this out in pretty good shape. Leon? Could be.

Arky raised his head cautiously, but the window was almost as dark as the room and he could see nothing. Damn' fool, sitting around with the windows open and the lights on.

Arky had an automatic in the night table, but the night table seemed a long ways off at the moment. He waited. It was so quiet that it was almost as if he were walled in. Little by little a faint throbbing came to his ears, and finally he knew what it was. A car in the side street with the motor running. The guy had friends. But they were really taking chances. If a prowl went past, the coppers would comb them sure, as it was a cinch they were strangers to the neighborhood.

GROPING about, Arky's hand came in contact with a book of matches. Raising up on one elbow with painful care and slowness, Arky tossed the matches toward the window. They lighted with a little *plob*, and Arky heard the quick shifting of a foot on the tar-paper roof, then . . . nothing. This guy was patient.

Arky decided to wait him out. The longer it went on, the better chance Arky had to get the upper hand. A prowl might show up; anything might happen. But if he couldn't keep his nerves steady, he was as good as on a slab.

Arky lay still for a long time. Then, inch by inch, he worked himself on his belly toward the night table. It wasn't that he thought he could open the drawer and get the gun out without being shot. All he wanted to do was to get close to the gun so he could get to it in a hurry if there was a break of any kind. The minutes passed slowly. Arky was within six inches of the night table when the phone began to ring.

It rang and rang and rang, with a senseless persistence, startlingly loud in the unnatural stillness. Arky froze and lay cursing the phone to himself for a moment; then it occurred to him that the sudden ringing of the phone might have unsettled the man outside the window, and he decided to take a chance on trying to ease the automatic out of the night table. He slid his hand up for it, inch by inch, and his finger tips were just touching the drawer, when he heard the quick thump of footsteps in the hallway—Anna, no doubt, awakened by the phone, hurrying to his room in her bare feet. Flattening himself on the floor, he shouted, "Anna! Anna! Don't come in!"

There was a sharp click, then the tearing whistle of a high-caliber bullet, which buried itself in the floor near Arky.

The bedroom door was flung back and Anna stood silhouetted against the dim night light in the hallway.

"Arky!" she screamed. "What—"

The man outside fired three more shots, the bullets whistling and shrieking as they tore through the room, one of them ricocheting from some metal object with a sharp ringing and a high-pitched wail.

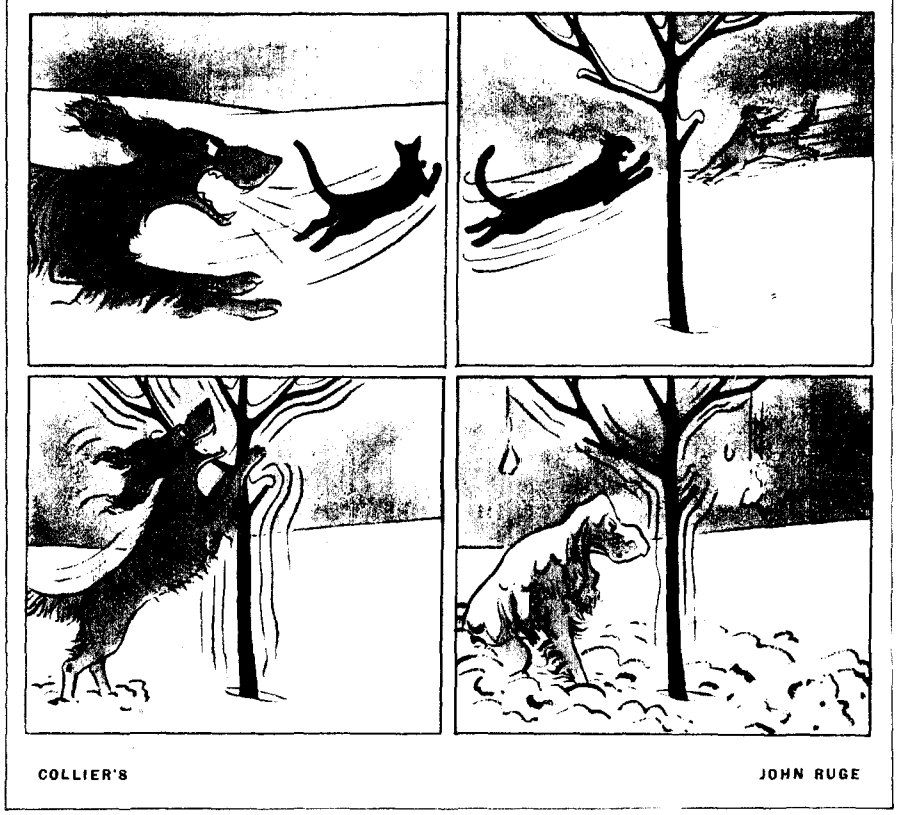
Arky felt something rip through his scalp. Then, blind with fury, he jumped to his feet, grabbed the automatic out of the drawer, knocking over the night table, and rushed to the window. A dark figure was just disappearing over the edge of the roof. Gritting his teeth, Arky fired repeatedly at a shoulder, then an arm, then a slowly disappearing hand.

Below, there was the loud clatter of some heavy metal object falling. Then groans and cries, and somebody grunted: "Throw him in the back. Hurry—hurry!"

Arky jumped through the window, falling to his knees on the tar-paper roof; then, recovering, he rushed to the edge, but the car had already shot off like a projectile and was making for the intersection. Arky fired a futile shot after it, then dropped his empty gun to the roof and fell to his knees, overcome by a sudden rush of nausea and dizziness.

*(To be continued next week)*

## CLANCY



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# New York Central

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

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# Double Exposure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Street," Marvin said. "I was up there to take some bets for the guys on the desk."

Red made a glossy print and took it over to the city desk. Vaughan shouted to the chief editorial writer, the paper's hatchet man in the fight against City Hall. The editorial writer shook Red's hand.

"The kid got it," Red said, "not me."

The Bulletin ran the new picture across four columns of page one, with another editorial, "Shame!" Marvin had snapped two city councilmen at the dice table of a dive which, the picture showed, was across the street from City Hall. The Bulletin initiated a movement to recall the mayor, and Marvin got a bonus of ten dollars.

"How does he do it?" Mr. Devlin, the publisher, asked when he sent for Red.

"I don't know. He just does."

"Give him a camera and tell him to keep on doing it."

Red nodded, started out of the paneled room, then hesitated. "About his pay, sir . . ."

"Tell the desk to give him the regular rate."

"Yes, sir."

WITH a camera like Red's and a box of flash bulbs, Marvin swaggered out of the city room, his eyes strangely open. Nobody saw him for three days. When he came back, the desk was too busy to look up. The mayor and Hugh Poulton, the Fusion leader, had met downtown and, after a testy exchange, had started fighting, each of the middle-aged combatants landing half a dozen pillow punches, none of which would have cracked a hen egg. Sally Sherman was doing the running story. The composing room was holding the city edition.

"How'd you do?" Red said when Marvin came into the darkroom.

"All right, I think. You know what you told me about contrast? I'm starting to get it now."

Red was outside talking to Vaughan and the political editor when Marvin finished developing his pictures. Vaughan, now that the city edition was in, was taking a pill to untangle the knots in his stomach. They watched Marvin spread his pictures out to dry. They stared, then walked away, without a word. Red cleared his throat.

"T'ell with 'em," Red said.

Marvin didn't understand. He had gone to the zoo and taken pictures of the baby hippo. He had made a shot of a sailor and his girl boating in the lake at Baldridge Park. He had found a cat mothering a baby rabbit with her litter of kittens, and had snapped a four-year-old dressed in full Western regalia, with chaps and spurs and chrome six gun; the child was lost and blubbering, all the misery and fear and loneliness in the world printed on his damp, wrinkled face.

"They're just like the other guys take," Marvin said.

Red nodded. "That's the trouble, kid."

"But why?"

"Well, it ain't enough to be as good as the other guy. You gotta be different, and better."

Red picked up the print of the lost cowboy and studied it. Marvin said he thought his lighting was getting better. Red nodded. Marvin said he wasn't crowding his shots the way he used to. Red drew Marvin to one side, and spoke in a low, somewhat disturbed voice: "Ain't this the mayor's grandson?"

Marvin shrugged. "I don't know. I was looking for contrast, like you told me, and I figured here was this kid dressed up like a tough guy and crying 'cause he was lost. It's a story, kinda."

Red took a deep breath, then asked quietly, "Did you see any fighting? When you took the picture?"

"Just a couple old guys behind me."

"Did you get a shot of 'em?"

"They weren't really slugging. Like I say, just a couple old guys having a row about something."

Red glanced around, then picked up the child's picture and put it in his pocket. "Look, kid," he whispered, "about the fighting, don't tell anybody, will you?"

"Why?"

"Just do me a favor, that's all. Don't tell anybody."

Marvin, during the next week, came in with every camera cliché known to journalism, including the staged shot of the old lady sitting in a rocker beneath a reproduction of Whistler's Mother. He snapped a century plant in bloom, a Skid-Row Mutt and Jeff, a midget smoking a cigar. He even brought in a publicity stand-by, Miss Rutabaga—a long-limbed girl in a white bathing suit bedecked with rutabagas.

"Whatever the kid had," Red admitted to the city desk, "he's lost it."

"He never had anything," Vaughan said. "He just stumbled across a couple lucky shots, that's all."

Red, on a hunch, spent his day off trailing Marvin around the city, without the kid's knowing he was being followed. Marvin seemed to be wandering without direction, stopping now and then to make random shots. He took a picture of a junkman's horse with a straw hat fitted over its ears. Red shook his head sadly, and darted into a bar for a quick beer. He was lighting a cigarette when he saw Marvin start across Walnut Street and turn left toward City Hall. The kid lifted his camera and Red caught his breath. He had to hold onto the bar for support. The mayor, with one arm around Big Tom Reddig, a contractor who'd been indicted five times without a conviction, was walking straight toward Marvin's camera. For months the Bulletin, offended by the odor emanating from Big Tom's contract to build the new Hall of Records, had been trying to link him with the mayor.

The jack pot, Red thought, and began to speculate on the size of the bonus the kid would get. Probably fifty bucks—at least fifty, maybe a hundred. Then, incredulous, he saw that Marvin wasn't snapping the mayor and Big Tom. He was taking a picture of a child who'd dropped his ice-cream bar on the sidewalk and was staring down at it with a look which, ordinarily, might have made an acceptable Sunday-feature study. Red, with a possible hundred-dollar shot, anyway fifty, just outside the door, leaned back against the bar, moaning. He hadn't brought his camera.

"A double shot," he said, and then the full horror of it came over him. "Two double shots."

NEXT morning, when Marvin came into the photographers' room, Red was waiting for him. He'd gone up to the morgue and borrowed photographs of the mayor, Big Tom, the city councilmen, the municipal judges, the chief of police, the district attorney, and a hundred other leading lights of the community, including several underworld characters who were notoriously influential at City Hall.

"You got your work cut out for today," Red said. "You study these mugs and don't budge outta the place till you know 'em."

Right after the city edition went in, Red took Marvin across the street to Larry's place and they sat in the back booth drinking root beer. Red shuffled the pictures, then started his examination. He'd pick up a photograph, flash it at the kid and ask him to identify it. They did that every afternoon for a week, and once Marvin was able to pick out the easy ones, Red started him on such minor but interesting personalities as the Organization's undertaker, the chief fixer, the petty chiselers, and the local hoods who did collection work.

"Now I tell you what you do," Red said when the kid had graduated with honors. "Whenever you see one of these guys, no matter what he's doing or who he's with, you get a picture. That clear?"

Marvin nodded and Red went back to work with the uneasy feeling of having tampered with fissionable material which might at any moment level an unsuspecting city.

"I got him," Marvin said when he came swaggering into the darkroom next day.

Red was busy. "Who?"

"The mayor."

Red stopped working on his own prints and turned to help the kid. He stared into the soup, nervously waiting for the outlines of the mayor's plump face to take form. Marvin had snapped the mayor, all right. His Honor was buying a Buddy Poppy from a crippled war veteran.

"I just did what you said," Marvin com-

## SISTER

"Know anybody who drives a yellow convertible with a black top?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN




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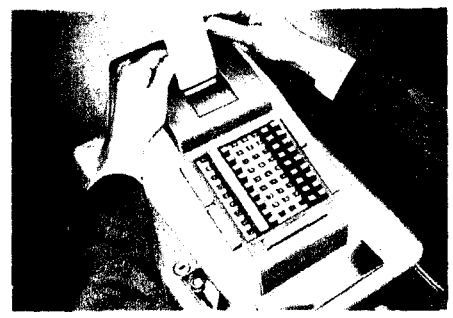

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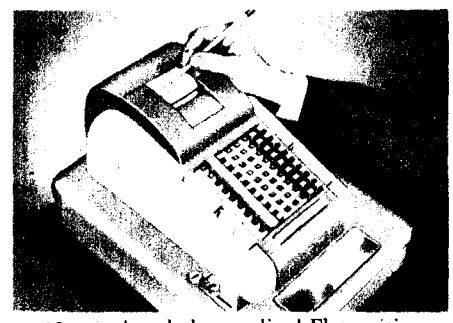

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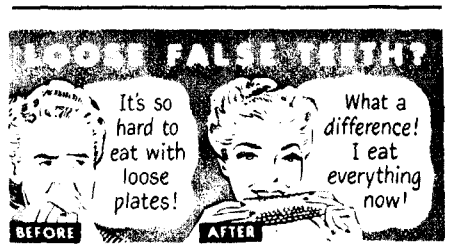


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plained when he saw Red's disappointment.

"You're doing okay, kid. Keep it up."

Next day Marvin brought in a shot of the city's leading bookmaker helping a blind man across Main Street. He also had a shot of Big Tom dropping a dollar bill in a beggar's cup.

"What's the trouble now?" Marvin asked.

Red groaned. "I don't know. I just don't know."

At the end of the month Marvin was transferred back to his old job, shagging copy. Red, to avoid having to talk to the kid, hid in the darkroom, and watched Marvin turn in his camera, then shuffle toward the pneumatic tubes.

"I gave him his chance," the publisher said when Red asked him to let the kid have one more week. "He had a whole month to produce."

"But he's got something, Mr. Devlin, something I never seen before."

"He didn't turn in a single picture the desk could use."

"It ain't so much what he turned in. It's what he passed up."

Mr. Devlin frowned, and Red fumbled for words to explain, although Marvin was really beyond explanation, like twelve straight passes with honest dice.

"You know how it is with some people," Red said, "they're all the time getting in accidents?"

"Accident-prone."

"That's it. Well, this kid's picture-prone."

Red, taking a calculated risk, described the pictures the kid had stumbled on and, through inexperience, had muffed. Mr. Devlin looked as though he were having a mild heart attack. "You mean to say he saw the mayor and Tom Reddig walking along arm in arm and didn't get a shot?"

"It's just that he—"

Marvin didn't get another week. He got fired.

"It's a mistake," Red said when he heard the news. "The paper's gonna regret it."

SUNDAY afternoon Red was home, stretched out on the couch by the radio, listening to the Dodgers blow a six-run lead to the Cubs, when the desk called and told him to scoot out the River Road. The mayor had rammed his car into a sycamore tree.

"Hurt bad?" Red asked.

"No."

When Red drove up to the wrecked car, a group of country people, dressed in their church clothes, were standing around in a motionless semicircle. Two squad cars were parked on one side of the road, and a policeman in uniform was taking pictures. The mayor, still a little groggy, was sitting on a rock, smoking a cigarette with short, nervous puffs. Red snapped the mayor first, then got the car from different angles. He was about to climb the sycamore and shoot down on the car when he spotted Marvin.

"It woke me up," Marvin said, and when Red just gaped, the kid explained, "I live across the road there and I was laying in the hammock, resting, when I heard the crash."

"Don't suppose you had your camera handy?"

"Oh, sure. I got pictures of both of them."

*"Both?"*

"The mayor and the other man in the car, the one the cops took away."

Red walked over to the mayor, asked how he felt, then lighted a cigarette. "You were pretty lucky, at that," Red said.

The mayor nodded. "Very."

"Other guy hurt?"

"No, I don't—" The mayor pushed quickly up from the rock, his meaty face hardening. "What do you mean?"

"Who was the guy with you?"

"Nobody. I was driving out to my farm."

Red turned, in time to see one of the squad cars lurch out onto the road with Marvin in the back seat. The kid was curled contentedly, sleeping.

"Now, Red, just a minute," the mayor said, getting friendly, but Red was darting toward his car.

Mr. Devlin, the publisher, had come down to the office to avoid a Sunday afternoon with his wife's relatives. Now with the accident he had an unassailable excuse to spend the evening downtown. He had made arrangements for dinner at a quiet place he enjoyed. He was in unusually good spirits when Red came in. Mr. Devlin came out of his office and walked over to the picture desk. Vaughan had already left the city desk and was looking eagerly at Red.

"We're covered," Red said, turning his plates over to a copy boy, "but not on the real story. His Honor had company."

"Who?" Mr. Devlin, scenting scandal, brightened still more.

"Some guy he sure don't want to even be caught dead with."

Vaughan put in a phone call. He had a good connection inside the police department, a captain with ambitions to be chief under the Fusion administration. The captain told Vaughan he'd have to call back. In a few minutes he did. The man who'd been riding with the mayor was Jud Wilkes, the head of an Eastern gambling syndicate trying to take over the local rackets.

"Whew!" Vaughan began to fumble for his pills. "Weren't there any witnesses? Somebody who could identify Wilkes?"

Red cleared a place on the desk and sat down. "There was one witness. He even took some pictures."

Vaughan gulped. "Not the. . . ? Oh, *no!*"

Red nodded.

"I want those pictures," Mr. Devlin said. "I don't care what they cost."

"You'd of had 'em free," Red said, "if you'd kept the kid on."

Vaughan sent a copy boy out for some warm milk. His stomach was playing unpleasant tricks on him. "It was your orders, sir."

"We'll talk about it later," Mr. Devlin said. He drove Red over to police headquarters, and they hurried upstairs to the waiting room outside the chief's office. Red, motioning to Mr. Devlin to be quiet, flicked on the intercommunication box on the secretary's desk. They could hear the mayor's wheedling voice:

". . . and it just happens I need a photographer for a special project we've got coming up."

Mr. Devlin's fists clenched. He looked unhappy.

"The job pays six thousand a year," the mayor went on, "and you'd be free to do outside work in your spare time. You'd have a great deal of spare time."

Mr. Devlin made a low, moaning sound.

"And of course you'd make invaluable contacts—"

MR. DEVLIN thrust open the door. The mayor was leaning back against the chief's desk, his arms crossed over his chest. The chief, with the expression of a man who sees too late he's backed the wrong horse, was fiddling with a paperweight, a bronze replica of City Hall. Marvin was huddled comfortably in a huge red leather chair, his eyes blinking drowsily.

"You can't bribe one of my boys," Mr. Devlin said.

The mayor smiled like a just-fed cat. "I understood he'd left the Bulletin."

"Why, no, he—he . . ." In the first flush of rage Mr. Devlin was trying to figure out what he could do to Vaughan besides fire him.

"The young man is unemployed," the mayor said, holding Marvin's box camera in his chubby hands, "and since my administration is pledged to wipe out unemployment—"

Marvin roused up, rubbing his eyes. "I'm kinda tired. I think I'd like to go home and lay down."

Mr. Devlin said he'd be delighted to drive the boy home. The mayor said Marvin wasn't going anywhere.

"You can't hold him," Mr. Devlin said. "You've got no charge."

"Oh, we'll find one."

Mr. Devlin demanded a chance to talk to Marvin alone and the mayor agreed, a bit too readily. The mayor nodded to the chief, and they left the room. Red, the instant they closed the door, grabbed a memorandum pad from the chief's desk and wrote: *They're listening.* Marvin nodded.

"Did they do anything to you?" Mr. Devlin said. "Rough you up?"

"No. They took my camera and searched me. That's all."

"Did they get your pictures?"

"There wasn't any film in the camera." The kid, as he talked, wrote on the pad: *Behind back seat of cops' car.*

Red tore off the top dozen sheets, so the impression of the writing couldn't be detected. A little too loudly he said, "Well, anyway, you'll get a soft city job out of the deal."

They left Marvin in the big chair, and

COLLIER'S **"No, Mrs. Filstrup. He just this second left"** VIRGIL PARTCH



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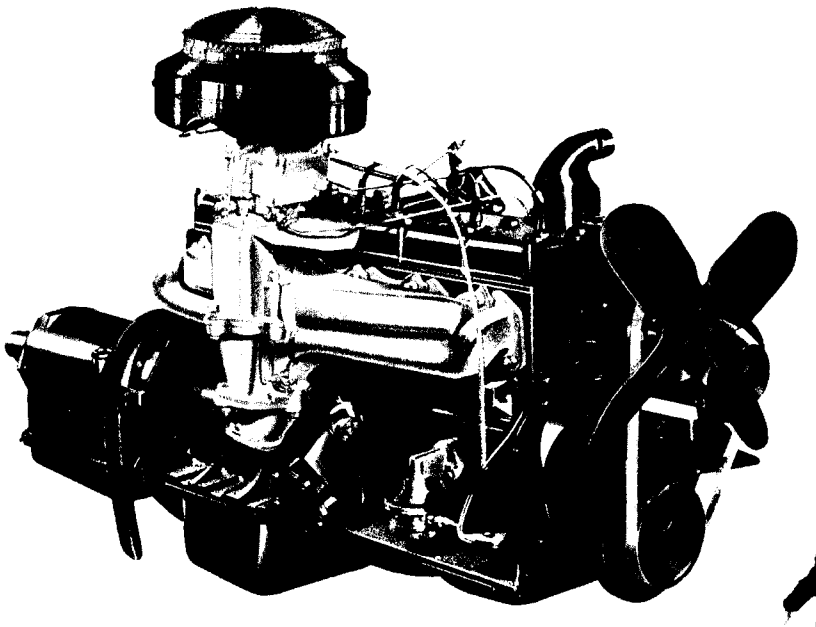

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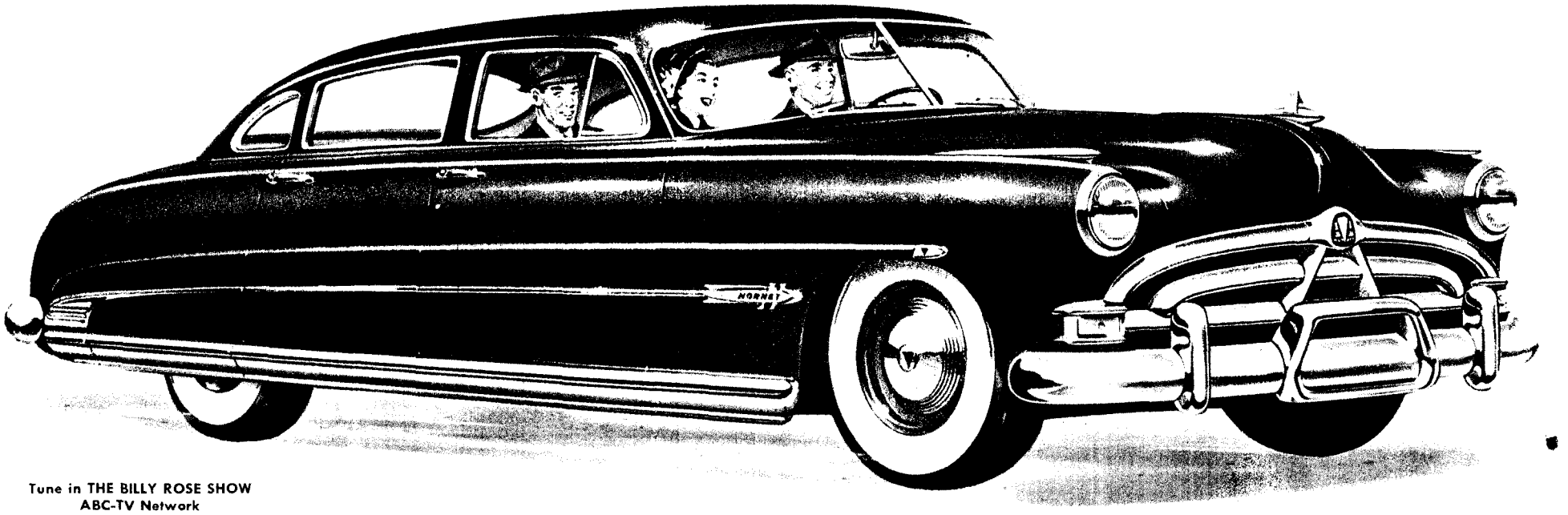

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Red scouted around outside until he found the squad car which had brought Marvin to headquarters. He told the two cops the paper wanted a picture of them, and while they posed with their backs to the car, Mr. Devlin fished Marvin's roll of film from under the back seat.

"I'll send you boys a couple prints," Red said, and the cops thanked him.

As Red and Mr. Devlin drove off, they saw the mayor ushering Marvin into one of the limousines the city used for official visitors. The kid was carrying his empty camera. Red sighed with envy and wonder. "Picture-prone, that's what it is."

Red developed the kid's prints, and the news editor cleared a large hole on page one for the shot of the mayor and Wilkes climbing from the wreckage together. The picture editor worked out a full-page layout in which the other shots were used to show the sinister connection between crime and City Hall. Alongside of Marvin's picture of the mayor and Wilkes sitting on a rock together was a shot from the morgue showing three dead hoodlums on a city street, with a prison picture of Wilkes superimposed above the bullet-riddled bodies. The topper was Marvin's shot of the police whisking Wilkes away from the scene.

"It's the break we've been praying for," Mr. Devlin said, rubbing his hands.

Red took out a cigarette. "Only one trouble."

Mr. Devlin flicked his gold lighter and held it out for Red. "What's that?"

"We can't use the pictures. They don't belong to us."

Mr. Devlin snapped the lighter shut and turned on Vaughan, who began to slide under the city desk, one bony hand pawing the clutter of glossy prints, fumbling for the bottle of white pills.

"It's too bad," Red said, seeming to find extraordinary pleasure in his cigarette. "It would of made a swell layout."

THEY found Marvin lying in the hammock with a kitten curled in his lap. Mr. Devlin motioned Red to wake him up. The kitten purred. Marvin blinked.

"Well, Marvin my boy, are you ready to come back to work for us?" Mr. Devlin said.

"Why, I don't know. Mr. Vaughan talked like he didn't want me around. Fact is, he said I was fired."

"You must have misunderstood him, son. He didn't mean it."

"It was right embarrassing. Getting fired."

"Just a mistake, that's all. An unfortunate mistake."

"I'd sure hate to get embarrassed like that again."

"Suppose we give you a two-year contract."

Marvin hesitated.

"Five," Mr. Devlin said.

"I'm kinda tied up. I got my farm work."

"We'll hire somebody to take care of that for you."

MARVIN sat up, cradling the kitten in his arms and stroking the back of its neck. "I got my future to think of. Now take Red here—how long's it been since he got a raise?"

Mr. Devlin smiled, and laid a hand on Red's shoulder. "Matter of fact, we put through a raise for him just last week. I forgot to tell him."

"Well . . ." Marvin slid out of the hammock, still stroking the kitten. "If it was put in writing—"

"Of course."

"I wouldn't want you to forget and embarrass me again."

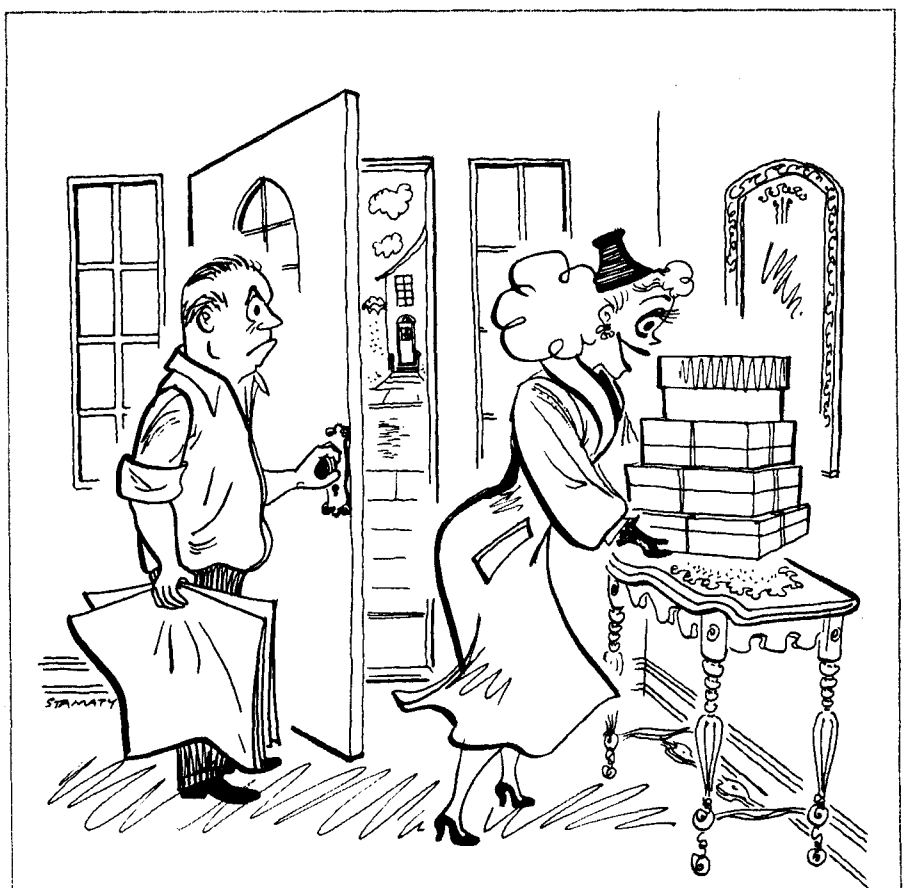
Marvin came back to the Bulletin next morning, a little late because he'd had to show the new hired man what to do. He seemed, for the first time, completely awake. He was working in the darkroom when Red returned from City Hall with shots of the mayor handing in his resignation, "because of ill health."

"What you got there?" Red asked as the kid fished an 8-by-10 print from the soup.

"Well, Mr. Devlin's been so nice to me, I thought I'd send him a little present," Marvin explained. "I got a picture I took last night of him and his wife, figured I'd mail it to 'em."

The print, perfectly composed and lighted, was flawless except for one detail: The blond woman across the table from Mr. Devlin was not Mrs. Devlin.

"That camera you got," Red said, backing away in awe, "you oughta be careful where you aim it. It's loaded." THE END




COLLIER'S **"At least you don't have to *wonder* where all the money goes, like most husbands do"** STANLEY STAMATY



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# The Skinflint

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

got gigged by his only brother, and the folks never talked about it in front of us kids, so I figured Eddie didn't know about it. Heck, I wouldn't of known myself if I didn't do a little accidental eavesdropping once when Mom and Dad were talking.

"Well," Dad said. "Jake is a fit name for a dog, I guess."

"It's a joke, see?" Eddie said, looking at them. "Sort of. I mean—"

"Haw, haw," Dad said. "Well, I got to get on down to work."

WHEN Dad left for the roundhouse, Eddie looked at me. "Jist remember, wise guy, this here is a one-man dog," he said. "It ain't no community property, see."

"A pleasure," I said. "He's all yours, mallet-head."

Maybe I just imagined it, but it seemed like Dad never did care much for that dog. He never petted him or anything. He never even hardly looked at him. It was mutual, and Jake acted like he didn't care about grown people, but the trouble was that Eddie didn't have any time for him either, working after school and Saturdays the way he did. You look at it strictly from the money angle and maybe it was okay, but he was welcome to that job. I held it down for him one Saturday when he was sick, and all I got to say is if you hear about any openings in a cream station, don't notify me. I don't even want to know about it.

"I thought he'd get sore when I asked for a raise, but he just let it pass"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

At first Eddie used to take Jake with him to work on Saturdays until a farmer almost run over him one day with a pickup truck. After that Eddie left him home, and my version of it is Jake got lonesome. If it wasn't for an old tomcat across the alley, he wouldn't of had anything to do all day but eat and sleep. Maybe a dog don't really need anything but six meals a day and a place to sleep and a big tomcat to chase, but in Jake's case it didn't work out so well because he *caught* the cat. He chased it one day when that old tomcat didn't feel much like running, and when Jake caught it he couldn't figure out how to turn it loose.

Jake come out of it with a bad eye and a terrible disposition. I guess that was in March, when I was coming out for track myself, and Jake was nine or ten months old. He was already as big as a tool shed and he had a deep, husky voice, and after that he quit chasing tomcats and started trying to scare the daylights out of people going past out in front of the house. By summer most of the people down our street were a little scared of him, and there was some talk of making us keep him tied up, but nothing came of it. He never actually bit anybody.

When school let out that spring, Eddie went on full time at the cream station and I went on full time playing Legion baseball and fishing and hanging around the swimming pool getting a tan. And that's when those two kids started buddying up to Jake. I was in the living room, listening to a baseball game on the radio, the Phillies and the Dodgers, and when I heard Jake go roaring off the porch like he was going to tear off somebody's leg, I went to the front door to bawl him out. And there they were, two colored kids I'd seen before in the yard of an old house on Railroad Street above the roundhouse. The biggest one was about eleven or twelve and skinny, and the little one was maybe six or seven, also skinny. Neither one of them acted scared of Jake.

"Whoa, man," the big kid said, grinning. "You sho talkin' big."

Jake stopped barking, acting kind of surprised. He looked around toward the house and said, "Roooffff." Not loud or tough but like he just had that one left over. The big kid grinned and patted Jake's head, and the first thing you know Jake was wagging his tail.

"This what I calls a real high-class dog, Vernon," the kid said.

"Man, he sho is, ain't he, Ray?" the little one said, grinning and rolling his eyes admiringly. "He real gone, ain't he?"

All right. Vernon and Ray. I went back to the ball game. Some watchdog, I thought—All blow and no go. I didn't think any more about it then, but that was the way it started. I don't know when Jake began following those kids off, but once in July when I was hunting squirrels on the river I saw the three of them in swimming. I guess Ray and his kid brother had it made then. You take a dog swimming with you, and you got a friend for life.

Eddie didn't find out about the kids until after school started again. One thing, Jake always showed up in the evenings to be fed, and if he wasn't around on Sundays I guess Eddie just figured he was off prowling, the way dogs do.

ALONG in October, I guess it was, Jake missed coming home for a couple of nights, and I told Eddie about the two kids. I didn't do it to be helpful. I guess I just did it for the pleasure of seeing Eddie blow his top.

"Listen, you tell them kids to lay off, Hank," he said.

"Tell them yourself," I said, grinning at him.

"I don't know them. I don't even know what them guys look like."

"They're kind of skinny," I said.

"I'll git the law on 'em," he said, looking tough.

"Sure, form a posse," I said. "Just leave me out of it, is all."

Well, nothing much happened for a couple weeks, and then one night Eddie brought home a chain, and a couple nights later Jake came around for a visit and some food, and Eddie chained him to the smokehouse. That kept him home all right—for about three weeks. Then one morning Eddie went out to feed Jake and didn't find anything on the end of the chain but a busted collar. Jake was long gone, and he stayed that way, and even if Eddie didn't




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say anything I could tell he was brooding about it. So that's how things were this night I'm talking about, when he said he was going down there the next day after Jake, and I was worrying about Christmas being so close and Uncle Jake being such a louse.

When I was about to go to sleep, with the sleet rattling on the windowpane, I wondered where Uncle Jake was, and I thought: I hope he has as crummy a Christmas as we're going to have.

The next morning after Sunday school I was in the drugstore, trying to decide if I should blow a dime on hot chocolate, when Mr. Sloan came in. He runs the Appliance Shop, and I figured he might need some extra help with Christmas coming up, so I went over and asked him.

"Well, now, Henry," he said. "I'm not what you might call real shorthanded. You looking for gainful employment, are you?"

I nodded. "I got to scrape up some Christmas money, Mr. Sloan."

"Henry," he said, giving me one of those kidding looks old people go around giving young kids, "how much money you figure you'll need?"

"Well," I told him," I aim to buy Mom a new washing machine." I grinned. You know, a joke. That much dough in three weeks! Some joke.

Mr. Sloan looked surprised. "Your mother planning to open one of those help-yourself laundries, Henry?" he asked me. "How many machines does she need, anyhow?" I gave him a foolish look. I didn't get it.

"She's just got an old one, now," I said. "It ain't much good."

He kind of coughed. "I must have been thinking of somebody else," he said. "Tell you what, Henry—keep in touch with me. Never know when I might be needing extra help."

"Okay, thanks," I said. After he left I went ahead and shot a dime for chocolate, on the chance of making some more money.

WHEN I went home I would of been feeling pretty good, if Eddie hadn't started on me again. He'd already changed clothes and he was holding a new dog collar and the chain. It was an expensive collar with brass studs, and I thought: I'll bet it nearly killed him to put out the money. "Listen," he said. "Are you goin' with me or not?"

"Not," I said, looking to see if Dad had all the Sunday paper. He did, even the funnies.

Eddie said, "How *big* are them guys?"

"About six feet tall," I said. "Weigh around two hundred pounds."

"Wise guy," Eddie said. "Listen, it'd only take ten minutes, Hank."

"Stop chipping your teeth," I said. "You bore me, skin." I went on in our room and changed clothes, and when I came out he was still there. "What's the matter?" I said. "Are you yeller, feller?"

"Them kids might gang up on me," he said. His eyes were a little bit glassy. "Some of them colored guys carry razors and stuff."

"My advice is forget the whole thing, Eddie," I said. "Them guys are probably armed to the teeth. I bet they got trenches dug down there and are waiting for you with a machine gun. You better just . . ."

I heard the Sunday paper rustling and looked at Dad. He scowled at me. "Go with him, Hank," he said. "I'm tired of this yapping. I would like a little peace and quiet around here. Get going, both of you."

So I went. Outside, it was snowing a little, and there was a crunchy thin crust of sleet on the ground, and it was cold. "You crybaby," I said. It was about six blocks down our street and a block over, and we didn't say anything after that. I was walking along with my head down to keep the powdery snow out of my eyes, and didn't look up until I knew we were there. It was an old paintless house with a sagging porch and some of the shingles gone off the roof, and a colored woman was out in the yard hanging up clothes in that cold wind. Doing somebody else's washing, on Sunday. It made me feel colder, seeing her hanging up those wet clothes. Everybody's got troubles, I thought. Even Eddie.

"This it?" he said, and I nodded, and he said, "Ast her, Hank."

"Ask her yourself," I said. "It ain't my dog we're after."

He fooled with the collar a while, and then he got inspired. He whistled and said, "Here, Jake! Here, Jake!"

The woman looked around the wet sheet she was hanging up. "I expect they went down the railroad tracks chasin' rabbits," she said.

Eddie thanked her, and then he just stood there, so I said, "No use standing here freezing our tails off. Let's go down to the roundhouse and get warm, if you gotta wait around."

It was about fifty yards to where Railroad Street swung down to the roundhouse, where Dad worked, so I started walking, and Eddie followed along. And we were halfway to the turn when the kids and Jake came around it. Both Ray and Vernon were carrying rabbits, strutting along looking proud and cold. When they saw us they stopped, but Jake came on up the road, wagging his tail. He acted like he was glad to see us, and I was glad to see him because now I could go home and see how Steve Canyon was making out.

"Here, boy," Eddie said, and when Jake jumped up on him he put the collar around his neck and fastened it. Ray moved on up the road, with Vernon tagging at his heels, and they were dressed ragged and not very warm. They stopped a few feet away, and Eddie said, "I come to git my dog, guy."

Vernon peeked around his big brother. "What them guys goin' do wid ole Bing?" he asked, and Ray said. "Shut up! He their dog."

"Damn' right he's our dog," Eddie said. "And his name ain't Bing, it's Jake. And you leave him alone or you'll git in serious trouble."

"Spare me the speeches, skin," I said. "Let's go."

"We don' want no trouble," Ray said. His hands went in his pockets, and the right one came out with a knife. A kind of shiver went up the back of my neck, but then his other hand came out with a couple marbles and some other junk and he held them out to us. "I don' guess you all would swap," he said. "This all I got to swap wid."

"You can keep it," Eddie said. "What'sa matter, you nuts or something, guy?" Old Eddie was pretty brave with old Hank there to protect him.

"I'll th'ow in these heah rabbits," Ray said, like a question, but I guess Eddie's sneer cured him of that idea, because he put the stuff away and said, "Maybe you let me *buy* him offen you."

"What with?" Eddie said, sneering. "You ain't got no money."

"I might kin fin' a job and *git* some money," Ray said. "Keep on snowin', people goin' need they sidewalks shovel off, ain't they?"

"This here dog ain't for sale," Eddie said. "Let's go, Hank."

HE STARTED up the road, pulling Jake, and Jake didn't want to go. He kept pulling back, whining and trying to get the collar off. "Gawdang it, come on!" Eddie yelled. "Come on home, you ole fool." He turned the corner, dragging Jake behind him. When I got to the corner I kept going straight up Railroad Street. I wasn't about to help drag Jake home. It wasn't no skin off my nose how Eddie got him home—all I was supposed to do was come down there with him. I looked back once, and Ray was still standing there beside the rabbits, and Vernon was crying.

Listen, you think I was proud of Eddie? You think I liked him any better? All the way up Railroad Street and cutting through to our house I kept thinking about the kind of guy he was. He needed a dog like I needed a job in a cream station. I figured it was just that he had money invested in Jake, and even if it was a bad investment, he wasn't fixing to lose it by letting somebody else use Jake to run rabbits. By the time I got home I felt more sour than ever about Eddie. He just wasn't my type. I just couldn't get excited about a guy like Eddie.

Well, for a couple days after that, any time Eddie said anything to me I cut him down. "Don't annoy me, miser," I'd tell him. "Grow missing, pest," I'd say. You know, those kids *needed* Jake. They must be real poor if their mother had to wash on Sunday, and you can't find any better eating than rabbits, and rabbits are free if you got a dog that can catch them for you. I guess what I was really thinking, underneath, was how would it be if *my* mother had to wash other people's clothes on Sunday. That's a gruesome thought, if you ask

COLLIER'S

**"Well, I hope you'll decide soon. They're going like hot cakes"**

TED KEY



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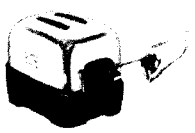

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me. I'd look at Eddie. For a couple days there he just sat around looking sour when he was home, and I'd look at him and think: He ain't got any use for Jake—he's got him tied up out there, going to waste.

Listen, I even had it figured out that if those people starved to death down there in that old cold house, it was Eddie's fault. He wasn't just a stingy tightwad, he was practically a murderer, too. Maybe that's nuts, but that's how I got to thinking. Go ahead and call me crazy, but you didn't have to listen to Jake out there howling all day long, wanting loose.

That's how things were until Wednesday night. Eddie just come in from feeding Jake, looking pretty gloomy, and we were sitting down to supper when we heard someone come up on the front porch. Dad put his fork down and looked toward the door, waiting for somebody to ring the bell, I guess. But there was silence for a couple seconds, and then the door started opening. It gave me a real creepy feeling.

"Who is it?" Dad said, and then something came flying through the air and landed on the dining-room floor, and it was a cap. A Marine's cap. And when the Marine came on in, it was Uncle Jake, using crutches.

"Always toss my hat in first to see if it's safe," he said.

Mom gasped, and Dad got kind of white in the face. He started to get up, then he sat down and stared at his plate for a while, and then he sighed. "All right, Jake," he said. "Come on in and shut the door."

"I'm in," Uncle Jake said. "Question is: How long do I stay in?"

"Come sit down, Jake," Dad said, and Uncle Jake said, "Aren't you going to beat hell out of me, George boy?" Dad shook his head, still looking at his plate, and said, "Forget it, Jake. I intended to kill you if I ever saw you again, but I realize now it was wishful thinking."

"You can't clobber a man on crutches, huh?" Uncle Jake said.

Dad shook his head. "Even if you were a well man, I couldn't do it."

Uncle Jake grinned. "In that case," he said, "I won't need these." He leaned his crutches on the wall and came on in and sat down at the table. "Howdy, Helen," he said. "You're looking lovely, as usual."

She was looking sore, if anybody cared to ask me.

I FELT a knot inside my stomach, and in a way I felt like crying, I guess. I hated Uncle Jake when he was gone, but now he was here and looking like he'd been sick, and he was a Marine sergeant, and I was all mixed up about how I felt. He had a crust, barging in like that. Some nerve. He was still a lousy bum, for my dough—but I was glad to see him.

"How'sa old throwing arm, Hank?" he asked me.

"Okay," I said.

"Ed, you're growing up big," he said, and Eddie grinned. Then Uncle Jake snapped his fingers. "Nearly forgot, George boy," he said. He took out a big fat billfold and pulled a wad of money out of it and dropped it in Dad's plate. "Guess I kind of left here in a hurry last time," he said. "Didn't have the guts to face you, actually. But look, George, for the record—I wouldn't have bet your money in a poker game, sober. Or even ordinary drunk. Those sharpies gave me a doped drink, and when I came to they swore I'd lost the money fair and square. I knew better, but there wasn't anything I could do. So I went to Korea." He grinned at me then, and I had to grin back. "Got nicked, and on the way back Lady Luck smiled on her favorite son. Your money's all there plus six per cent interest. I'm just sorry about the whole thing, George."

Dad looked at the money, and picked it up, and laid it down again, and drank some water. He didn't say anything.

Uncle Jake got up. "Well," he said. "I'll be on my merry way, folks."

"Sit down, Jake," Mom said. "I'm beginning to like you again."

Dad was still looking at the money. "I can't take all this if it leaves you flat, Jake," he said. "You don't have to pay it all at once."

"Don't worry, I got a couple uncashed pay checks," Uncle Jake said. "And a convalescent furlough. Thought I might hang around until after Christmas, if anybody twisted my arm a little."

"Consider your arm twisted," Mom said. She started filling his plate. "You look undernourished, Jake. Get to work on this."

Uncle Jake grinned and started eating, and Dad peeled off a couple bills from the wad and tossed them over to Mom. "Here, old woman," he said. "Go buy yourself something foolish and extravagant."

"The heck I will," Mom said. "I'll buy me a washing machine."

All of a sudden Eddie got choked, and Dad had to pound him on the back. When he got stopped he acted embarrassed and said, "Tell us where all you been, Uncle Jake."

Well, after that it was a real pleasant supper at our house, and when we were all through eating, Mom just stacked the dishes and we went on talking. When Uncle Jake got to the part where he was being sent back to the States on a ship and won the money in a poker game, he said, "I feel like I ought to throw in some more dough to make up for you missing out on that new oil field, George. How'd it do, anyhow?"

Dad started laughing. He really knocked himself out. "Jake," he said. "Jake boy, all they ever got were three dry holes out there. Hell, we'd have lost our shirts in the oil business."

Everybody laughed then, even Eddie, and Mom said it was time we got to bed or she'd never be able to get us up in time for school. So me and Eddie went in our room and went to bed. And laying there in the bed in the dark, I got to thinking that Uncle Jake turning out to be a good guy didn't change the way I felt about Eddie. So I turned my back on him and tried to go to sleep, but I was too excited. So I was still awake when Eddie got out of bed and went sneaking out the back door and came back in after a while shivering in his pajamas.

"What's wrong?" I said. "Scared maybe Jake had got loose again?"

After a couple seconds he said, "I *turned* him loose."

I wasn't expecting that. I rolled over and tried to see him in the dark. "Are you kidding?" I said.

"He'd ruther be with them kids," Eddie said. "Besides, they *need* a dog and I ain't got no time for a dog." He kind of sighed, and then he said, "Hank, you know what I been saving money for all this time?"

I started to say no, but it was like somebody hit me on the head with a club.

ALL at once I remembered him choking at supper, and what Mr. Sloan said at the drugstore, and I haven't been reading mystery stories all my life for nothing. I thought I knew, all right.

"Holy mackerel!" I said. "A washing machine, Eddie?"

"Yeah," he said, surprised. "How'd you know, Hank?"

"I'm a brain," I said. And like somebody hit me again on the head with a club, I started feeling real good. Here all this time me and Eddie had the same idea, only he was doing something about it. We weren't so different, me and Eddie. And he wasn't any skinflint, either. He was all right. He was my type of guy, that Eddie, that kid brother.

"I been thinking," Eddie said. "I'm tired of washin' stinkin' old cream cans all the time. That ain't no normal life for a guy my age. I oughta be gittin' some fun outa life, Hank. Listen, you reckon that kid down there would like to work in a cream station, maybe?"

"Who, Ray?" I said. It didn't take much thinking about that. I reached over and punched him on the arm. "Heck, Ed," I said. "I'll go down there and ask him, if you want me to. Good night, Eddie boy."

"Good night, Hank," he said, punching back. "You crumb." THE END

"He's lazy, shiftless, utterly lacking in ambition and hasn't the slightest chance of ever becoming a success. . . . Luckily, he has a barrel of money"

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# MacArthur's Greatest Battle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

lay in doing the unexpected, the improbable. On August 12th, General MacArthur issued the orders which definitely made it Inchon and the Navy went full steam ahead in its planning. By the first of September the Navy's Far East Command had completed its blueprint and two days later Vice-Admiral Arthur D. Struble and Rear Admiral James H. Doyle had completed theirs. Thus, in less than a month, work that normally required six months had been completed down to the tiniest and most exacting detail.

### Causes of Japan's Defeat

Some of those now working with MacArthur had been with him in World War II. They knew from experience, others knew from his reputation, of his military artistry. With a handful of the 1st Cavalry Division he had bottled up 60,000 Japanese to starve on the Admiralties. He had done similar feats many times, with small loss to his own men. He once summarized the reason for Japan's defeat in this sentence:

"She failed to see the new concept of war which was used against her, involving the by-passing of strongly defended points and, by the use of the combined services, the cutting of essential lines of communications, whereby these defensive positions were rendered strategically useless and eventually retaken."

Korea would get an even newer concept.

A large part of his individual work of preparation for the invasion General MacArthur did at home. Mrs. MacArthur, who writes well on the typewriter, would copy memorandums. Other ideas he would write on the backs of envelopes or any piece of paper handy, cram them in his pocket, and have them typed at the office. Then he would edit and revise.

At the outset of the Korean action, Lieutenant General George E. Stratemeyer's Far Eastern Air Forces were in the best state of preparedness of any of the elements to be used at Inchon.

Getting personnel and equipment for Major General E. M. Almond's Tenth Corps, which was to be composed of the 7th Infantry Division and the 1st Marine Division, was a tremendous task. The arrival of a British contingent at the very end of August gave MacArthur the first ground forces he had other than those of the United States and South Korea. Except for this and the successful integration of South Korean personnel into United States units, he could not have taken all of the Marines out of the Pusan sector and used them at Inchon. Some Marines were brought from as far away as the Mediterranean.

The salt-water part of the invasion forces built up fast. In mid-August, Vice-Admiral Charles T. Joy told MacArthur that every ocean and inlet was being ransacked for ships. At the end of August, MacArthur said:

"The United Nations' naval force, now fortified by many smaller elements, which together constitute a well-balanced navy, has attained such a degree of efficiency that it is now capable of assuming any type of naval operation in Korean waters."

On the day of the Inchon landing it had 261 ships, including a battleship, carriers, cruisers, destroyers and other seacraft. Seven nations—America, Britain, Canada, Australia, France, Holland and South Korea—participated.

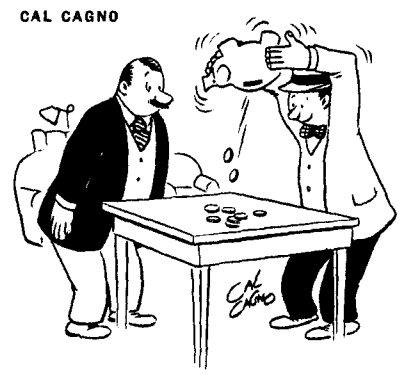
MacArthur doubted that he could entirely conceal a concentration of such dimensions from the Reds, and planned ruses to mislead them if they suspected an attempted lodgment from the sea. The battleship Missouri fitted into this plan, and also served to lighten serious conferences with one good laugh. After the big sea fighter had outrun a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, skipped a tropical storm at Panama and was well into the Pacific, Admiral Struble said to MacArthur:

"The Missouri will be here all right. She'll be shooting for you."

"At Inchon?" MacArthur smiled.

"Well," said Struble, "you know the Missouri's affinity for mud."

Recalling the Mighty Mo's humiliating experience when she was stuck on a mud bank in Chesapeake Bay last January, and knowing that Inchon, on the Yellow Sea, (so named because of its appearance) has the muddiest approaches of any harbor, all present laughed heartily.




### Uneasy Payment Plan

Now salesmen suggest
In stores around town,
That we feather our nest
With considerable down.

—CINDY MARCKS

In the Orient the Missouri, on whose decks the Japanese surrendered, is a symbol associated with great events. Surely such a ship would not be used merely to divert attention, but to head an attack. So, shrewdly she was sent to the Sea of Japan, on the Korean coast opposite Inchon, where she bombarded Samchok as if that were to be the place for important action. Later, she left off her false decoy role and—mud be damned—came into the Yellow Sea to put her long-range guns in action, supporting invasion troops as they moved inland beyond the protecting fire of destroyers and cruisers.

On the sunny, windless morning of September 13th, D day minus two, 10 United Nations warships entered Inchon Harbor in battle line. Six destroyers led the heavy cruisers U.S.S. Rochester and Helena and the light British cruisers Kenya and Jamaica. The peaceful brightness added to the tenseness aboard the Rochester as she and the other cruisers dropped anchor and swung their guns toward Wolmido and Inchon to cover the destroyers, five of which were detailed to go well within range and expose their thin skins to everything the Red shore guns offered. The sixth destroyer was detailed to shoot up the dozen mines floating freely among the ships.

The destroyers were expendable. If they could entice enemy shore batteries to reveal themselves, many Marines and perhaps the whole of D day would be saved. The carrier strike the day before had drawn little ack-ack.

With the swing of a tremendous tide from ebb to flow, the destroyers Mansfield, De Haven, Swenson, Gurke and Collett started in. From the sky, carrier planes swept Wolmido with rockets and napalm bombs. The cruisers slammed known defense positions on the island and Inchon's beaches. At 1:00 P.M. the destroyers deliberately dropped anchor, three north of the island of Wolmido, two south. At 1:16 P.M. the Reds couldn't stand it any longer. Gun flashes twinkled along the zebra-striped green and brown sides of Wolmido. Tall columns of water spouted and fell away among the destroyers.

The duel lasted 40 minutes before the destroyers were called off. They raced out of range and then filed slowly through the cruiser line bearing seven wounded and one dead. The enemy had disclosed the positions of his batteries; our ships and planes smashed them.

When General MacArthur left suddenly for Inchon, earlier than had been anticipated, his wife, Jean, packed the one cloth bag he carried with these items: an extra pipe with a supply of tobacco and cigars, an extra jacket, two shirts, two pairs of trousers, two changes of underclothes, six pairs of socks, toilet articles, an old-fashioned straight razor and a razor strop.

One story which gained currency in Tokyo was that MacArthur had made the Inchon landing 24 hours ahead of the time he had planned because he heard that Washington was preparing to order him to abandon it. There was, of course, no foundation for this. Actually, the landing occurred at the time scheduled. What happened was this:

The typhoon "Kezia," apparently undecided when to start or what course to take, dawdled around between Iwo Jima and Kyushu. It was the possibility that it would interfere with his air flight the next day which caused MacArthur to change his plan and leave while he had good weather.

### Plains of Abraham Recalled

On September 13th, the anniversary of the battle in which Wolfe defeated the French and both he and Montcalm died, MacArthur sat on the flagship Mount McKinley and told an audience of war correspondents his objective. Just as the battle for Quebec began at Anse du Foulon at daybreak, so did the battle for Wolmido off Inchon. It took the Marines just 40 minutes from the time the first wave hit the beach to possess the key island in the bay, which is faster than Wolfe's redcoats climbed the precipitous cliffs to the heights of Abraham.

The Red Koreans were so completely surprised at Inchon that the invaders found the navigation lights burning. They also found evidence that fortification improvements were well under way, indicating that invasion at a later date would have found Wolmido bristling with defenses, and invasion forces would have met full-scale resistance. As it was, casualties were low, and victory was complete. The enemy's lines were cut, the South Korean capital liberated, a good airfield captured, and the war seemed almost over, and would have been but for Red Chinese actions.

If the landing had been delayed until

**Next Week**

## Ten Christmas Favorites

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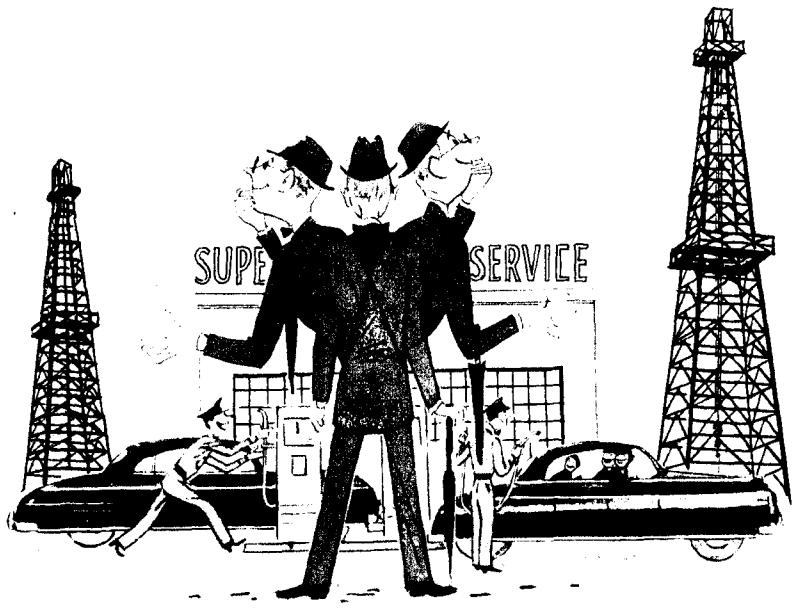
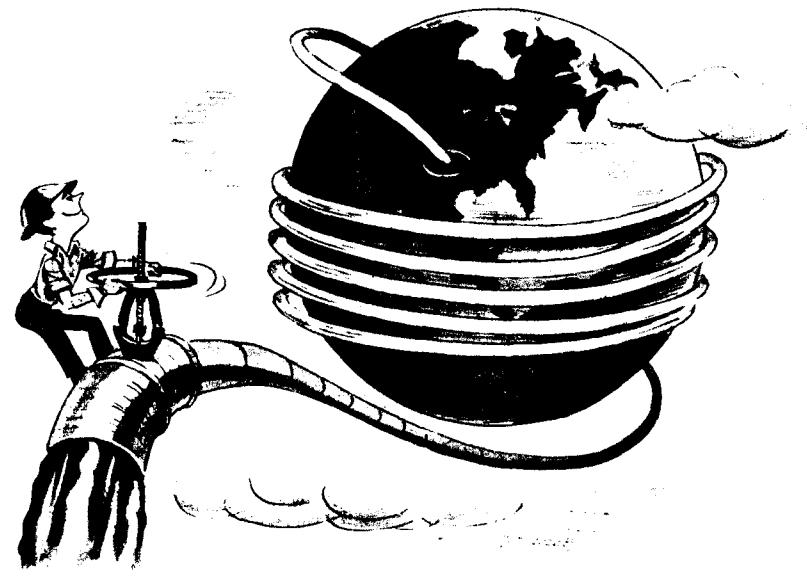
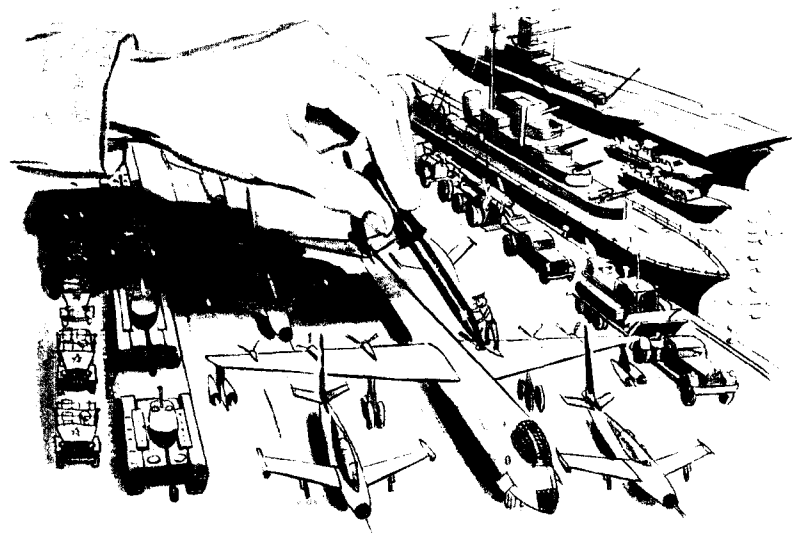
# *Did you know that...*




Competing American oil companies now have 450,000 wells in operation throughout the country—more than two wells for every service station! And ***known petroleum reserves here are 3 times greater than 25 years ago.***



To help assure delivery of all the oil America needs for civilian and military uses, ***oil transportation companies use more than 152,500 miles of pipelines—enough to circle the earth 6 times.***



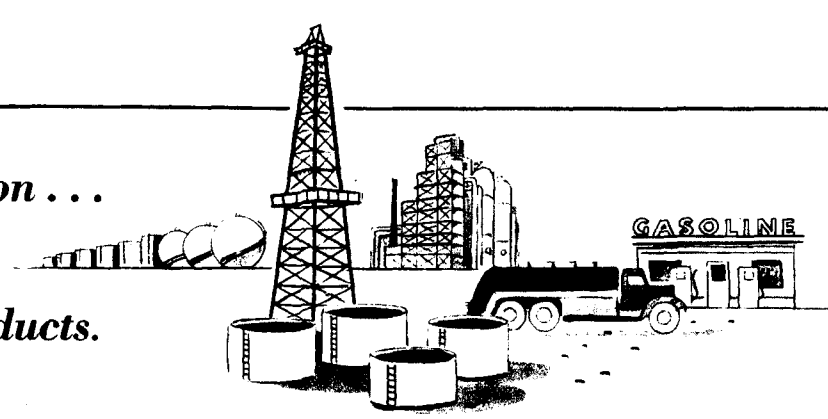
The same research that develops hundreds of new and improved oil products for your comfort and convenience ***also develops fuels and many special products for America's newest and most modern military weapons.***

With thousands of companies competing in the marketing of oil, ***gasoline is one of the few things you can buy today that costs about the same (taxes excluded) as it did 25 years ago.***

THE AMERICAN OIL INDUSTRY is better prepared today than ever before to meet any national emergency. This country's capacity to produce and refine petroleum has increased around 25 per cent since the peak demands of World War II.

In peace or war, oil men working in America's privately-managed, competing oil companies provide the nation with the largest possible supplies of petroleum products—products of the highest quality at the lowest prices in the world.

***Thousands of oil companies mean competition . . .***
***competition means progress . . .***
***oil progress means more and better products.***




***Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.***

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October, the mines that would have been planted in the harbor by that time might well have defeated the invasion. As it was, only a few floated among the destroyers and cruisers during their two-day bombardment, and on the eve of the landing the harbor was believed all clear as a result of the mine sweeping done by the destroyer detail.

Preliminary estimates of the enemy's strength indicated that the concentration of North Korean troops in the Inchon-Seoul area was not heavy. The estimates were correct. Inchon, including Wolmido, had only about 2,000 men. There were 2,500 more in the Yongdung-Po and Kimpo airfield areas and from 7,000 to 10,000 in and around Seoul.

It was not clear whether the Reds understood what was afoot when the Mansfield and the other destroyers went in under the guns of Wolmido to draw their fire; but if they did, it was too late then for them to get enough reinforcements to Inchon's beaches.

Quickly after the landing a message came: "The Navy and the Marines have never shone more brightly than this morning."

It was from MacArthur. He had watched the landings from the Mount McKinley. Then, suddenly, he appeared in the harbor in Admiral Struble's barge. A group of correspondents saw him in the stern seat beside the admiral, wedged between aides and high-ranking generals riding in to view the spectacular handwork.

There was no possibility of his going ashore. Tides he had outmaneuvered in the fighting stopped him in this.

When the barge slowed and turned aside to keep from going aground, the general looked disappointedly out over the muddy, receding water to the left and shook his head while his lips inaudibly formed, "I'm sorry."

As the barge neared the McKinley on its return, it moved through a carpet of empty landing craft gathering around the gray transports for the late afternoon main assault. The air shook again with preparation by bombing and seafire bombardment. Ten miles off, the Korean coast slowly was disappearing behind a pall of smoke hastening nightfall on waiting beaches.

I asked one of his staff members when the general began his Inchon plans and he replied: "Probably when he was over here as an observer after the Russo-Japanese War in 1905."

### Father and Son on a Mission

The reference was to a tour of duty MacArthur and his father did as American observers shortly after that war. President Theodore Roosevelt had asked his Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, to find a seasoned old officer and a bright young officer to serve as observers, and Taft reported back to him: "The two best qualified men are both named MacArthur."

This father-and-son team shared many other experiences. Both won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The reply to my question as to when the Inchon planning began was illustrative of MacArthur's general knowledge. His associates say he knows something about every place in the Orient where trouble might develop and could quickly come up with a plan to meet it.

In Tokyo when word came that the Marines had landed successfully and were fighting their way toward Seoul, Rear Admiral Arleigh Burke, Deputy Chief of Staff of the United Nations' Naval Forces in the Far East, said that MacArthur personally had conceived and planned the amphibious assault.

"I think this operation really shows the greatness of that man," Burke said.

Other top Navy men were affectionately calling him "Admiral" MacArthur.

Lieutenant General Stratemeyer told me: "It was all MacArthur's. There is not another mind like his in the world."

Into the MacArthur office in Tokyo came bundles of congratulatory messages. He read one from Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey. The retired World War II commander of the Third Fleet called the Inchon landing "the most masterly and audacious strategic stroke in all history."

General Mark Clark, of Anzio and other fame, told a friend in the States that the entire bold campaign "was brilliantly conceived and executed. It will be judged one of the great campaigns of history."

A West Point professor, Colonel Herman Beukema declared: "Modern history provides no better example of tactical envelopment."

In Tokyo a high-ranking Army officer told me: "War colleges will be studying Inchon for years. The more it is studied, the better it is going to look."

And another equally high-ranking officer said to me:

"Inchon may have been the military action which prevented World War III. If that is its happy result, it will have the enduring importance to be put in history as one in the short list of decisive battles of the world. If, on the other hand, imperialistic Communism is irrevocably committed to a decision to plunge the world into the most horrible of all wars, then Inchon will be merely the brilliant preliminary to that catastrophe. However that may be, its masterly conception and the artistry of its execution will add new luster to MacArthur's fame as a soldier."

* * *

The scene along Ma Po and Sei Chong Lo Avenues, through which General Douglas MacArthur led a solemn auto-jeep cavalcade of military triumph in battered Seoul on a late September day, was all too familiar to him. No other man had seen it so often. At the end of two wars, he was convinced that men should and could find a better way to settle their differences, but now again his hopes had been futile. To me who, as a representative of Collier's, had gone there as his guest, the scenes had a shocking novelty.

There were the blackened and windowless fire-gutted shells of government buildings, burned-out homes and schools, wrecked and looted stores, charred masonry, mangled landscapes, rubble waste, heaps of ashes and the crackle of flames in still-burning buildings. Along the dusty highway from Kimpo airfield to the 600-year-old Korean capital, thousands of refugees, carrying the meager belongings which they had taken with them when they fled, were returning to homes they hoped had escaped leveling by flames and shellfire in the city from which Almond's Tenth Corps only the day before had driven the Communists.

These ravages of war MacArthur was now seeing from the ground. Earlier, from his plane he had looked out upon fields where this year's food crops had been destroyed, on wrecked roads and bridges, twisted rail lines, demolished oil refineries, chemical, aluminum and fertilizer plants.

He knew the price that had been paid in human blood. It was still labeled a police action, but the grim casualty lists showed 25,000 American soldiers killed, wounded or missing; there were estimates of 100,000 South Korean military casualties and perhaps 200,000 South Korean civilians "killed, wounded or missing"; a quarter of a million homes below the 38th parallel destroyed. All this had happened in less than 100 days. More lives would still be lost, more damage wrought, and again would be repeated the efforts to bind up wounds, the years of reconstruction.

MacArthur's errand at the ceremony was a brisk one. He would proclaim the liberation of South Korea, return the government to its elected officials and fly back to Tokyo and await further orders. But the ceremonies were not to end without the always-unique MacArthur touch. This time it was in the tradition of Stonewall Jackson. General MacArthur, who had spent 51 years in the Army and never learned how to be cynical, called upon the high officers of his staff and the other officials, his soldiers and visitors, to stand with him and repeat the Lord's Prayer in gratitude for the victory. THE END

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# They Know What's Cookin'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

press do their work against the prosaic background of a supermarket instead of from the ivory towers of some of their journalistic brethren who daily settle the affairs of the world, they nevertheless make a serious and considerable contribution to the well-being of the country. To home economists, nutritionists and the food industry itself, the contributions the food editors make to the health of the nation and the felicity of family life cannot possibly be overestimated, or even properly appraised.

Recently the Food Editors Conference in New York afforded a close-up of these girls in action. Every day for five straight days they attended a series of discussions, lectures and demonstrations by food manufacturers, scientists, experts and food professionals of all kinds that lasted from early morning until late at night. It was a real endurance contest and dispelled any notion that the occupational punishment these girls take in their daily tasks is limited to the gizzard alone.

Their eardrums were assailed with everything from the high price of coffee to how to adapt strained baby foods to adult uses.

**"It will be fun when they start learning to do things—mow the lawn, shovel snow, put up screens . . ."**

COLLIER'S CORKA

Assaulting their eyeballs were thousands of feet of industrial film, which swept them from the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod to the apple orchards of Oregon, with stop-offs at soup kitchens and canneries and the tomato fields of Ohio on the way. Their nostrils quivered under the aroma of dishes prepared by a battery of celebrated chefs brought in solely for the purpose of demonstrating how to cook fish. They even moved a macaroni-making machine in on them.

Through the demonstrations and the conversations ran a constant stream of breakfasts, lunches and dinners sufficient unto itself to drop an army of gourmets dead in its tracks before it ever got a chance to open the top button. But it didn't stop these girls. They plowed on, setting at the same time for males who attend conventions a shining example of diligence, promptness, manners and accomplishment. They never wavered. They made all the stops. And, at week's end, when the last olive was dropped into the last Martini at the last cocktail party, they were still there, *canapé* and notebook in hand, though ready to admit that a girl's best friend is her bicarbonate of soda.

Since 1942, the conference has been the high point in a year of food-news gathering not only for the editors, but for the food industry itself. The top executives, leading food scientists and the big brass generally turn out to meet the writers, tell them at firsthand what is going on, and to entertain them.

The entertainment sometimes gets pretty spectacular. This year, Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., the tea company, threw a black-tie and plunging-neckline dinner-dance for them at the Hotel Pierre, which must rank as one of the top dinners given by anyone in New York this season. For the occasion the staggering historic collection of old English silver tea things owned by the Lipton company, valued at $250,000, was brought out for display, a show-stopper in itself, including as it does a vase-shaped urn that belonged to Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III, a Queen Anne teapot, stand and lamp, and items made by the royal goldsmith, Paul Storr.

The *pièce de résistance* at the dinner was white African guinea hen en casserole, a whole one to each person, prepared by Manuel Orta, the renowned chef of the Pierre himself, and marched in by a rigid phalanx of red-coated waiters who must have served a hitch with the Grenadier Guards. Along with the hen was served a majestic Burgundy of a "big" year, the justly admired Nuits-Saint-Georges Clos des Forets 1937. With the dessert, a charlotte *glace* with kirsch and an apricot sauce, the editors sipped Ernest Irroy champagne 1943, and at each girl's plate was a silver tea caddy as a dinner favor. There was entertainment and a lively orchestra, but the most appreciated touch of all was that at each table of 10, seated beside the five gal editors, were five men to act as their dinner companions and dancing partners.

One impish editor spread the rumor that the males had been hired from an escort service.

"Is that true?" a credulous girl asked the man on her right—a pretty handsome fellow who obviously knew how to wear his dinner jacket.

"Absolutely," he said, "and if we stay after eleven thirty, we get an extra $7.00."

Actually, he was a Lipton vice-president. All of the company executives, from President Robert B. Smallwood down, had turned out for the party. The girls were delighted.

The results of many important surveys and of laboratory tests and researches in food and nutrition are often announced first at the conference. Thousands of dollars are spent and the most elaborate skills and imagination employed to present to the assembled editors what is new and interesting in their field. For despite the good times they have, the gifts they receive and the extensive program of entertainment laid out for them during the week, it is news about food which they seek first and which makes the conference important. Most of those attending, despite the constant grind of meetings and meals, file a daily story for their papers. Much of the material they accumulate during the week is worked into their columns during the year.

The conference, now an annual fixture alternating between New York and Chicago, is nurtured and sponsored by the American Association of Newspaper Representatives. But its beginnings were largely accidental. J. H. Sawyer, Jr., member of a Chicago firm of newspaper representatives, and now permanent chairman of the conference, discovered quite unwittingly and somewhat to his surprise that while making a friendly effort on behalf of one newspaper food editor, Grace Hawley of the Atlanta Journal, he had come upon something of real worth and value to all newspaper food editors, and to the industry itself. What he evolved has grown into the top event of its kind.

World War II was fully under way, and rationing and price controls had been put

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into effect when Miss Hawley came to Chicago in 1942 to talk to packers and cereal people and other food manufacturers about what it all meant to the American housewife. She appealed to Jake Sawyer for help.

Sawyer recognized she had the idea for a good story. He also felt it was important news for women in other parts of the country. And where he mightn't be able to bring a number of food manufacturers together to talk to one food editor, he might be able to bring a number of them together to talk to a number of food editors. Thus was assembled the first Food Editors Conference, held in Chicago of that year.

Because of the war, hotel accommodations were hard to get and railroad travel was difficult. The conference had to be limited to the Midwest, with Omaha as a boundary on the west and Pittsburgh on the east, but about 30 editors attended and the first results were gratifying to editors and manufacturers alike.

The conference was repeated in 1943, this time in Cincinnati, and in 1944 in New Orleans. In 1945 it went back to Chicago, and since has alternated between that city and New York. This year more than 130 editors representing newspapers from all parts of the country, with a combined circulation of 28,000,000, attended. The food manufacturers and associations participating in the conference totaled 28, among them the biggest in the country.

Sawyer's problem today is how to schedule all those of the industry who are eager to get into the conference to tell the editors their story. It can't be done. Though they take it with a smile, the program now is as much as the editors can handle.

A typical conference day begins with a breakfast at eight thirty, followed by two morning meetings of an hour each, a lunch, two afternoon meetings, and a dinner which isn't over until ten thirty or eleven o'clock.

### And Breakfast in Bed, Too

At the most recent session one group did not wait for the girls to get up in the morning. The Pan-American Coffee Bureau served them breakfast in bed and then followed it with an hour-long meeting on the coffee situation when the gals came downstairs. With only a few minor differences, all the other days of the conference are like this one.

Accordingly, to enlarge the scope and variety of the conference, Sawyer strives to alternate the manufacturers on the annual schedules, dropping some and adding others with the years. Some companies are fixtures, at the expressed preference of the editors themselves, but all are eager to get into the meetings.

Even the distinguished Claudius Philippe of the Waldorf-Astoria, a renowned figure in the culinary world, successor to the famous Oscar and, as director of sales and catering for the Waldorf, grand panjandrum of all of that great hotel's kitchens and dining rooms, seized upon the opportunity to address the editors at their opening session this year.

Times being what they are, Philippe told them, even the Waldorf has begun to condition its diners against a time when rationing might conceivably return, by including now on its daily menus some of the plainer dishes using cheaper ingredients, like veal stew, lamb stew, shoulder of lamb or deviled beef bones. Out came the notebooks and pencils. Deviled beef bones sounded like a good manly dish, as well as an economical one. They wrote down Philippe's Waldorf recipe:

Use reserved bones from a freshly roasted roast beef. Roll each one in melted mustard. And after that in freshly made bread crumbs. Season with a little ground pepper and red pepper. Broil nicely on all sides in a flat broiling pan, pouring a little melted butter over them from time to time. Separately, make a sauce as follows: Take 1 tablespoon of chopped shallots and cook a little in warm, sweet butter; add a teaspoon of flour, a tablespoon of good vinegar and 1 cup of excellent stock. Boil for two minutes. Take off the fire, add 1 tablespoon of liquid mustard and 1 teaspoon of freshly chopped chives.

One of the important benefits of the conference is the exchange of ideas among the editors themselves. While united by a common interest in food and the home, they are highly individualistic, with well-developed notions of their own. Some, less concerned with the "big picture," skillfully slant their columns at the local needs and interests of their readers, such as Cissy Gregg of the Louisville Courier-Journal, who has become almost a civic figure in her devoted championing of Kentucky food and dining customs. Her Kentucky "Derby Day breakfasts" are famous, not only gratefully leaped upon and carried out by Louisville hostesses, but eagerly sought by the other gals at the conference for adaptation to their own sections of the country.

### Main Dish Is "Stretchable"

Cissy is wholly realistic—as well as completely regional—about these "Derby Day breakfasts," for she says the right way to start them off is to "greet each guest with a mint julep." She recommends Kentucky's famed hickory-smoked sugar-cured ham as the main dish, because it is "stretchable."

"No one," says Cissy, "ever knows exactly how many people there will be, because one guest will bring along others."

The other main dish likely will be chicken hash or turkey hash, with small corn-meal battycakes for the hash, and beaten biscuits for the ham. Fresh asparagus goes well with both old ham and chicken, and Kentucky's bibb lettuce belongs with Kentucky food, so she recommends a bowl of small tender heads of bibb, cut in half, chopped with toasted croutons on the small side, and well seasoned with a quite piquant French dressing. Jelly and preserves, of course. And broiled grapefruit or strawberries as a starter, or for the guests to end up on. The breakfast is served buffet style.

For smaller parties, Cissy urges ham again, with eggs and waffles made at the table.

"An old ham in the larder is much like the basic black dress in the closet," she says, "and we try never to be without one."

Besides telling her readers what to do, Cissy gets her readers to tell her what to do, for she pulls a switch on them and on Derby Day calls up various Louisville hostesses to find out what they are serving their guests for breakfasts so she can include it in her pages the next year.

One of the elder stateswomen among the editors is Bessie Murphy, a veteran of all the conferences, who feels quite strongly about the marketing manners of many housewives who bring the children or the family pooch to market with them and let them run riot among the rutabagas and the biscuits, upsetting piles of canned goods until the harried groceryman's store is a shambles. She tells 'em about it in her columns, too.

Writing from her home in Memphis, Miss Murphy is the food editor for the Arkansas Democrat in Little Rock, the Charleston, South Carolina, Post News & Carrier and the Shreveport, Louisiana, Times, but while a Southerner all her life, she doesn't concentrate on Southern dishes.

"I think," says Miss Bessie, as she is known to the editors at the conference, "that the things we want to give the housewife today are what is in her grocery store."

She is a great believer in all the ready mixes, concentrates and other short cuts of modern-day packaged foods instead of perpetuating the old-time kitchen drudgery.

"And today's stuff tastes better, too," she says firmly.

Dorothy Sinz of the Dallas Times-Herald works closely with the local representative of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and each week learns what, from the fertile farm lands around Dallas, is at that moment at its peak and in greatest abundance. Her week's menus feature this product in various forms, so her readers can make the most timely use of what they are likely to find freshest, most plentiful and cheapest in their markets.

### Miracle Men with Sea Food

The New England contingent at the conference—Agnes Mahan of the Boston Globe, Muriel Caswall of the Boston Post, Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston Record American and Advertiser—are loyal to the bean and the cod. Food of their region is featured. Thus, they came to attention, taut as pointers in the field, their nostrils twitching, when the National Fisheries Institute brought in such accomplished chefs as Étienne Greaux and Jean Verrat of New York's Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Gaston Martin of the Café Louis XIV, in New York, and Nick Petters, the veteran of New York's famed Grand Central Station oyster bar, to do miraculous things with sea food.

Nick showed them how to make an oyster pan roast, a dish of particular interest to seaboard editors, but nevertheless assiduously copied down by others from inland parts of the country:

Place in a deep pan 10 freshly opened oysters, one pat of butter, one tablespoon

COLLIER'S

"You mean to say your sister smells like that on purpose?"

LARRY FRICK



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *here's to the* KING *of blends!*

Brown-Forman's
KING
A Flavor Favorite from Kentucky
BROWN-FORMAN OVER 80 YEARS OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
Brown-Forman's
SINCE 1870
KING
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED WHISKY
Its mild mellow goodness makes King a favorite with those who prefer a lighter drink
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

New Light Formula

New Light Package

New Lower Price

## it's Really LIGHT *as you like it!*

Treat your taste to Today's King! Fine, *really light* flavor—*really light* whisky—in a new crystal clear bottle that lets you *see* its goodness!

And, in Today's King, Brown-Forman proves that fine blends need not be expensive. Enjoy it now—you'll be amazed at the *really low price!*

**KING BLACK LABEL.** Blended Whisky. 37½% Straight Whiskies, 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 86 Proof.

**BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION**
***At Louisville in Kentucky***

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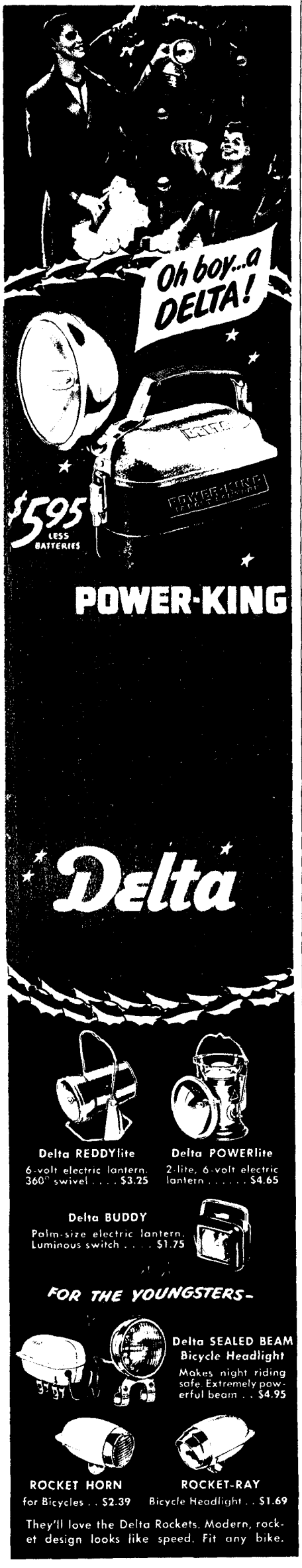
Oh boy...a DELTA!
$5.95
LESS BATTERIES
POWER-KING
Delta
Delta REDDYlite
6-volt electric lantern. 360° swivel . . . . $3.25
Delta POWERlite
2-lite, 6-volt electric lantern . . . . . $4.65
Delta BUDDY
Palm-size electric lantern. Luminous switch . . . . $1.75
FOR THE YOUNGSTERS-
Delta SEALED BEAM Bicycle Headlight
Makes night riding safe. Extremely powerful beam . . $4.95
ROCKET HORN
for Bicycles . . $2.39
ROCKET-RAY
Bicycle Headlight . . $1.69
They'll love the Delta Rockets. Modern, rocket design looks like speed. Fit any bike.

of chili sauce, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, a few drops of lemon juice, ¼ cup oyster liquor, celery salt and paprika. Let the above mixture cook for about one minute, stirring continuously while cooking. Add four ounces (½ cup) cream, and when it comes to a boil pour it over one piece of dry toast placed in a soup plate, ready to serve.

Mrs. Zola Vincent, of Pasadena, California, who writes a column for a number of home-town dailies and weeklies on the Pacific Coast, and Cleo Kerley of the Hollywood Citizen News came the farthest distance, but they maintained a local interest as they took copious notes on the remarks of C. G. King, scientific director of the Nutrition Foundation, who, as professor of chemistry at the University of Pittsburgh in 1932, discovered vitamin C, the "sunshine vitamin" found in orange juice.

Mrs. Edwyna Payton Fenton, representing the Centerville, Iowa, Daily Iowagian and Citizen, made the conference pay double dividends, for she combined her attendance with her first trip to New York, and in the doing amassed a brief case of items which should have a measurable impact on the cultural and gastronomic life of Centerville from now on.

As a serious gesture of recognition for the efforts which go into the production of the food pages and columns, the American Meat Institute, which comprises about 200 meat packers, among them Swift, Armour, Cudahy, Wilson, Hormel and other big ones, annually awards at the conference bronze statuettes of Vesta, in mythology goddess of hearth and fire, and hence in the preparation of foods as a sort of culinary Oscar for "oustanding excellence in the presentation of news about food."

This year's winners were Peggy Nichols of the Long Beach, California, Independent, Clarice Rowlands of The Milwaukee Journal, Mildred Planthold of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and Agnes Reasor Olmstead of The Atlanta Constitution.

### Background of a Vesta Winner

In winning her award Mrs. Olmstead sort of scored a hole in one, for this was her first conference and also the first year in which she has conducted food columns on a newspaper. However, she is no amateur, but on the contrary a professional home economist, as are several more among the editors, having been graduated from Purdue with a B.S. in home economics, and having worked as such for Norge, Swift & Company and the Cereal Institute before she moved to Atlanta with her husband and started writing for a newspaper.

In its own way, the conference threw quite a bit of confusion into the Waldorf-Astoria itself, which ordinarily is gaited to grapple with unusual problems, but this time found some which were unique. Of course it solved them, but it took some doing.

In entertaining the food editors the H. J. Heinz Company put on a "Pennsylvania Dutch dinner," a gustatory blitzkrieg which featured *Sauerbraten* with rich brown gravy, *geschmelzte Nudel*, oven baked beans, fried eggplant, fried tomatoes, sweet and sour pickles and relishes and chowchows from among Heinz's 57 varieties, hot biscuits, sour rye bread, cheesecake, shoofly pie, cider and coffee.

The Heinz people tossed these Plain Folk recipes at the Waldorf's French chefs and then sat back to see what would happen. While a few Gallic expletives got mixed up in the *geschmelzte Nudel*, it all came out happily, though some felt the Waldorf missed the boat on the shoofly pie.

To keep the editors straight the Heinz people printed this recipe for it on the back of their place cards.

SHOOFLY PIE

Pastry
¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup light brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon powdered ginger
⅛ teaspoon powdered cloves
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 egg yolk, well beaten
½ cup light molasses
1½ teaspoons baking soda, dissolved in
⅔ cup boiling water

Line an 8-inch pie plate with pastry. Sift together flour and next 6 ingredients. Cut in shortening until mixture is crumblike in appearance. Combine beaten egg yolk, molasses and soda which has been dissolved in boiling water. In pie shell, alternate layers of flour mixture and liquid, starting and ending with flour mixture. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 F. and bake 15 minutes longer or until done. Cool before serving.

Another Waldorf crisis arose, but was successfully met, when the Minute Maid Corporation conceived the idea of giving the girls their frozen morning orange juice and the rest of their breakfast in the Men's Bar. Since no doe had ever before even peeked around the corner into the sacred precincts of this masculine sanctuary, there was considerable head scratching among the Waldorf staff. What would the boys say if the news got around?

But by careful timing they got the women fed and in and out before the first hung-over male arrived at 11 A.M. for a whisky sour.

When the National Macaroni Institute moved its macaroni-manufacturing machine in on the gals, extra power and water lines had to be installed in the plush Waldorf suite where this doughy monster operated. Also, it required 12 extra Waldorf porters to remove the product afterward, for the fellow who invented the macaroni-manufacturing machine did not put a reverse gear on it. It is all forward; everything that comes out of a macaroni-manufacturing machine stays out, and after the gals got through running it for half an hour there were several miles of macaroni curled up on the Aubusson rug, not usual for the Park Avenue hostelry. Besides learning how to run a macaroni machine, the gals listened to an instructive lecture on how to set up an A&P supermarket.

At the St. Regis roof further ingenuity was uncovered as the General Foods Corporation put on a Birds Eye View of New York—a delectable dinner comprised almost wholly of frozen foods, ranging through frozen fruits served in scooped-out halves of fresh pineapple, fantail shrimp—a new frozen product which had not yet reached the market when the editors got it—*coq au vin* made with Birds Eye chickens, frozen asparagus tips and ice cream and cake flavored with frozen orange juice, the whole thing accompanied by a cascade of domestic Rieslings, clarets, muscatels and champagnes from the Wine Growers of California that made the Birds Eye View from the St. Regis roof quite a rosy one.

As reminders of the conference—and also of the manufacturers' products—the editors took away with them an assortment of gifts which, by the end of the week, had risen into a mound rivaling the Pyramids in size. They were given handkerchiefs and scarfs with maps of New York printed on them or recipes for chicken pie, wicker carryalls loaded with feminine knickknacks, wallets and notebooks, copper coffee makers, applesauce strainers, candies and chocolate turkeys, and even an old-fashioned three-legged wooden milking stool, a reminder from the Borden Company of the good old days when the farmer used to sit down to talk it over with Elsie.

### A Diamond Won in a Drawing

One editor, Harriet Cooke of the Buffalo, New York, Evening News, even came off with an unset diamond, which had been drawn for during a demonstration of how to shorten your day with shortening.

Loaded as they were, both inside and out—for the week's accumulation of press releases, pamphlets, surveys, recipes and other notes formed a monumental pile in themselves—how to get this booty home offered a pretty fair-sized problem.

But at this point the Tea Industry—which on the one night when no dinner was scheduled took groups of the girls in hansom cabs and barouches to see South Pacific, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, Season in the Sun or Peep Show, as they chose, stepped in gallantly to package all this stuff in big cardboard cartons and express them home. By this time the girls had just enough strength left to say, "Thanks." They couldn't have made it on their own.

In fact, at week's end the general spirit of the windup of the Seventh Annual Food Editors Conference was best expressed by Patricia Brown of the New York World-Telegram and Sun, who was saying good-by to her host at the final cocktail party.

"It certainly was nice seeing all you girls this week," said the food company executive. "I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to tell you more about our new atomic appetizers. Maybe we can get together for a nice lunch next week. I know a swell Italian restaurant."

"Sir," said Pat, turning a little green at the gills, "how dare you!" THE END

COLLIER'S

**"You always have to have the next to the last word in every argument, don't you?"**

IRWIN CAPLAN



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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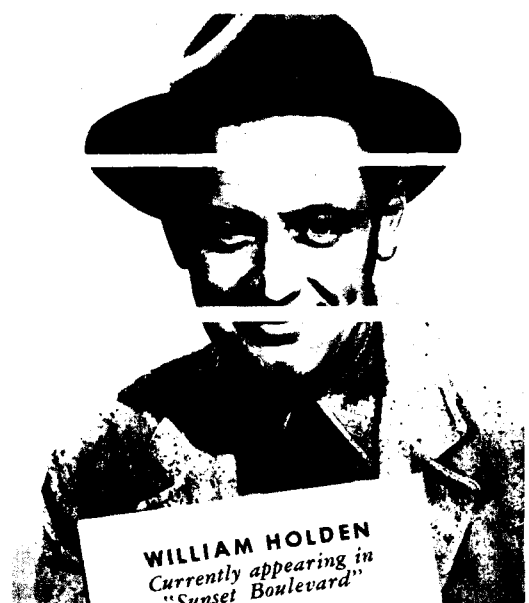
# Here are the Paramount Stars

**BETTY HUTTON**
*Currently appearing in*
*"Let's Dance"*
*(color by Technicolor)*



**WILLIAM HOLDEN**
*Currently appearing in*
*"Sunset Boulevard"*

**MONA FREEMAN**
*Currently appearing in*
*"Copper Canyon"*

## . . . featured in Sealright's Eyedentification Contest

### THESE KEEN-EYED CONTESTANTS WERE WINNERS OF MONTHLY AWARDS:

**Weir-Meyer Furnace**
1. S. H. Rosander, Rockford, Illinois
2. Joan Leidigh, Nebraska City, Nebr.
3. Mrs. George J. Close, New Lenox, Illinois

**Brush Sound Mirror Tape Recorder**
1. Mrs. Dorothy Graver, Drexel Hill, Pa.
2. Mrs. Gladys Rutter, South Connellsville, Pa.
3. Mrs. Arnold Vincent, Lake Charles, La.

**Set of 4 Seiberling Safety Tires**
1. Mrs. E. S. Wood, Coldwater, Mich.
2. Amanda Worthington, Greenville, Miss.
3. Miss Barbara Tilley, Greenville, N. C.

**Perfection Range**
1. Mrs. J. O. Painter, Olean, New York
2. Mrs. Boesel, Sioux Falls, S. D.
3. Evelyn Sowolla, Maple Heights, Ohio

**White Sewing Machine**
1. Gladys Graves, Nashville, Tenn.
2. Mrs. Helen Hepworth, Farmington, Utah
3. Mrs. David W. Patterson, Berwyn, Penna.

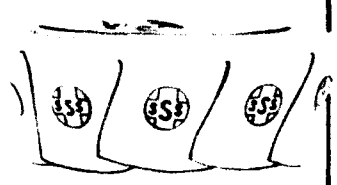
**Apex Dish-A-Matic Sink**
1. Mary Lee Pickett, Durham, N. C.
2. Mrs. J. W. Hibbitt, Fort Worth, Texas
3. Mrs. H. M. Gorsline, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Apex Automatic Clothes Dryer**
1. Mrs. R. L. Anderson, Shelley, Idaho
2. Mrs. B. Whitaker, New Albany, Ind.
3. A. Jakubowski, Wilmington, Delaware

**Apex Fold-A-Matic Ironer**
1. K. Hazel Burnham, Clinton, Conn.
2. Mrs. Edith Andrews, Brunswick, Maine
3. Rena B. Carlough, Milford, Connecticut

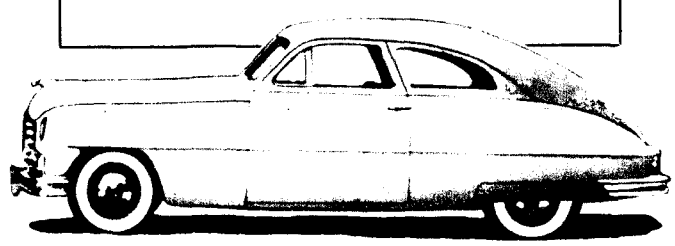
**Apex Wash-A-Matic Automatic Washer**
1. Mrs. N. Ockman, New Orleans, La.
2. E. E. Clark, Painesville, Ohio
3. Hallie Brown, Decatur, Illinois

**Apex Home Cleaner**
1. Fannie Pelto, Minneapolis, Minn.
2. Mrs. A. O. Schafer, Springfield, Mo.
3. Dorothy C. Kuhn, Gloversville, N. Y.



### *The Grand Prize Winner is*

**MRS. B. WHITAKER**
**NEW ALBANY, INDIANA**



## GRAND PRIZE
### Packard 2-door Sedan

The thousands of entries received in this contest prove that you can't fool the public on their movie favorites. The 25-word statements also prove that most housewives (and many of their husbands) recognize that milk bottles should be sealed so that their pouring surfaces are protected from handling and exposure during delivery. Whether you entered the contest or not, be sure your milk bottles are protected with a Sealright Sealon Milk Bottle Closure.

We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

# Sealright SANITARY MILK BOTTLE CLOSURES

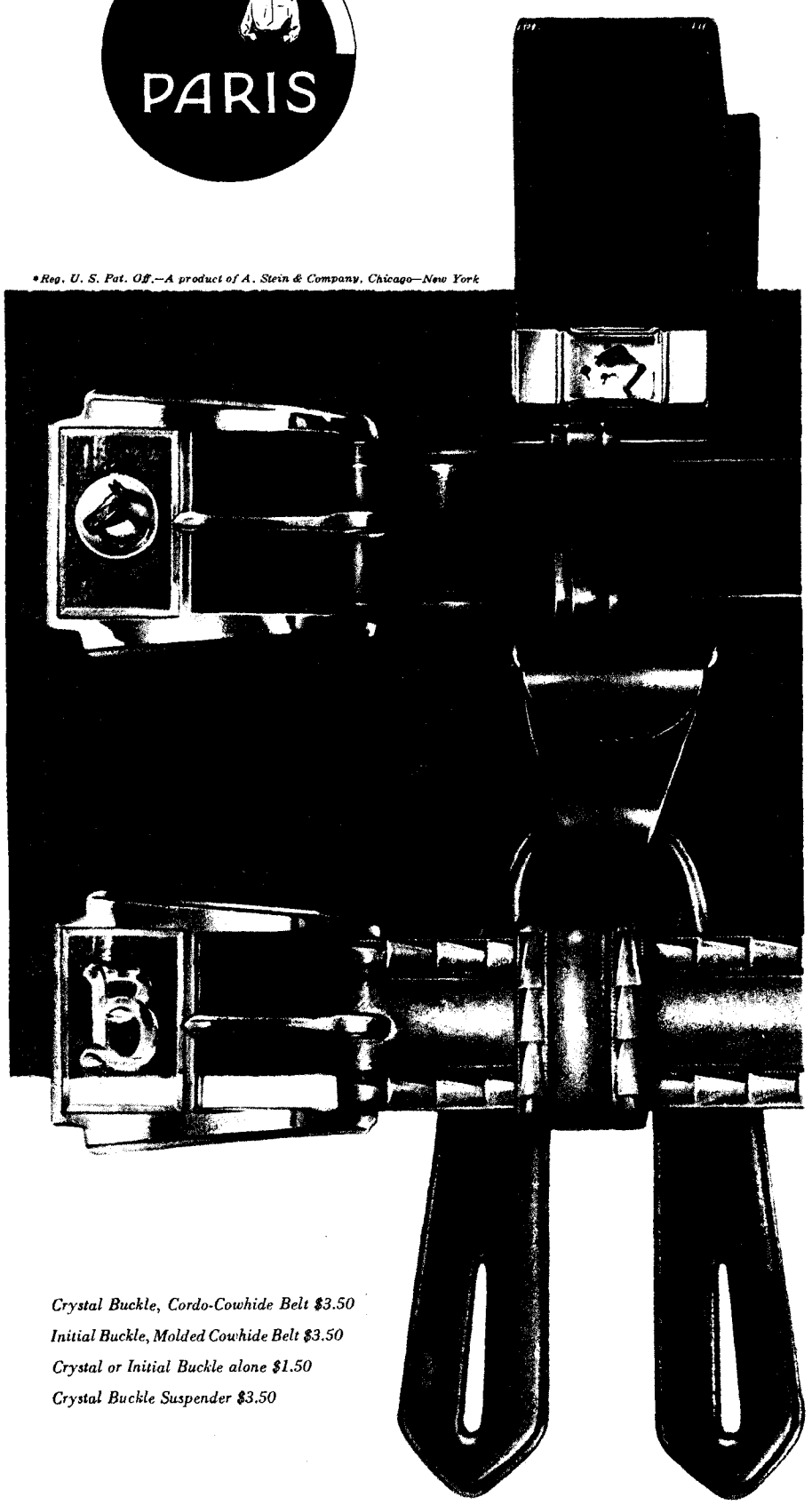
SEALRIGHT CO., INC., FULTON, N. Y. • KANSAS CITY, KANSAS • SEALRIGHT PACIFIC, LTD., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
CANADIAN SEALRIGHT CO., LTD., PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Crystal Buckles, an exclusive "Paris"* style innovation, are unusual Christmas gifts of great beauty. With handsome hand-painted sporting subjects, or his initial, he will enjoy and cherish your remembrance always.**

PARIS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York



*Crystal Buckle, Cordo-Cowhide Belt $3.50*
*Initial Buckle, Molded Cowhide Belt $3.50*
*Crystal or Initial Buckle alone $1.50*
*Crystal Buckle Suspender $3.50*


# He's Been Working on the Toy Railroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

its customers but also because he has no patience with a man who won't stand up and admit he likes to play with trains.

"It makes me mad," he cried out not long ago. "Why shouldn't a man run a train? Why, operating a good train layout is one of the greatest challenges I know!"

Cowen moves on the potential train buyer from several directions. This fall, Lionel sponsored Joe DiMaggio on a television show, distributed more than 1,000,000 catalogues, and wooed the public in various other ways. Had a model railroad club needed advice on how to simulate a mulligan stew in a trackside hobo jungle, Lionel would somehow have found the answer; by request, it has already devised a method of simulating the aurora borealis and for producing thumb-size thunderstorms on model train layouts.

Lionel's showroom in New York has a cinders-and-steam atmosphere which outdoes a good many actual railroad stations. A few years ago, the Pennsylvania Railroad gave Cowen a 12-foot-high model of an S-2 steam turbine which he mounted in the entrance in such a way as to give visitors the impression they are about to be run down by The Broadway Limited.

Numerous models of his earlier triumphs in trains, some of them going all the way back to 1900, are displayed reverently behind glass, and Cowen has erected an elaborate model train layout which would cost some $12,000 to duplicate. It is an involved system with perhaps a dozen trains operating over it, and he has made it collision-proof to foil the salesmen who demonstrate the trains each year for the Christmas buyers.

Cowen found out some time ago that when he wasn't looking they raced the trains to various crossovers and other points of contact with such sadistic abandon that Lionel Lines was suffering several major wrecks a day.

As befits a man with Cowen's formidable conscience, Lionel products are not only of high quality but many of them can be eaten without serious aftereffects. While there is little likelihood, perhaps, of any youngster's nibbling away a steel-and-plastic locomotive, he can, if he tries, get a good portion of it down by disassembling it with a screw driver. In this fashion an extraordinary number of smoke pellets, which are about the size of aspirin tablets, bags of artificial grass, lumps of artificial coal, miniature milk cans, and an occasionel wheel or grab rail are accidentally consumed each year.

Only a few weeks ago, Lionel got a telephone call from a doctor in Detroit. "I've got a boy in my office who has just swallowed six smoke pellets," he said. "What antidote do I use?"

The Lionel Corporation was proud to say, "None—they can't hurt him." Like all the potential edibles which Lionel manufactures, the pellets had been tested by various doctors and boards of health before Cowen would produce them commercially.

For all his foresight, however, Cowen over the years has had some bad moments, possibly the worst coming when it became obvious to him that he would have to reconcile himself to the Diesel age. Lionel switched its main production from steam to Diesel in 1948, but Cowen himself still prefers the action of a steam engine's drivers and pistons, and he admits he misses the good old days. When he talks about it, he is inclined to double up his fists and simulate the action with his arms, while a wistful, faraway look comes into his eyes.

Nonetheless, he has bent to the day; he knows that tastes have changed. Last year, Lionel sold more Diesels (as separate engines out of sets) than it had ever sold in steam over a period of 12 months. Twenty years ago, purchasers favored electric-type locomotives. The last generation liked sleek passenger trains and this one likes freight trains. The most popular item in the current Lionel line is a cattle car which was introduced last year. Lionel has not made a tunnel in 15 years; the modern young train owner now wants a pair of switches instead. Foreign models have never had any great success in this country, and Cowen stopped making windup trains in 1934.

As a youth, Cowen's greatest facility lay in his capacity for productive puttering, a talent which has in no way diminished over the years. The son of a real-estate man, he was born in New York City on August 25, 1880, the eighth of nine children. Having demonstrated almost from the start a knack for whittling, which his father interpreted correctly as the first outcropping of genius, he was soon enrolled in the Cooper Union institute. His father was also undoubtedly influenced in his desire to get Joshua out of the house by a steam engine young Cowen had built and which had subsequently exploded in the kitchen.

In any event, while he was still in pantaloons at Cooper Union, he worked out what may have been the first electric doorbell, but he dropped the idea when his instructor told him it had no practical application.

Cowen was always fastidious, whether he was whittling, inventing doorbells, or keeping a notebook in school. As he says now, "If I was going to be a bootblack, I was going to be the very best bootblack." When he was sixteen, he appeared at Columbia University for a course in engineering, but left after a few months to take a job with the Acme Electric Lamp Company, where he quickly established himself as the best assembler of battery lamps they had.

Working nights, after business hours, he let his hands and his spirit roam where they would, and before long he had developed what he thinks was one of the first dry-cell batteries in America. He had also invented a fuse to ignite the magnesium powder used by the photographers of the day. Word of this latter development seeped into the Navy Department in Washington, and when he was only eighteen, he found himself with a Navy contract to equip 24,000 mines with detonators. Cowen promptly

AL RAMEE

## Don't Mind Me

My wife's about to change her mind.
You think I'm vexed? I'm not.
For, truth be told, I am not sold
Upon the one she's got.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



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# REXALL Gift Ideas

## AT YOUR REXALL DRUG STORE

To a Lovely Her

**CARA NOME BATH POWDER**

Fragrant, refreshing, dainty... expensively gift packaged.

Choice $1.25 EACH

**CARA NOME COLOGNE**

One of the most famous scents in American cologne.

**CARA NOME POWDERED PERFUME**

Day-long fragrance for ear-tips and throat ...wonderful as sachet.

**CARA NOME MAKE-UP GIFT SET** $3.50

Exquisite 3-piece set...face powder, rouge, lipstick... enchantingly gift boxed for milady's delight.

**CARA NOME COLOGNE AND TALC SET** $2.50

Fragrant duet for after-bath daintiness, smartly gift packaged.

To a Handsome Him

**stag GIFT SET** $1.79

Choice of two...one with popular Stag Brushless Shave Cream, 6-oz. After-Shave Lotion and After-Shave Talc. Other—same except with Stag Bay Rum Shaving Cream. Both—real favorites!

OTHER GIFT SETS TO $3.49

**LAVENDER MEN'S SET** $1.69

There's a refreshing hint of English lavender in this handsomely packaged set of Mentholated Shave Cream, After-Shave Lotion and Talc.

OTHER LAVENDER MEN'S SETS TO $2.59

**stag SHAVING BOWL** $1.29

Months of morning smiles in this smart wooden bowl.

**CARA NOME GUEST SOAP**

Six beautifully figured, oval toilet-size cakes... pure and fragrant ...special wrap. $1.25

| | |
|---|---|
| Cara Nome Cologne and Dusting Powder Set | $2.75 |
| Cara Nome Talc, Christmas Wrapped | $1.00 |
| White Mink Cologne 4 ozs. | $2.75 |
| White Mink Dusting Powder | $2.00 |

**CARA NOME WHITE MINK PERFUME** ¼ OZ. $4.75

Truly to be treasured... one of the great names in perfumes.

**$1 Gift Ideas for Him**

| | |
|---|---|
| Genuine Leather Billfolds | from $1 |
| Military Brush Sets | from $1 |
| Gentlemen's Picture Box Stationery | $1 |

**STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION** 12 OZ. $1.25

A man-size bottle of skin-tingling, face-smoothing fragrance... specially-designed bottle... specially boxed.

**COMPACTS** 98c

Single... loose powder... exquisitely embossed designs... assorted styles.

OTHER COMPACTS FROM $1.50

**CARA NOME PERFUME** ½ OZ. $2.00

Distinctive and enchanting rather than attention-getting... a scent any woman would love. Gift Packaged.

½ OZ. CARA NOME PERFUME $3.50

To Someone Sweet

**Kitchen-Fresh COTTAGE CHOCOLATES** 1 lb. $1.00

Made with dairy-fresh cream and butter... 32 pieces—20 different centers... crunchy pecan and almond, fruit-flavored creams, luscious caramels ...richly coated in Milk or Dark Chocolate.

2 LB. COTTAGE CHOCOLATES $2.00

To Someone Special

Season's Biggest Value

**50 CHRISTMAS Exquisite CARDS**

$2.50 VALUE **98c**

25 different designs, 16 with effects, flocking, and extra sparkles, 4 x 5 size, with matching envelopes.

GIANT PACK—TAGS AND SEALS —200 PIECES 19c

**Symphony CANASTA SET** $2.29

Wonderful gift hunch for Canasta fans. Cards are plastic-coated, washable. Truly a deluxe set!

| | |
|---|---|
| Electrex Jr. Wet-Proof Heating Pad | $4.95 |
| Ladies Professional Hair Brush and Comb | 98c |

**Slend-O-Rite BALL PEN & PENCIL SET** 98c

Looks much, much more than this modest price. You'd expect to pay at least this much for a good ball point pen alone.

**Symphony AMERICAN PICTURE PRINTS** 89c

24 bordered letter sheets and matching envelopes in box with colorful print on cover.

**Symphony FLOWERS IN THE WIND Stationery** $1.50

Symphony linen in 3 exquisite color selections... 48 flat sheets ... 48 pattern-lined envelopes.

**Symphony DOTS GALORE NOTES** 79c

24 Lorain folded notes, Vellum paper, with 24 polka-dot lined envelopes.

**Symphony LINEN Folded Letters** $1.00

24 folded letter sheets, tied with gold metallic cord, 3 colors, 24 envs.

**Symphony thoughts sincere stationery** $1.00

24 flat sheets with colorful border, 24 envelopes with patterned lining.

**Nymer Neal American Custom CHOCOLATES**

Selector chart guides you to tempting tidbits of mouth-watering goodness... wonderfully good... beautifully boxed. 1 lb. $2.00

2 LB. AMERICAN CUSTOM CHOCOLATES $4

**Family Style ASSORTED CHOCOLATES** 5 lbs. $2.98

Crammed to the lid with luscious creams, caramels, nougats, fruit-flavored centers and delectable foil-wraps.

**Christmas Candies to Every Taste**

| | |
|---|---|
| Nymer Neal Fruit and Nut Assortment | 1 lb. $1.75 |
| Nymer Neal Marianettes | 1 lb. $2.00 |
| Nymer Neal Milk Choc. Asst. rough dipped | 1 lb. $1.50 |
| Christmas Hard Candy (cellophane sock in gift box) | 1 lb. 49c |

**Rexall DRUGGISTS OF AMERICA**

Prices on all items subject to change without notice. Cosmetic items are subject to Federal Tax. Right reserved to limit quantities. Items and prices may vary in Canada. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles, 48, California.

**Gift Headquarters for Toys · Smokers Needs · Cameras · Games · Baby Gifts and Leather Goods**

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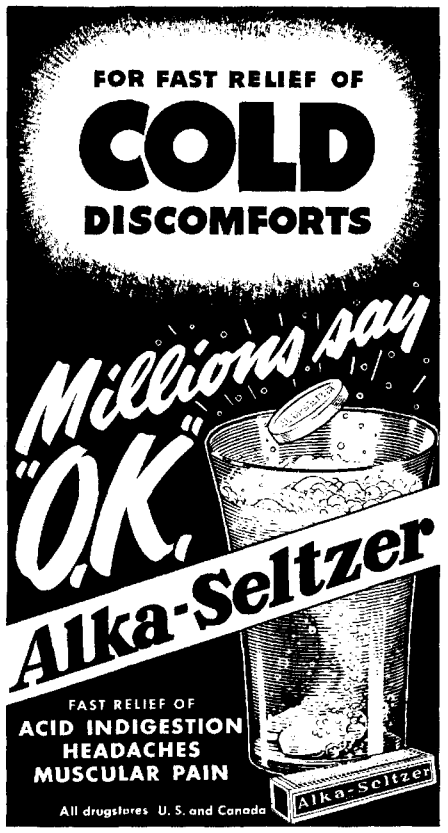


Get Well
QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

Don't Suffer CONSTIPATION
Try This MODERN Way

Jad Salts® *flush* food waste, actually wash out your lower bowel by bringing extra, needed fluids to soften the dry, hardened area. Jad Salts work so *gently*, the way nature intended, that you will enjoy the complete bowel movement they give. Jad Salts are alkaline, *reduce excess stomach* acidity as they make bowels move again. So for a smooth, thorough, comfortable aid to regular bowel movements, take Jad Salts, the *modern* way to relieve constipation.

The ORIGINAL DAIQUIRI
was made with
BACARDI
the best still are
RUM . . . 86 & 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

Bet he goes for
Baked Beans with-

Sauce — the dash that makes the dish
*Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.*


opened his own shop in a loft in downtown New York and went to work on the new project.

Looking back on it now, he remembers delivering the detonators to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but he found it tedious counting to 24,000 and he thinks he may have inadvertently shortchanged the Navy by a detonator or two. The thought still harasses him periodically, although the Navy was obviously satisfied with his performance, and it has never occurred to him, since he lost count, that he may have given the Navy more than 24,000.

In any case, with the Navy contract completed, Cowen returned to his puttering. Soon, he had inserted a battery into a tube equipped with a light bulb on one end and a switch on the other. Unfortunately, he failed to recognize it as the first flashlight. Instead, unaccountably, he placed the gadget in a pot of plants to illuminate the flowers. It is possible that he would have tumbled finally to the proper use of the device had it not been for a restaurateur named Conrad Hubert, who bought Cowen's first illuminated flowerpot and was so fascinated with it that he disposed of his restaurant and went on the road to sell it.

Unfortunately, there were, in the original gadget, occasional mechanical failures which annoyed Cowen and he didn't have the patience at the time to correct them. With something akin to disgust, he gave the idea to Hubert, who eventually developed the Eveready flashlight and left $6,000,000 to charity when he died.

Cowen's electric train was born in 1900 with no more fanfare than had attended the births of his other devices. It being a hot day, he had invented an electric fan to cool his office and had then seen the weather turn cool. While he was contemplating the fan's idle motor, wondering what to do with it, the great vision came. Before the week was out, Cowen had a battery-driven flatcar running around a circle of brass track, and he had sold the first set for four dollars to the proprietor of a nearby novelty shop. When the first order was followed by a repeat for six more within a day or two and then by a firm in Providence, Rhode Island, which wanted twenty-five, Cowen knew that he was in business for life.

### Two Men Did All the Work

They were frantic days. He raised the price to six dollars for a car and 30 feet of track, and he and one employee named Harry Grant did all the work. Before Cowen's twenty-first birthday, he was not only America's leading toy train manufacturer, but he was out on the road as America's leading salesman, and he still remembers vividly the day he became a titan.

"I'll never forget it," he said not long ago. "I was out on the road and I got a letter from Harry. 'We now have two solderers,' the letter said. It was the best news I had ever had."

Cowen's first trains bore little resemblance to real trains, but by 1907 he had brought out a miniature model of a Baltimore & Ohio electric locomotive. Because few homes had electricity at the turn of the century, Cowen's first trains ran on dry-cell batteries; he created the first low-voltage transformer a few years later. His transformers had a tendency to heat up to the frying point, but eventually he solved that problem, too.

In 1926, Lionel developed a so-called sequence switch which permitted trains to be reversed by remote control, and Cowen feels that this was the turning point in model railroading. Young engineers could now actually control their trains, and they were tempted as never before to buy switches and other accessories for their layouts.

In 1933, Cowen was alerted to the potentially dangerous existence of the Ives Corporation of Bridgeport, Connecticut, which had also gone into the manufacturing of electric trains. With typical spirit, he bought out Ives and then, after operating the company for two years under the Ives trade-mark, he was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to get rid of it forever. Taking the dies, he hurried to the Connecticut River and hurled them into the stream. That was the end of Ives.

In July, 1940, the Navy asked Lionel to turn out some binnacles and compasses, and from that point on until August, 1945, when existing contracts were canceled, Lionel was at war. Toy trains were forgotten while the factory at Irvington, New Jersey, produced navigational equipment, primers, gun mounts, fuse setters and at least 100 other militarily important devices. When the war ended, Cowen went back to railroading with a vengeance. By late October, the train assembly lines were humming again, and Lionel was rushing its Christmas shipments out by air.

### Wonders of Magne-Traction

Aside from its being his golden anniversary, Cowen feels that 1950 is a monumental year for other reasons. In Magne-Traction, for example, a new Lionel development which permits trains to run uphill or to stand on a grade without rolling, he thinks he has something as revolutionary as his first transformer or his first remote-control switch. With Magne-Traction, a Lionel locomotive with a full string of cars can negotiate a curve at an equivalent of 180 m.p.h. without jumping the track, or can move up a 20 per cent grade. "It's positively wonderful!" Cowen says fervently.

Lionel holds religiously to scale detail, but not to scale size. A few years ago, Charles Giaimo, the works manager of the Lionel factory, turned out a Hudson-type locomotive that was in perfect scale to 1/76 of an inch, and Cowen still thinks it was probably the most beautiful thing his eyes have ever beheld. Unfortunately, much of it had to be built by hand. Cowen abandoned it when Lionel went into war production and he has never resumed it, mostly because the cost to make it now would be prohibitive. Cowen estimates that it would have to sell for $150 to show a profit.

Another reason that Lionel trains are in scale detail instead of scale size is that many locomotives unaccountably lose grace and proportion in a true reduction. The present General Motors Diesel which Lionel manufactures in miniature would have to be slightly shorter and slightly higher if it were built to scale size. In addition there is the problem of articulation; the trains must be built so they can negotiate curves without buckling or straightening out and pulling off the track.

In the matter of scale detail, Cowen is uncompromising, and this is both his fountain of joy and his well of distress. He insists on getting the first sample of every new item and would ordinarily be overjoyed if he hadn't somehow developed the mysterious faculty of being able to put his hand unerringly on defective pieces. This not only strikes terror into the hearts of the workers at the plant, who frequently find him standing peering over their shoulders, but, as Cowen himself puts it, it makes him "heartsick."

"I can stick my hand in a box containing 10,000 wheels and if there is a bad one I will get it," he remarked recently. "Not long ago I turned the knob on a new transformer and it didn't work. The first Union Pacific Diesel we built, I picked it up and the cab came off. It's the darnedest thing I ever saw."

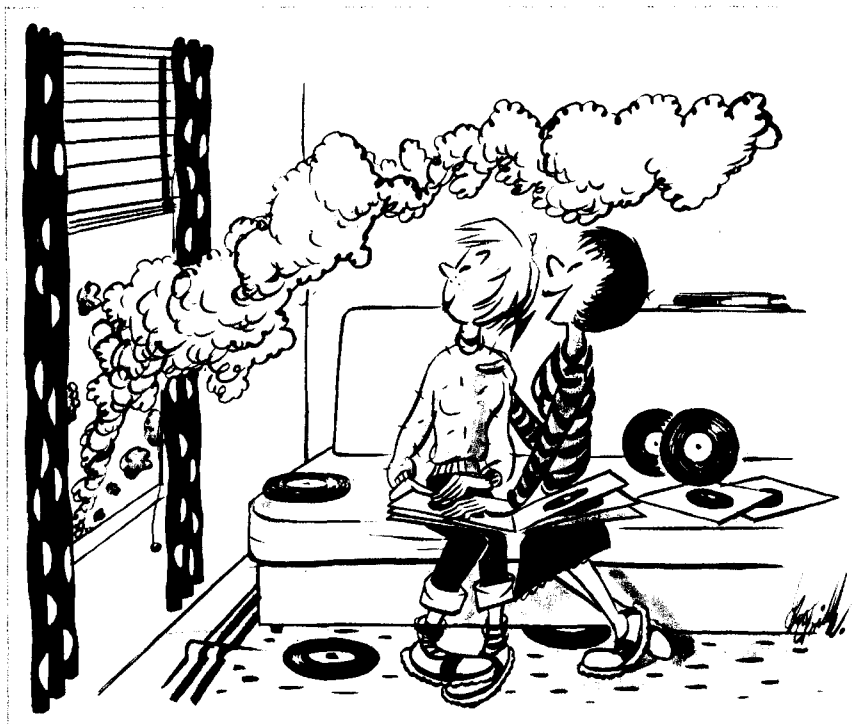
Nevertheless, if something is wrong, Cowen sees to it that it is corrected immediately, no matter what the cost. Shortly before the war, a freight car came off the assembly line with only one brake wheel where it should have had two. When Cowen discovered the error, he spent $20,000 to put the second wheel on. Pretty much the same thing happened when his sensitive ear detected a sour note in the Diesel horn; he yanked the whole line out of production until the horn was retuned to his satisfaction.

### A Disappointed Suggester

By and large, Cowen has little patience with outsiders who make idle suggestions aimed toward the improvement of Lionel Lines. Cowen usually has already thought of the "improvement" himself and for one reason or another has discarded it. One man has been asking him for several years, via a weekly post card, why he doesn't make a Corliss steam engine; actually, Cowen does have one in a Lionel construction kit, but the man refuses to be placated by that.

Several months ago, another man wrote to ask why there were no brakes on the locomotives, adding that if Cowen did decide to install brakes he should be sure to make them squeal like real ones. Cowen wrote him, explaining that he had already thought of a brake, that he had in fact already produced it but that he doesn't use it, that a brake damages too easily, that it adds nothing to the train and that electric trains don't need brakes in the first place.

Cowen's eminence now is such that all the major railroad equipment manufacturers send him blueprints of new designs, hoping for various reasons that he will duplicate them in miniature. Cowen always looks them over carefully. When General Motors delivered the blueprints



COLLIER'S "That smells like Eddie's car!" GEORGE SMITH



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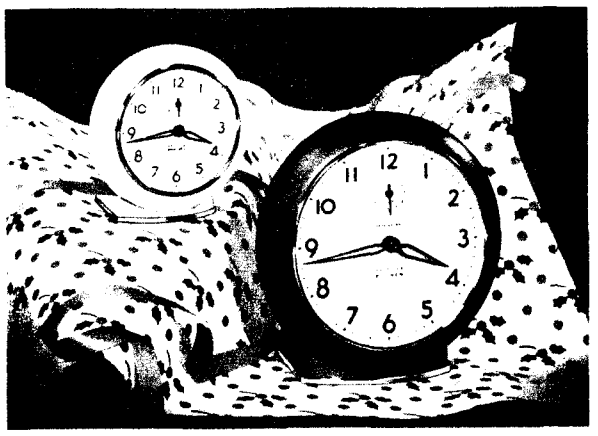
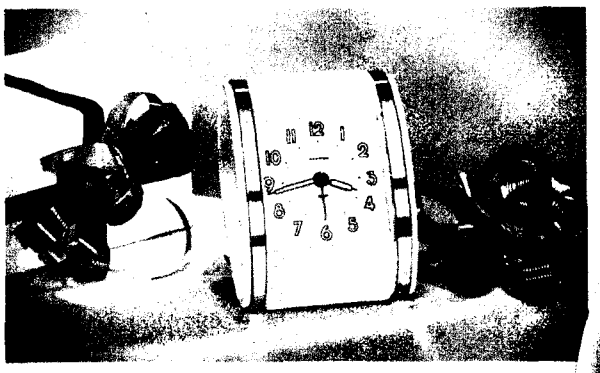
# WESTCLOX

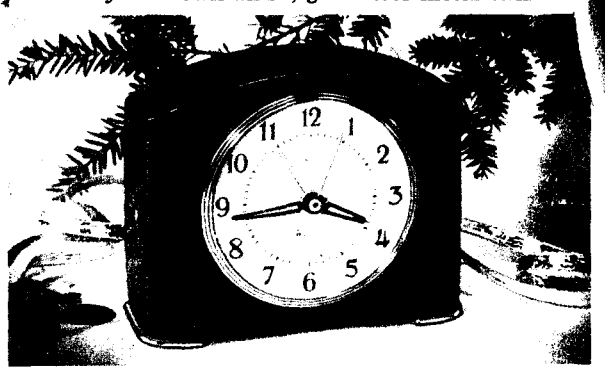
## adds the most brilliant, most versatile wall clock ever designed



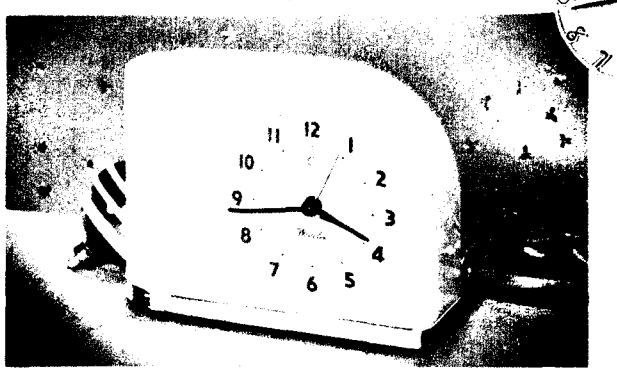
**BABY BEN ALARM**—Quiet tick; alarm adjusts to loud or soft. **BIG BEN LOUD ALARM**—A tick you can hear; intermittent "fire alarm" call. Both clocks come in plain and luminous dial.



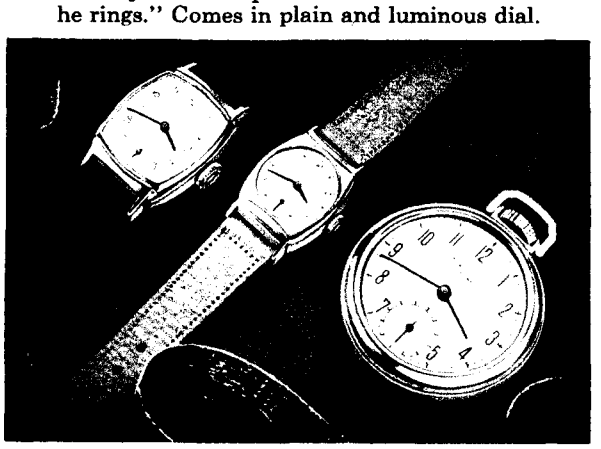
**TRAVALARM**—You *can* take it with you. Closes up like a clam for traveling. Flip it open, it's on duty and on time! Luminous dial. Ivory or brown finish, gold color metal trim.



**GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM**—A handsome new Westclox with a rich mahogany-finish wood case; pleasant tone bell alarm. Gold color metal trim. Comes in plain and luminous dial.



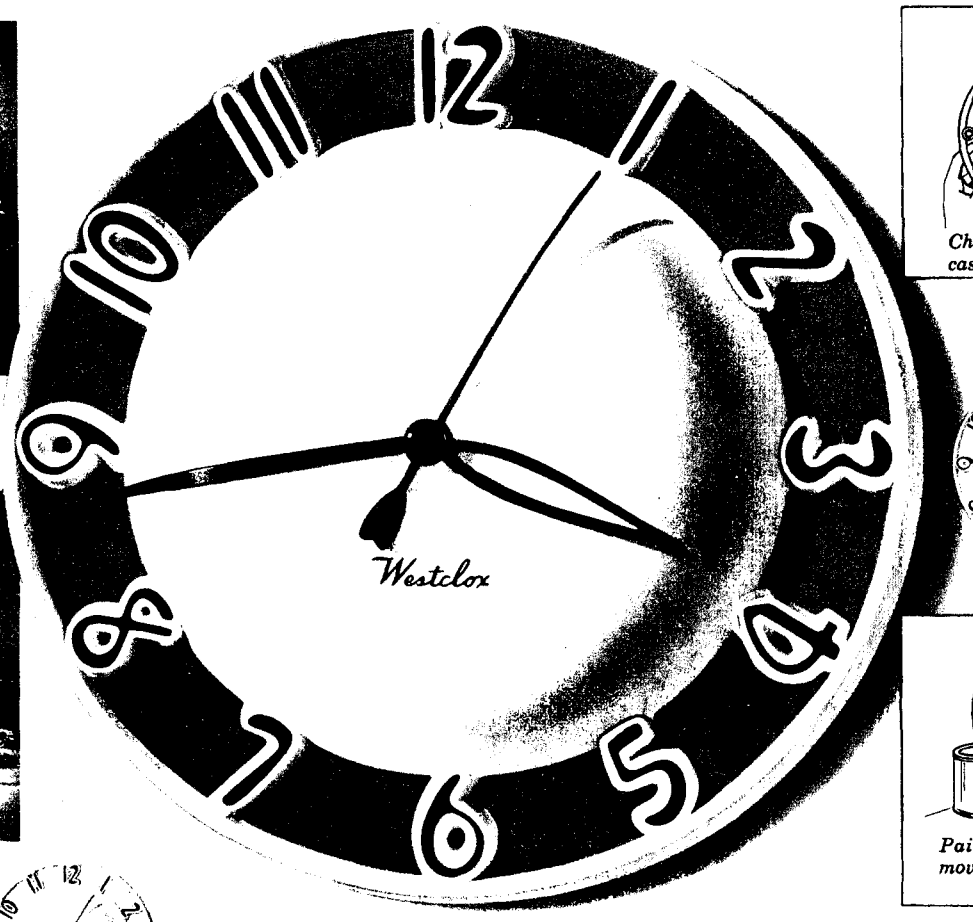
**MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM**—A *different* gift! This Westclox exclusive offers most modern way to wake up. "First he blinks . . . then he rings." Comes in plain and luminous dial.

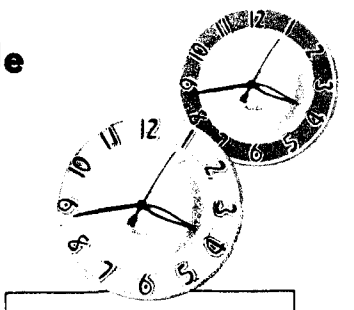


**WRIST BEN** (*Top left*)—New, smart, rugged. Chrome finish case, stainless steel curved back. Plain and luminous dial.

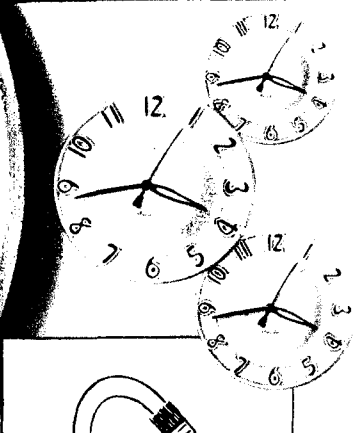
**LANCE** (*Center, left*)—Westclox finest! 10 carat rolled gold plate front case, stainless steel back, curved to fit the wrist.

**POCKET BEN** (*Lower left*)—Thin, handsome, reliable, sturdy. A he-man watch! Comes in plain and luminous dial.

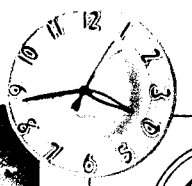


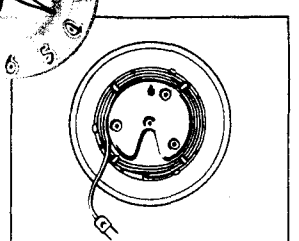



*Change color? Flip out case ring; flop it over!*

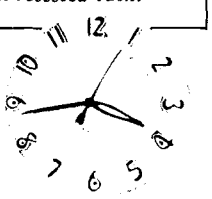


*Paint ring to suit. Or remove so wall shows thru.*





*Surplus cord concealed in recessed back.*



## MELODY ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK

Here, at last, is a brilliant new note in wall clocks! Almost universal in charm, smartly-styled Melody is adaptable to any room. Available in a variety of colors, it blends and harmonizes easily with your color scheme. Or change its color, chameleon-like, to suit your moods. Any way you look at it, Melody gives you something to sing about!

**WESTCLOX***

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN*** *Products of* **GENERAL TIME** *Corporation*

GT GENERAL TIME

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario • *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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"smoother
because there's
not a
wrinkle
in a
rackful!"
Tie appeal is definitely in Botany—but "tie temper" is out! No trouble at all with this neckwear—and no wonder: It wears smoothly through the day and wakes up next morning with wrinkles all gone! You can tie a knot for keeps with Botany. Grand beauties to pick from. $1, $1.50 up.
"BOTANY"*
BRAND
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
Listen to the Botany Song Shop starring Ginny Simms, ABC Network, Sunday evening. See local paper for station and time.
MAKE THE SQUEEZE TEST
You be the judge that Botany doesn't wrinkle. In the store, crush this tie between your fingers. Let go!... Quick and smooth as a wink... Botany springs back to its original shape...without sign of a wrinkle.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1950. BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.
LOOK FOR THE "BOTANY" BRAND LABEL ON PRODUCTS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

of a new Diesel a couple of years ago, they filled a trunk, but Cowen was undaunted. With his engineers, he scrutinized the plans for several weeks, finally decided he liked them, and made arrangements to manufacture the locomotive.

General Motors, apparently feeling that the project might tax Lionel, offered to send its own engineers to help, but Cowen rejected the offer and went ahead on his own. The result was a spectacular miniature engine which he has reproduced under the colors of both the Santa Fe and the New York Central System.

### Glad to Let Names Be Used

Cowen has worked out a unique arrangement with the railroads and the railroad equipment manufacturers regarding the use of their heralds and colors on the Lionel fleet. Timken Roller Bearings, for example, paid Lionel for the tools required to stamp "Timken" on the cars. Similar arrangements were worked out with such manufacturers as General Motors and the Baldwin Locomotive Works, whose names are carried on Lionel locomotives.

The railroads themselves are constantly vying with one another good-naturedly for the right to have their locomotives at the head of Lionel trains, but Cowen can accommodate only a few.

In the late thirties, he made a Union Pacific streamliner, but the children of the day were used to older types and the train didn't sell as Cowen had hoped. Consequently, he dropped it from the line after several years. Ever since then, the Union Pacific has been asking when Cowen intended to carry its colors forward again. This year he relented, and a Union Pacific Diesel is now in production. From Union Pacific's point of view, the agitation was justified; people with Union Pacific miniature trains may think to travel and ship Union Pacific.

Cowen is also in concert with various companies which are not only willing but are anxious to pay him to use their names and emblems on freight cars or on the accessory billboards that Lionel makes. Lionel turns out nearly 500,000 Sun Oil Company cars every year, and sometime before the war, Cowen presented the president of Curtis Candy with the millionth car bearing the name, Baby Ruth. Cowen had it done specially in silver plate.

None of this has been easy, and Cowen feels especially fortunate that his own enthusiasm and persistence over the years have been matched by the enthusiasm and persistence of the Lionel family. Magne-Traction took four years to develop, although it was a fairly simple problem in magnetics. Cowen sought the nontoxic, nonpoisonous smoke pellet for years and engaged several leading chemical firms and research companies to work it out for him. They tried and missed. Finally, an obscure chemist found the secret, which is still a secret, and Cowen, when he totted up the total cost, found that a puff of smoke had cost him more than $25,000.

Whistles and horns have been probably the stickiest problem of all. The whistle was developed by Giaimo, the works manager, in 1934, following some experiments with cuckoo whistles, Japanese flutes and various air chambers, but it took years to achieve the proper tone. Cowen heard it one day on a New York Central train and his engineers were subsequently able to capture it by working with New York Central engineers along the Central's main-line tracks at Harmon, New York. To get the proper pitch for the Diesel horn, Cowen made endless recordings of Lackawanna and Lehigh Valley trains as they roared past his factory in Irvington.

As one of Cowen's friends said not long ago, apropos not of train whistles but of Cowen himself, "There's no substitute for quality." THE END

## The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

breast-beating, smear-first-and-wait-for-proof affairs which so often pass by that name, and have given the word "crusade" a bad name in some circles.

One of its most prodigious crusades, involving the wholesale bribery of legislators by the largest corporation in the state of Missouri (the Union Electric Company, since reorganized), took 10 years of research and reportorial sleuthing before the paper printed a single line. But by then it had collected enough evidence to send the president and two vice-presidents of the firm to prison.

All newspapers claim they are honest, but few are as unbending about it as the Post-Dispatch. Top executives of the paper will not join even the most innocuous civic committees and boards of trustees for fear their judgment of future news stories might somehow be impaired. P-D reporters steer clear of press agents' cocktail parties, turn down tickets to shows and sporting events (unless some specific assignment is involved), and send back Christmas gifts from hopeful politicians with insulting notes attached.

P-D baseball writers pay their own railroad fares and hotel bills while traveling from city to city with the Cardinals. (As a rule, they don't even travel with the hapless Browns.)

An amusing and extreme demonstration of this attitude occurred several years ago when the P-D's managing editor, Benjamin Harrison Reese, looked up from his desk to see a man he did not know talking animatedly to some of his staff. "That's the press agent for some new circus," he was told.

"Well, take his pictures and get him out of here," growled gruff Ben Reese. "First thing you know he'll be giving circus tickets to our reporters."

The P-D's high-powered editorial writers may be counted among the freest hired brains on earth, for if they do not agree with their employer on any significant issue they simply sit back, collect their pay, and write about more congenial matters.

An important example of this occurred during the 1948 Presidential campaign, when Editor Joseph Pulitzer II decided, after much intramural debate, that the paper should support Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Only one of his five editorial writers was on his side in this argument, so during the campaign the rest of the staff wrote little or nothing about politics, while the sole Dewey adherent sweated out column after column.

Not long after Dewey was defeated, the writer departed from the staff. But Pulitzer —and the men who disagreed with him— are still with the Post-Dispatch.

### High Honors for Cartoonist

Probably the best-known name on the Post-Dispatch today belongs to Daniel Robert Fitzpatrick, who has been drawing cartoons for the paper almost every day since 1913. A lean and owlish man of fifty-nine with pinkish gray hair and shrewd, squinty eyes behind big shell-rimmed spectacles, "Fitz" was the first American political cartoonist to be honored by a one-man show in a New York City art gallery, the first to win a prize from the ancient and highly respected Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and one of the few whose original drawings are acquired eagerly by museums all the way from New Zealand to Moscow.

Fitz's work is frequently reprinted in American newspapers, and with Herblock of the Washington Post and David Low of the London Daily Herald, he belongs



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among the top three cartoonists of the English-speaking world.

A born dissenter and a savage caricaturist in the Daumier tradition, Fitz is at his best when wielding a broad charcoal bludgeon on such universal human follies and types as war, greed, dictatorships, pot-bellied politicians, thuglike racketeers, and anyone else who—in his own phrase—"goes out of his way to make trouble for the world's decent guys." He is unequalled in his ability to create the illusion of great space and masses in the limited framework of a newspaper cartoon—in his drawings men of good will are often shown as pygmylike pilgrims confronted by grinding swastikas and slashing sickles, by mountains of doubt and difficulty, and by huge signposts labeled "Blood, Sweat and Tears."

### Full Freedom of Opinion

Fitz is the senior member of the board which shapes the P-D's editorial page, and has an important influence on its textual content, as well as supplying its daily visual punch. He is not required to draw a cartoon on any subject he doesn't believe in, and this is explicitly stated in a written contract which also gives him a salary in excess of $30,000 a year. He has had several occasions for invoking this privilege, notably during the Presidential campaigns of 1936 and 1948, when he would not go along with the P-D's support of Governor Alf Landon and Tom Dewey.

The P-D's high standards of journalistic integrity have rarely been more outraged than they were last year, when, in collaboration with the Chicago Daily News, it drew nation-wide attention to the so-called Illinois "press scandals." Some 51 editors and publishers of Illinois newspapers, according to the undisputed findings of the Post-Dispatch and Daily News, had been put on the state payroll by the administration of former Governor Dwight Green, and had collected a total of $480,000 for "part-time" jobs as "clerks," "messengers," "fieldmen" and so on. One publisher was paid $850 as a "public works laborer."

Yet all the time these men were supposedly doing menial tasks for the state they were also carrying on their key newspaper jobs, and at all times their papers printed nothing but the best about Governor Green. The whole affair, in the words of the leading trade journal, Editor and Publisher, was "a stink as unhealthy and corrupt as any that has ever soiled the reputation of American journalism." For bringing it to light and air, the Post-Dispatch and the Daily News were jointly awarded the 1950 Pulitzer prize for "distinguished and meritorious public service."

For the Post-Dispatch, the cleansing of this particular stench was only an incidental follow-up to the election campaign of 1948, in which the P-D scrubbed the handsome features of Republican Governor Green all over the good rich soil of Illinois. And, in so doing, it helped inflict a painful defeat to Green's political mentor, Colonel Robert R. ("Bertie") McCormick, publisher of the megaphonic Chicago Tribune. The Post-Dispatch has no reason to admire the Tribune, and no reason to fear it. It is almost exactly 20 years now since P-D reporter John Rogers took an elevator up to Colonel McCormick's office to inform him that a Tribune reporter named Jake Lingle had been murdered because he was also a racketeer, and had used his Tribune job to help other racketeers.

"You can't print that. I'll call Joe Pulitzer and have you fired," raged the Colonel.

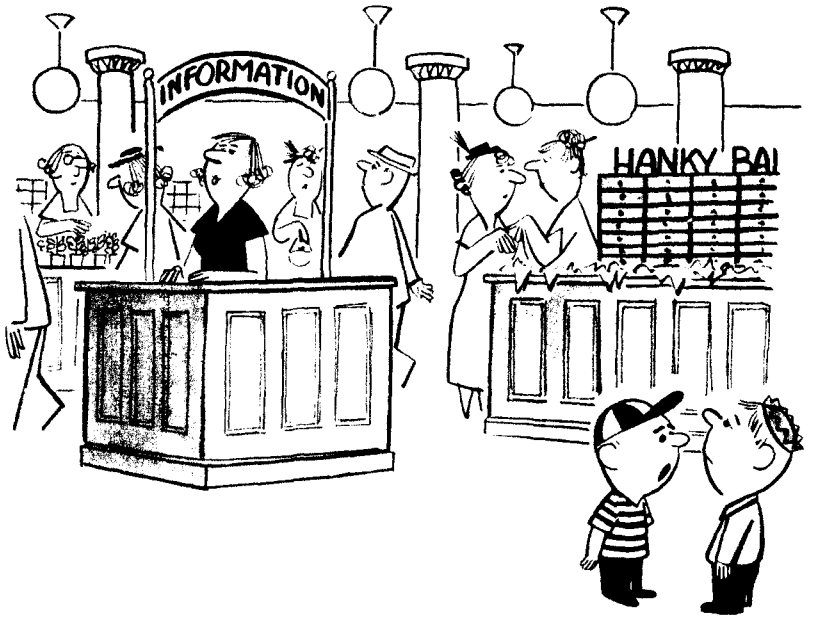
"Go ahead, there's a telephone right on your desk," replied Rogers, who fully enjoyed such situations. The Colonel did not reach for the phone, and the Post-Dispatch published the first story of Lingle's disreputable career—a clean beat on the Tribune and every other newspaper in Chicago.

The Pulitzer prize for public service is the highest that any newspaper staff can win as a group; since 1918, when it was first awarded, the Post-Dispatch has received four Public Service prizes, the New York Times two, and no other existing paper has had more than one. (The New York World, which died in 1931, had won two.) In addition, seven members of P-D staffs, past and present, have won individual Pulitzer prizes.

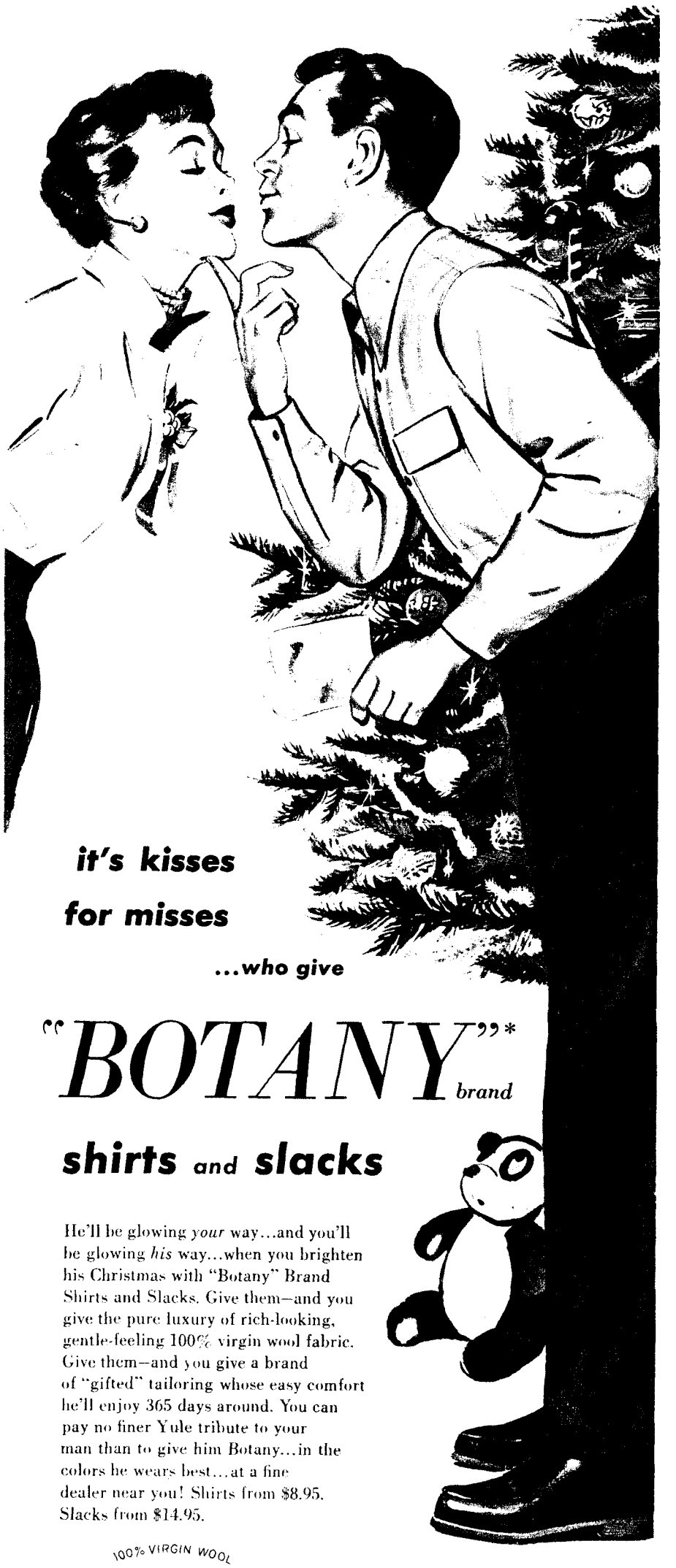
### There Is No Favoritism

Skeptics can point out, of course, that the Post-Dispatch was founded by the same man who also conceived the Pulitzer prizes—Joseph Pulitzer the first—and that his son Joseph II, who is now the P-D's editor, is a member of the prize-awarding committee. But these facts, instead of helping the Post-Dispatch win prizes, have more often prevented it. Editor Pulitzer scrupulously stays out of all committee discussions in which his paper is concerned, and has even withdrawn it from competition, on occasion, to avoid any hint of favoritism. On a strictly impartial basis the P-D is probably entitled to many more Pulitzer prizes than it has actually received.

In 1945, the Post-Dispatch took on California oilman Edwin W. Pauley in a battle which rocked the nation's capital some 800 miles from its home grounds in St. Louis. Big, hard-fisted Ed Pauley had been treasurer of the Democratic National Committee in 1944, and was especially friendly with Vice-Presidential candidate Harry Truman. After Truman became President, Pauley blossomed forth as a powerful figure in Washington. He admitted frankly that he had entered politics "to protect and advance




COLLIER'S "I'd rather just hunt for it" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN


it's kisses
for misses
...who give
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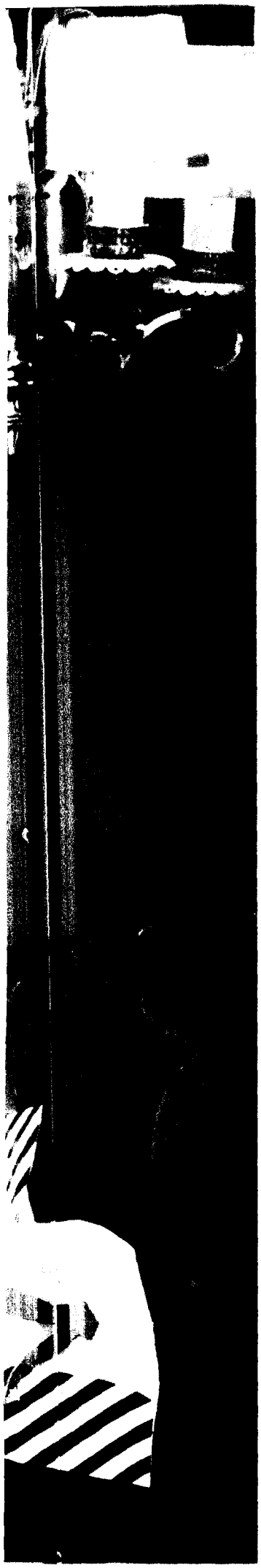

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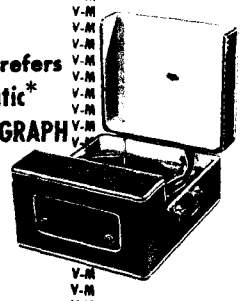


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my business interests," which in 1945 were giving him an estimated income of $500,000 a year.

Edward A. Harris, one of the P-D's able team of Washington correspondents, learned that Pauley was lobbying for a bill which would surrender federal title to several billion dollars' worth of tideland oil off the coast of California. Pauley's own companies, as well as others, would have benefited directly from this bill. Harris also dug up the startling information that Pauley had once offered to raise $500,000 in campaign contributions among California oilmen if the government would agree to give up the tideland oil; this proposition was brazenly made to "Honest Harold" Ickes, former Secretary of the Interior and wartime Petroleum Administrator, who turned it down flat.

The Post-Dispatch began printing these revelations, in a series of exclusive articles by Harris, in July, 1945. Pauley responded with such forceful denials and denunciations that most other newspapers, including those in Washington itself, gave little space to the story. Not until seven months later, when President Truman nominated Pauley to be Undersecretary of the Navy, was the P-D able to score at least a technical knockout.

At hearings before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, Pauley was closely questioned by Senator Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire, an ardent fan and frequent reader of the Post-Dispatch. Was the P-D correct, asked the senator, in its account of Pauley's conversation with Ickes about campaign contributions? No, it was not, snapped Pauley. Yes, it was, swore Ickes himself, breathing fire and brimstone from the witness chair. A few days later the redoubtable "Old Curmudgeon" resigned from the Truman Cabinet, charging that the President had taken sides against him in the Pauley controversy.

"I cannot commit perjury for the sake of the party," he declared, in a parting shot.

In the uproar that followed throughout the nation's press, Pauley himself gave up the fight, and asked the White House to toss in the sponge by withdrawing his nomination. Reporter Harris was awarded the 1946 Pulitzer prize for "a distinguished example of telegraphic reporting on domestic affairs." Some months later the two men were observed whispering together at another Senate hearing.

"What were you talking to Pauley about?" asked a curious fellow reporter.

"I told him I thought he had a pretty wife," explained Harris. "And he told me, 'She doesn't like you!' "

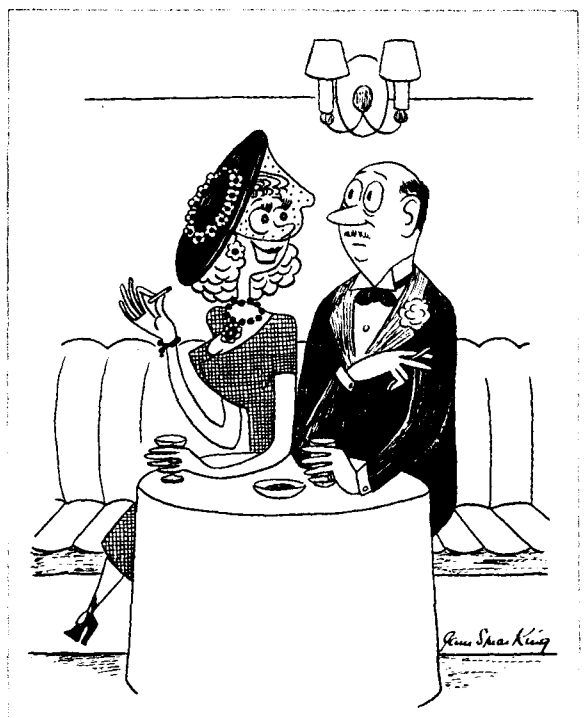
### Deny Ickes "Planted" Tip

There remained, of course, the interesting question of just where Harris got his original information. Was it from Ickes himself, as the indignant Pauley asserted, and was it therefore a mere "planted" tip intended to stir up trouble? Both Ickes and Harris insist that this was not the case. At any rate, the P-D's main interest was in saving the tideland oil from private and state exploitation; the Pauley fight was only an incident in that campaign, which was brought to a successful close this year. In June, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the federal government does indeed own the oil, so unless Congress should decide to give it away, it will remain a national asset.

The Post-Dispatch has always been allergic to any whiff of oil in politics. It was the first newspaper in the country to investigate the notorious Teapot Dome scandals of the 1920s. After the late Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana began his official inquiry into the fraudulent leasing of Teapot Dome and other naval oil reserves, the P-D was for weeks the only newspaper which assigned a reporter to cover the committee hearings. Other leading dailies, including the New York Times and Tribune, attacked Walsh as an "assassin of character" and "Montana scandalmonger," and tried to smother his investigation.

Later on, when the Walsh committee thought it had about finished its work, a Post-Dispatch correspondent, the late Paul Y. Anderson, dug up enough additional evidence to keep the committee going for three more years. Anderson, who specialized in this kind of reporting, had often been cited by his admirers as the greatest crusading reporter of his time.

In 1917 he was working for the P-D in East St. Louis, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, when the wartime race riot broke out there. Thirty-two Negroes and eight whites were killed—18 of them before Anderson's eyes. He went to a hotel room, washed the blood off his shoes, and wrote a searing story for his paper. Then he went back to the scene of action and collected enough material to form the basis for another Congressional investigation, and to send 20 of the rioters to prison.



"Money doesn't mean anything to me. I'm only interested in what it can buy"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

Some perfectly sincere editors and publishers are convinced that this kind of activity is no part of a newspaper's business—that Congressional committees, even when acting in the best public interest, should be on their own, and that reporters should never help to shape the stories to which they are assigned. A newspaper's job, they argue, is to print each item of news as it comes along, express an opinion if necessary, on the editorial page, and then pass on to the next item of news. This concept of journalism was rejected *in toto* as far back as 1879 by the spirited founder of the Post-Dispatch, Joseph Pulitzer the first.

In one of the earliest issues of his new paper, Pulitzer wrote: "The Post-Dispatch will not be satisfied with simply chronicling the news and commenting upon them *(sic)*, but will advocate with special zeal reforms which are absolutely necessary in our municipal, state and national affairs; ventilating and discussing all abuses in public life, and unsparingly and insistingly exposing all frauds and shams whether in public or private, political or powerful, which infest the present days."

This aggressive policy was followed by the elder Pulitzer during his lifetime, and has been observed with fidelity by his son, the present editor. It is taken seriously by most of the staff. "We don't expect all newspapers to be crusading papers," says Raymond L. Crowley, the P-D's hard-driving city editor. "But we expect to be!"

During the last 12 months the Post-Dispatch has been busy ventilating and exposing a typically long list of editorial dislikes, including Senator Joe McCarthy ("wild-spouting campaign of vilification . . . shallow imaginings . . ."), wire tapping by the FBI ("a despicable practice"), Soviet foreign policy ("Trying to deal with Russia is like trying to reason with the inmates of the psychopathic ward of the nearest mental hospital") and the debilitating effects of radio advertising on streetcar riders of St. Louis ("an offense against privacy")

### Countercharge by Rival Paper

This last campaign has involved it in an amusing controversy with its lively afternoon rival, the St. Louis Star-Times, which happens to own the FM radio station which broadcasts to the streetcars. According to the Star-Times, the Post-Dispatch is just jealous because it has no FM station of its own, and has been trying to feed the people of St. Louis stale, week-old musical shows over its television affiliate, KSD-TV.

But even if the Post-Dispatch does give its television audience filmed versions of shows earlier presented "live" in New York, it has rarely been behind on more serious matters. Having taken a leading part in the downfall of Boss Pendergast, and knowing the effect that the machine vote of Kansas City can have on a Missouri election—or a national election, for that matter—the P-D has long kept a stern eye on its hell-raising neighbor city to the west.

As far back as 1947 it spotted the rise of a possible new Pendergast in the dapper ex-bootlegger and gambler, Charles Binaggio, who had gained control of several wards on the Kansas City north side. When a batch of fraudulent ballots from the Binaggio wards was stolen from a steel vault in the Kansas City Court House, and when this was followed by the unsolved murders of three witnesses in the case, the Post-Dispatch virtually moved a section of its city staff into Kansas City and settled down for the duration.

The grand climax of its labors was reached in a series of 14 long articles totaling 50,000 words which was published in January of this year. The first of these was headlined KANSAS CITY STORY: CRIME, CORRUPTION AND SUDDEN DEATH, and was decorated by the photograph of a corpse falling out of an automobile. Underneath the picture were the words, "Familiar Scene, With Variations, In Kansas City."

(Previous to this series, Collier's had focused national attention on Binaggio and the revival of bossism in President Truman's home state in its article New Menace in Missouri, by Lester Velie, October 29, 1949.)

All this was too much for the Kansas City Star, which is a pretty strong-minded newspaper itself, and bursting with civic pride. While the Post-Dispatch articles were running, the Star countered them to some extent with a "City of the Future" series, which put heavy emphasis on Kansas City's parks, museums, and the more glorious aspects of its history. On April 6th, Boss Binaggio was slaughtered in spectacular fashion in his political headquarters, along with his bodyguard, Charles Gargotta. And ever since then Kansas City has been snowed under by further "unfavorable publicity," of which a large share has been in the Post-Dispatch.

Aside from the Binaggio killings and the Korean war the news event of 1950 which has occupied the most space in the Post-Dispatch has been the ordeal of an attractive young German war bride named Ellen Knauff, whom the U.S. sought to deport.

As the continued story of a lady in distress, there has been nothing quite like the



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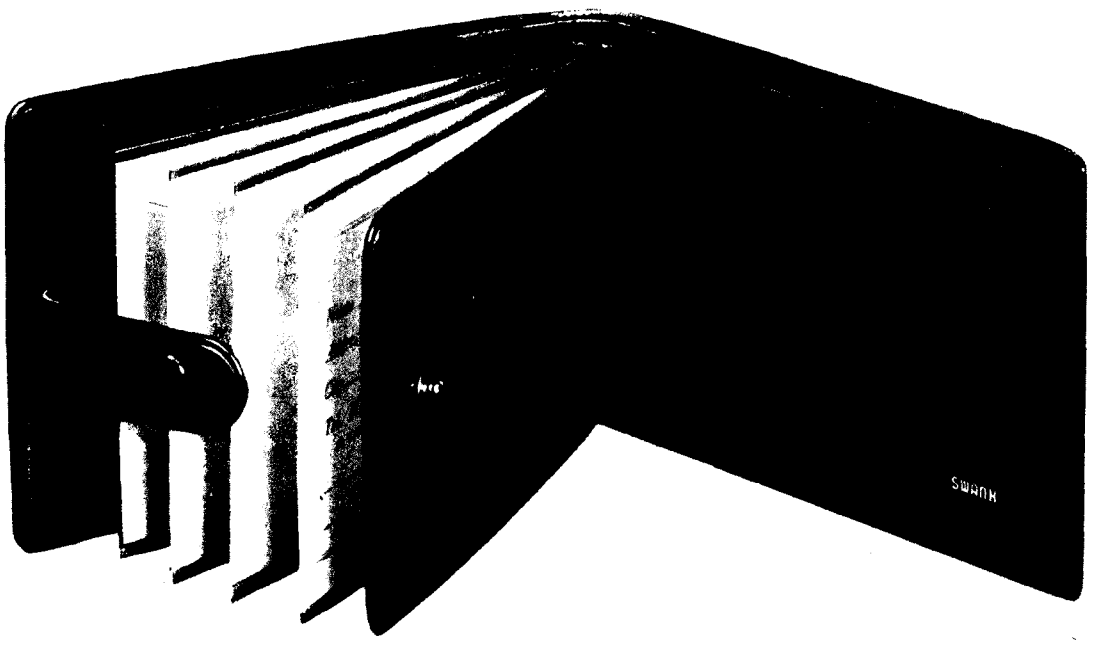
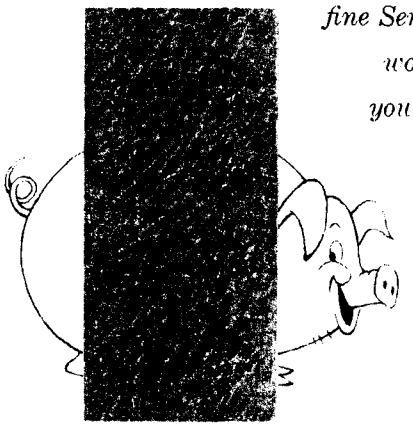



# "Tan my hide and call me "Senator"!



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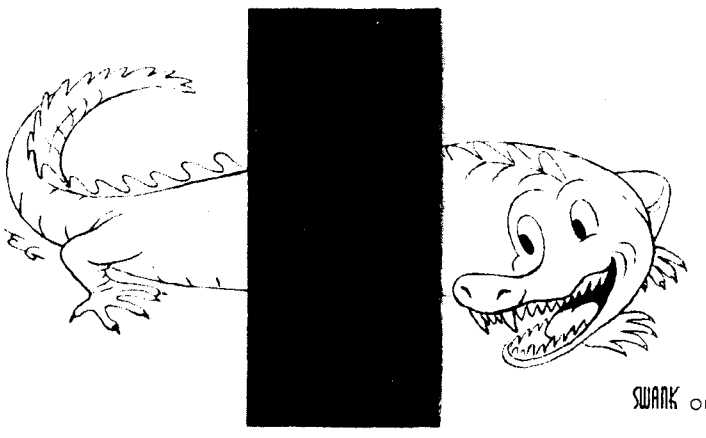

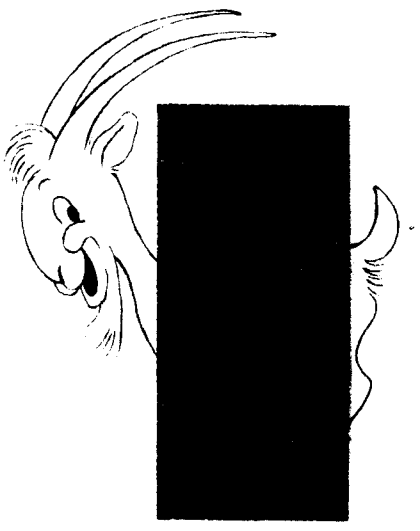

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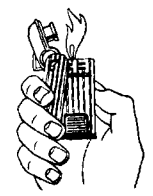

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Ellen Knauff case since that famous old silent movie serial, The Perils of Pauline. On one occasion last spring the Immigration Service had already put Mrs. Knauff on board an Army transport for Germany when a federal court in New York, spurred on by the Post-Dispatch, issued an order that held her in the country. A couple of months later, on May 17th, she had an even narrower escape, if that is possible. The immigration authorities took her to International Airport, put a ticket for Germany in her hand, and loaded sixty-six pounds of her clothing and luggage aboard a transatlantic air liner.

### Saved by Supreme Court Order

But when the plane took off, Mrs. Knauff was not on it. Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, after some intricate maneuvering by Post-Dispatch men in Washington, St. Louis and New York, snatched her back with another court order at the last possible moment. Back in St. Louis cartoonist Fitzpatrick celebrated the occasion with a cartoon showing a hooded figure labeled "Star Chamber Justice," gnashing its teeth in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. The caption was: "Almost Got Away With It!"

Convinced that there is nothing against Mrs. Knauff but some spiteful gossip emanating from a jealous ex-sweetheart of her soldier husband, the United States House of Representatives voted unanimously to admit her to the country as far back as last April. But until the Post-Dispatch bought full-page ads in the Washington Star and Post to describe her story in full, the rest of the nation's press paid only passing attention to her plight. And at this writing—despite the unanimous vote of one House of Congress—she is still detained at Ellis Island.

Ellen Knauff's story, boiled down from 56 news stories, 23 editorials, and six scathing Fitzpatrick cartoons which the P-D has printed about her since January 16th, goes like this: Her Jewish family was murdered by the Nazis, and she was a refugee in Czechoslovakia before the war. In 1939, she escaped to England and served three years with the Royal Air Force. After 1945, she worked for the American Army in Germany, where she married an American soldier, Kurt Knauff, with the permission of Army authorities.

Both British and U.S. intelligence services cleared her for military work. But when she arrived at Ellis Island, to begin the process of becoming an American citizen, the Department of Justice's Immigration Service ordered her excluded, denied her a hearing, either public or private, and refused to disclose its evidence against her. (Privately, Justice officials say they have evidence that Mrs. Knauff passed information to the Red Czech government while working for the Army after the war. This she hotly denies, and she has never been given a chance to prove her loyalty.)

Last January, the Supreme Court upheld this exclusion order by a 4 to 3 decision. But dissenting Justice Jackson called the action "abrupt and brutal" and "dangerously wrong in principle." Even though Mrs. Knauff was an alien, said Jackson, she was entitled to know the charges against her; besides, Congress had made special provision for war brides, and her husband was an American. To exclude her from the country would mean breaking up their marriage, or forcing him to live abroad. That was where the Post-Dispatch came in.

Irving Dilliard, editor of the P-D's famed editorial page, is a scholarly veteran of World War II whose professional hobby is reading Supreme Court decisions, and whose personal passion is the Bill of Rights. In a series of lucid and hard-hitting editorials, Dilliard denounced the "star chamber" treatment of Ellen Knauff as a denial of her basic rights, and a potential threat to the liberties of American citizens as well.

Admitting that there might be real evidence against her which no one outside the government knew about, Dilliard insisted that the Department of Justice should present its case, either at a public hearing, or in private before a commission of leading citizens. If such a commission decided that Mrs. Knauff was a threat to national security (as the department contended), the Post-Dispatch was willing to "let the case be ended, and let her return to Germany."

The combination of Dilliard's patient logic and Mrs. Knauff's appealing personality was enough for the House of Representatives. After hearing her testify last May one congressman exploded, "It looks as though some jackass official has made a mistake, and is trying to cover up by getting rid of the victim!" But after that the P-D's campaign ran into stubborn opposition from two influential members of the Senate Judiciary Committee—Patrick A. McCarran of Nevada and Forrest C. Donnell of Missouri. There has also been nothing but silence on the matter from the White House, where the Post-Dispatch editorial page is not popular, even though Charles G. Ross, the President's press secretary, used to run it himself.

The Knauff case is a fair sample of how far the Post-Dispatch will go to obey another injunction which founder Pulitzer once gave it: "Never tolerate injustice." On all matters relating to civil liberties, it is perhaps the most vigilant and far-reaching of American newspapers. Not an academic freedom can be lost in Wyoming or California, not an Indian can be unjustly sentenced in Idaho, or a rabble-rousing orator deprived of his freedom of speech in Florida but what the Post-Dispatch hears about it, somehow, and does battle for the principle involved.

After World War I, the Post-Dispatch launched the campaign which freed 51 pacifists and other "political prisoners" from federal cells. It did more crusading for Sacco and Vanzetti than any newspaper west of the Hudson, while making it clear editorially that it "abhorred" their anarchical opinions.

(The Sacco-Vanzetti case, a *cause célèbre* of the 1920s, aroused the country as did few controversies of that stirring decade. Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, radical agitators, were charged with the murder of a paymaster and his helper in South Braintree, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1920. Although they had alibis and the prosecution's case seemed weak, they were convicted. Convinced the men had not had a fair trial, newspapers throughout the country fought for reviews of the case, but the men finally were executed in 1927.)

### In Defense of Free Speech

More recently it has defended, successfully, the right of Gerald L. K. Smith to spout his equally abhorrent semi-Fascist doctrines in the state of Missouri, and it has also headed off all attempts by the Missouri legislature to set up a "little un-American committee" for the state. It has worked effectively to end racial segregation in universities, city playgrounds and professional organizations. But it had nothing pleasant to say for Senator Glen Taylor in 1948, when he deliberately got himself arrested for going through a Negro entrance to an Alabama church.

The senator, said the Post-Dispatch, "is a cheap headline seeker and third-rate demagogue . . . a Bilbo with reverse English."

True to its beliefs, and willing to risk serious unpopularity for them, the Post-Dispatch was the only sizable newspaper in the United States to disapprove completely of the conviction in New York last year of 11 Communist party leaders for conspiracy to overthrow the government. On its editorial page two days after the trial was completed, the P-D said:

"This verdict under the Smith Act amends the First Amendment without the formal process of amending the Constitution. It sets a new limitation on freedom of expression even though Judge Medina seeks to demonstrate that it does not. To the Judge's interpretation, we prefer these words of Thomas Jefferson:

" 'If there be any among us who wish to



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dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments to the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.' "

And it concluded sweepingly: "The Post-Dispatch wants no part of the misguided men and the warped doctrines of hate and dissension which they paraded in Judge Medina's courtroom. Neither do we want any part of their conviction and the hysterical law on which the prosecution was based. Not wanting the one does not require us to want the other."

After this editorial appeared, a few other influential newspapers expressed similar doubts, but in a qualified way. The readers of the Post-Dispatch were more outspoken. Some of them agreed with the editorial and were willing to say so; others disagreed, and were even more willing. The paper gave them all the space they needed to sound off in. But it did not change its mind.

For, watchful as it is of the rights of others, the Post-Dispatch is not at all disposed to forget its own. "I think," its founder once said, "that it would be refreshing to see at least one newspaper not rushing with the crowd, but standing by what it believes to be true." Such a sight is still refreshing, and rarer now than it was in the age of the first Joseph Pulitzer. But it can still be seen every day by the fortunate readers of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

*How a Post-Dispatch reporter proved a wealthy oilman's death was murder, not suicide, is told in next week's Collier's. Be sure to reserve your copy at your local newsdealer's now*

# Our Alarming Doctor Shortage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

handled research grants administered by the Surgeon General, felt no such apprehensions. But, to keep the peace, they agreed that the bill should be changed to require the Surgeon General to promulgate regulations only "after obtaining the advice and recommendations of the council."

Going even further to allay the A.M.A. representatives' fear of federal domination, the conferees recommended empowering the Advisory Council to make reports directly to Congress. This provision was designed to prevent any possibility that a politically motivated administrator might muzzle the council. Any conflicts between the representatives of the medical professions and the administrator would be brought right out into the open. Once again, the safeguards sought by the A.M.A. were written into the Senate bill.

With the sole exception of the 40 per cent compromise, every change requested by the representatives of the American Medical Association at these closed-door conferences was incorporated in the committee's final version of the bill—and the bill was sponsored by every senator on the committee, with a single exception.

To protect the schools against bureaucratic interference with their teaching programs or their methods of operation, the bill contained rigid prohibitions against federal "direction, supervision or control . . . with respect to personnel, curriculum or instruction."

When the measure was reported on the floor of the Senate in August, 1949, a routine objection was raised to its immediate passage by unanimous consent. At this juncture, both Senators Pepper and Taft, long bitter opponents on most other questions concerning the public health, stood up and urged their colleagues to support the measure. Two weeks later, when the bill again appeared on the calendar, it passed unanimously.

### Feared Tactics of Lobbyists

The worried deans and directors of the medical, dental and nursing schools breathed a sigh of relief. For, they figured, if the American Medical Association were opposed to the bill its powerful Washington lobby would have shown its hand in the Senate, would have blocked this measure (as it had blocked many others) in committee or, at a very minimum, would have forced a debate and a counting of noses on the Senate floor.

For the A.M.A. lobby is powerful indeed. It operates through two channels. Officially the A.M.A. is represented by Dr. Joseph S. Lawrence, director of its Washington office. But the real power behind the scenes is the California publicity firm of Whitaker & Baxter which, for the last two years, has been directing the American Medical Association's well-heeled National Education Campaign—aimed at preventing passage of the administration's compulsory health insurance program. Lawrence, Whitaker and Baxter are registered with Congress as lobbyists.

Many of the medical school deans, unversed in the intricacies of politics, felt so certain that the Aid to Medical Education bill would easily pass the House that they authorized the enrollment of larger classes than their schools had handled at any time since the war. The number of freshmen admitted to medical schools jumped, in 1950, by 5.3 per cent over the preceding year.

### Amended to Meet Objections

In the House, the Biemiller bill, a duplicate of the Senate measure, again received bipartisan support. Representative Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, former Republican National Committee chairman and long-time opponent of socialized medicine, joined with Democratic Congressman Andrew J. Biemiller of Wisconsin in sponsoring amendments to the original House bill to make it meet the A.M.A. objections brought forth in the Lowell Reed conferences. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce promptly reported favorably on the altered bill.

By then, late in the session, it was necessary for the House Rules Committee to speed action on the measure if the whole House was to vote on it without delay. This procedure promised to be routine.

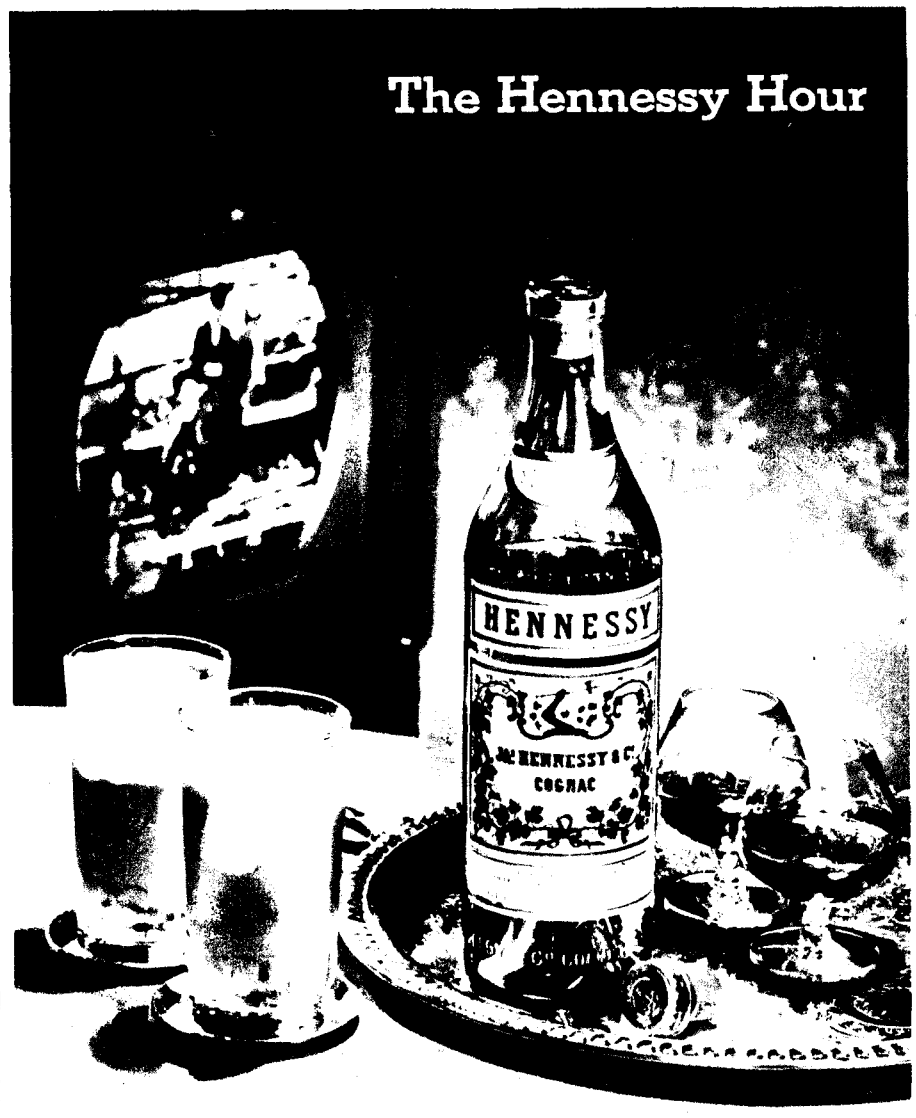
But suddenly the applecart was upset.

A small group of insurgent members of nurses' organizations in Georgia and North Carolina, and the owner of a private hospital in the latter state, got the impression that the measure would somehow set up the American Nursing Association as an accrediting body for all nursing schools—and thus force the closing down, for lack of accreditation, of some of the less qualified schools in the Southern states.

On behalf of this group, Representative Robert L. (Muley) Doughton of North Carolina protested to the Rules Committee. The sponsors of the bill offered to amend the measure to overcome this objection. That satisfied Doughton, and he withdrew his protest.

But the Biemiller bill had, by then, been labeled "controversial." The Rules Committee, fearful of setting a precedent that would throw a host of other controversial measures onto the House floor in the last two weeks of the session, withheld its approval. The bill was held up till Congress could meet again, in 1950.

Even after Congress adjourned, the American Medical Association's opposition had not crystallized. Early in December, 1949, the House of Delegates of the A.M.A. met in Washington and approved a report

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of its Council on Medical Education and Hospitals which declared that, "While the council is not entirely satisfied with the bill, it does incorporate several modifications suggested by the council's representatives and it is a distinct improvement over any other bill for Federal Aid to Medical Education that has been introduced."

The report added, "The council is aware that Federal Aid to Medical Education creates definite hazards to the continued freedom and independence of the medical schools. With few exceptions, however, the medical schools and their parent universities have expressed the opinion that, unless additional aid is provided, medical education in this country cannot achieve its full development. The legislation which has been passed by the Senate contains safeguards that should protect the medical schools from unwarranted interference in their affairs by the federal government."

### Sudden Change of Sentiment

Less than two months later the A.M.A. completely changed its tune. At a conference of its National Education Campaign, Louis H. Bauer, M.D., chairman of the Board of Trustees, stated the A.M.A.'s position on pending legislation. The Aid to Medical Education measure was added to the long list of bills which the A.M.A. opposed.

Said Bauer, "As the bill is presently drawn, we feel it would give the government a foot in the door—in fact, probably two feet in the door—for federal control of medical education. There are certain very drastic amendments which will have to be made to that bill before we can approve it."

The strategy behind this shift in position was explained by Clem Whitaker, head of Whitaker & Baxter, who called the Aid to Education measure a "fringe bill" which, he said, "masked hidden threats.

"Instead of being confronted with the task of defeating a revolutionary program of government medicine, embodied in a single proposal, or in companion bills," Whitaker continued, "we are now faced with a series of measures—disarming in language but dangerous in their provisions—some of which must be beaten and some drastically changed or amended."

In the face of this attack, the House sponsors of the Aid to Medical Education bill tried to go even further than did their Senate colleagues in meeting A.M.A. objections. The Senate compromise which set subsidy maximums at 40 per cent was dropped and replaced by the figure of 30 per cent, which the A.M.A.'s representatives had originally asked for.

The clause guaranteeing academic freedom from federal interference was revised and enlarged, at the suggestion of the A.M.A.'s Dr. Donald G. Anderson, so that every detail of protection could be carefully spelled out in the bill itself.

The provisions governing the promulgation of regulations were altered, again in keeping with earlier A.M.A. suggestions. In the latest version of the bill, the professional Advisory Council would have to approve any regulation of the Surgeon General before it could take effect.

The A.M.A.'s friends on the House Subcommittee kept it working over revisions until late last May, in what Representative Biemiller characterized as a "stalling-twisting-turning-conniving" policy of "compromise-and-then-oppose-the-compromise." Finally, with subcommittee approval won at last, the Biemiller bill came before full Interstate Commerce Committee on June 19th—only to be defeated by a one-vote margin.

On June 25th, employing a parliamentary device, Biemiller got the matter again before the Commerce Committee in the form of a new bill incorporating all the amendments that had been tacked onto the old one. Once again he lost out by a single vote. The committee decided not to consider the bill until after August 8th, when—as it then appeared—Congress would have adjourned and gone home.

But the outbreak of the Korean war did two things. It changed plans for adjournment, and it served to highlight the urgency of drastic action to get medical education into high gear. When the North Koreans crossed the 38th parallel, our armed services had 5,844 physicians on their rolls. They needed about 1,550 more.

The Army, whose need was the most desperate, sent out a call to 3,000 reserve lieutenants and captains in the Medical Corps, requesting their return to service. Only 200 replied, and of these only 15 volunteered.

By mid-August it became apparent that voluntary enlistments of physicians and nurses would never begin to meet the service's needs, even for a limited mobilization. The Defense Department found itself compelled to run to Congress for the hurried passage of a Doctors Draft Bill. First on the list were 7,500 young doctors and dentists who had received their medical education at government expense while deferred from active military service during World War II. But the draft bill was not limited to these men alone. It authorized the President to order a general registration and induction of physicians up to the age of fifty-five and of dentists through the age of forty-five.

To meet the needs of a 3,000,000-man force, the armed services will have to drain from civilian life substantially more than 5,000 physicians and proportionately large numbers of dentists, nurses and technicians.

Thus the initial stages of the crisis anticipated by the proponents of the Aid to Medical Education bills are already upon us.

Any further expansion of the armed services will require additional levies against our already shorthanded civilian health personnel. All-out war, on a global scale, will require well over 42,000 of our youngest and most active physicians.

Facing up to this crisis, Representative Biemiller led a strenuous campaign in Congress all through last July and August to get the Aid to Medical Education measure reported out to the House. Day after day he read into the record endorsements of the bill's passage: by Dean George W. Bakeman, of the Medical College of Virginia; by Dean Murray Kinsman, of the University of Louisville; by Dr. A. C. Ivy, vice-president of the University of Illinois: Dean Willard C. Rappleye, of Columbia University; Chancellor Robert Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, and many others.

### How Medical Schools Voted

Dean Joseph C. Hinsey, of Cornell University, chairman of the executive council of the Association of American Medical Colleges, wrote that a poll of its membership showed 47 schools favoring the bill and only 16 opposed. He disavowed the action of the A.M.A. as "taken independently of our association . . . and without a poll of our membership."

The deans of all the schools of medicine, dentistry and public health in Massachusetts, including Harvard, Tufts and Boston University, declared, "We are convinced that the present desperate plight of our professional schools, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the United States, has already interfered with the quality of professional education and is preventing the development of adequate medical and health personnel for the country.

"We make this statement," they add, "in full awareness of the position recently taken by the American Medical Association. We vigorously oppose that position."

Despite this campaign, the A.M.A. opposition once again carried the day. On August 16th, the Biemiller bill, which President Truman had characterized as "the most vital health legislation before Congress," was tabled in the Interstate Commerce Committee by a nine to eight vote.

Protesting this action, Dean James S. Simmons, of Harvard University, called it "a tragic mistake" and "a crippling blow to the nation's military and civil preparedness program."

Scores of similar protests flooded in upon Congress. But, last August 30th, the House Interstate Commerce Committee again de-



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cided to table the program. Shortly thereafter, Congress recessed.

Despite this tendency on the part of Congress and the A.M.A. to look the other way, the grave problem of medical shortages still exists, and the pressure is mounting for some action to solve it. Among those plugging for such a move is Bernard M. Baruch. "I am not in favor of socialized medicine," the famed adviser to Presidents said recently, "but the medical profession has got to do something to meet the needs of the masses. The first way is to increase the output of doctors."

Thus it appears certain that the next Congress will find itself confronted with the same hot potato—unless some alternative method of enlarging our health training schools can be discovered.

But *are* there any alternatives?

Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, has offered one suggestion: a change in premedical education. If this were eliminated or cut down as a requirement for entering medical schools a few hundred doctors might graduate a year or so sooner—if the schools could find room for them as students. But, since the real bottleneck causing the doctor shortage lies in the medical schools themselves, Dr. Rappleye's proposal does not touch the core of the problem.

### Suggests Abolishing Interns

Dr. William Lee Hart, dean of the University of Texas' Southwestern Medical School, has proposed the abolition of internships and their replacement by a year of apprenticeship under older doctors. This proposal is certain to meet the stiffest opposition from both the American Medical Association and the thousands of hospitals whose entire setup is dependent upon a continued supply of interns. But even if adopted, it would merely shift young physicians from the hospitals, where they are sorely needed, into doctors' offices.

The most likely alternative to federal subsidies for medical education is the idea of a voluntary fund to raise money, free from federal control. The American Medical Association has long toyed with this idea. Last January, a National Fund for Medical Education was actually incorporated under the honorary chairmanship of Herbert Hoover. Its board of trustees—from Winthrop Aldrich to George Whitney—is diamond-studded with leaders of industry, finance and banking. Its objective is worthy. Its personnel is top-notch. If ever a fund-raising plan were capable of achieving its full potential, this would appear to be the one.

Yet, what is that potential? In its prospectus, addressed to leading industrialists, the fund detailed the medical schools' need to overcome a $10,000,000 deficit. But it proposed to raise, through voluntary subscriptions, only $1,000,000. The balance, the prospectus conceded, would have to come from the federal treasury.

### To Preserve Academic Freedom

The best the fund could hope for was that private sources for support might be "stimulated" so that "there will be created a balance under which the academic freedom essential to scientific medical education will be preserved."

Thus, the voluntary fund-raising organization turns out to be, at best, only a partial supplement to federal aid; a 10 per cent counterweight rather than a full-fledged substitute.

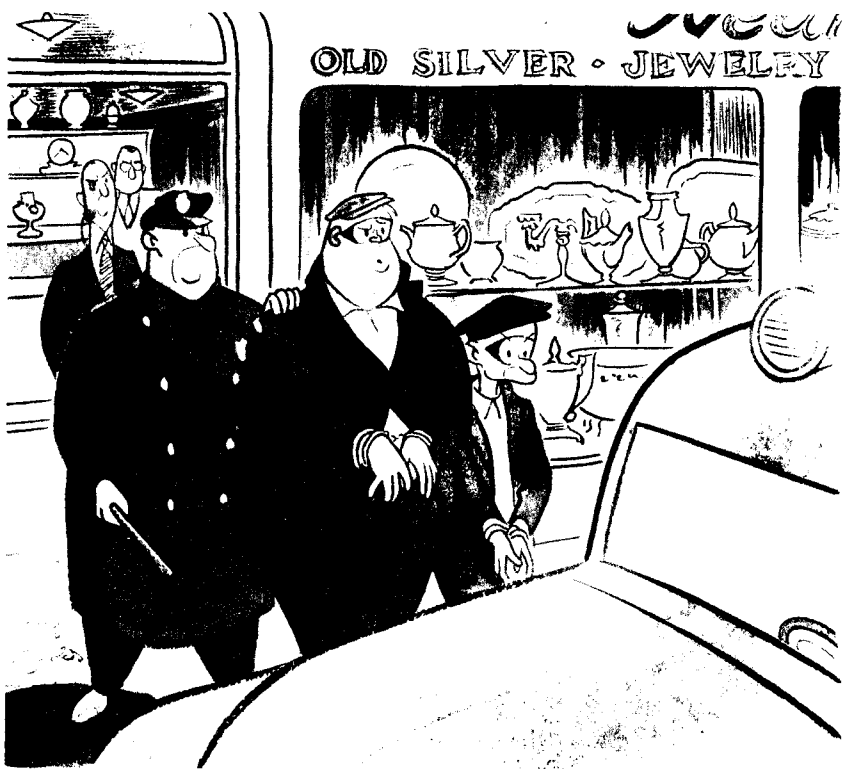
There may be still other ways of achieving the necessary expansion of medical and health education. But if there are, five years of searching by the medical schools themselves and by the American Medical Association have not turned them up.

Thus, Congress, when it meets again, will have the old doctor-shortage headache on its hands once more. To the pressure from the President, from public health officials, from the universities and from almost all of our schools of health education, there will now be added a further tremendous pressure from the Defense Department, made acutely aware, by the Korean crisis, of the weakness in our medical armament.

Whether the American Medical Association can buck this tidal wave remains to be seen.

But one thing is certain. Unless immediate steps are taken to solve our chronic and growing shortage of medical, dental, nursing and public health personnel, your health—and that of your family, your neighbors and your sons in the services—will be jeopardized for years to come. THE END

## BUTCH

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SAM BERMAN

# Update Your Copy, Polevoy

COLLIER'S, we are pleased to report, got a sort of promotional plug from a Soviet newspaperman not long ago. At least this magazine was mentioned by Boris Polevoy in connection with a distinguished group of American "warmongers" whom the journalist would like to see hanged by the neck until dead. Seems Comrade Polevoy covered the Nuremberg hangings of the Nazi war criminals and apparently enjoyed them. He told a Moscow gathering called the Peace Partisans Conference that he sure wanted to be around for a repeat performance with American participants.

We were right happy to see our publication qualify under the Russian definition of warmongering. But we felt a touch of hurt pride, too, for it appears that Comrade Polevoy hasn't been reading Collier's lately. Or maybe the magazine isn't getting through the Iron Curtain these days. Anyway, he picked as our arch-criminal man a man who hasn't written anything for us in two years and a half.

We resent this casual and inconclusive indictment. We'd frankly hate to see the Saturday Evening Post, for instance, come up with half a dozen candidates for the Polevoy noose while Collier's was limited to one casual contributor. So we'd like to tell Comrade Polevoy that we have kept pretty well abreast of Communism's strenuous efforts to create a peaceful and obedient world according to the Lenin-Stalin blueprint.

For instance, we were way out ahead of most American publications with the news that the Chinese Communists would try to liberate Tibet from the oppression of whatever was supposed to be oppressing the country. Lowell Thomas called the shot last February in his series Out of This World: A Journey to Lhasa.

Collier's European Team has been right on the ball this year, too. The Soviet program to unite Germany under a "people's democracy" was duly noted in such articles as Soviet Germany's Secret Army and The Red Plot to Seize Berlin.

Some of the blessings of proletarian dictatorship along the Danube were also recorded in Vienna's Crimson Shadows. And a glimpse of Russia's pacifistic endeavor to protect itself against "capitalist encirclement" was given in secret photographs of Soviet war maneuvers in the Black Sea.

Brigadier General Frank Howley did some terrible warmongering when he called your countrymen liars, double-crossers and international gangsters in his series My 4-Year War with the Reds. We have published the story of an American wife's resistance to the Red Utopia in John Lear's Crack-up of an American Communist Family. We have even explained some of the fascinating inner workings of the Daily Worker, the domestic journal of Communist culture and enlightenment, in Fred Woltman's Pravda, U.S.A.

And, in addition, we have an art director named Bill Chessman who must be held responsible for those scurrilous, inflammatory cartoons that appear from time to time on this page and elsewhere in the magazine.

Yes, Comrade Polevoy, we've done a heap of "warmongering" since your subscription to Collier's ran out, so don't pick on just one of our boys. If there's any hanging to be done we'll follow old Dr. Franklin's admonition, thank you, and hang together, not separately.



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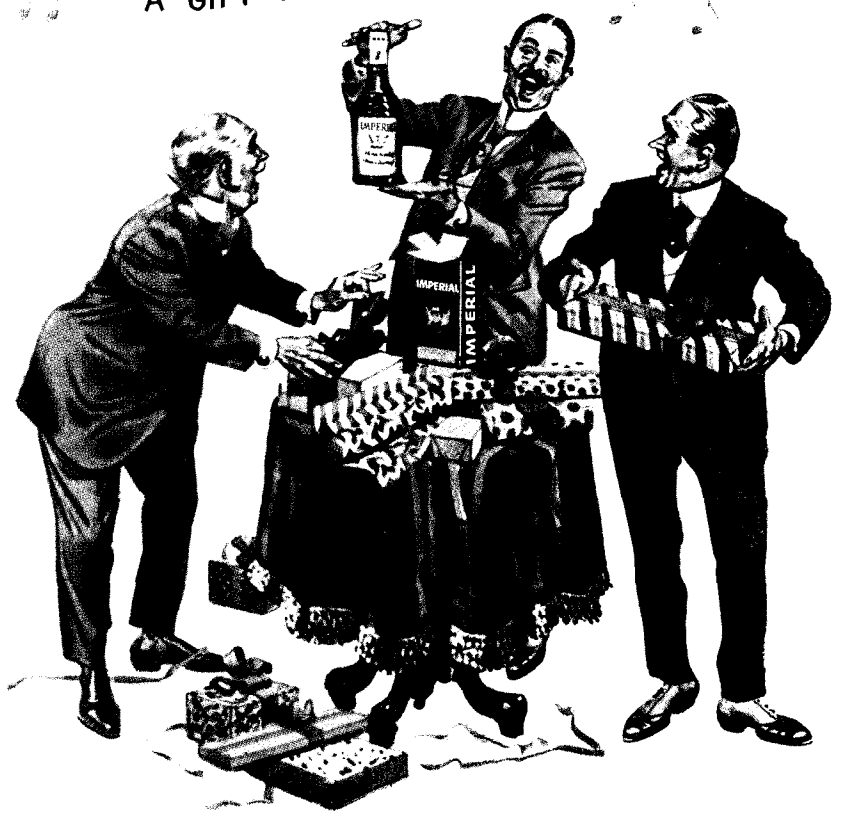


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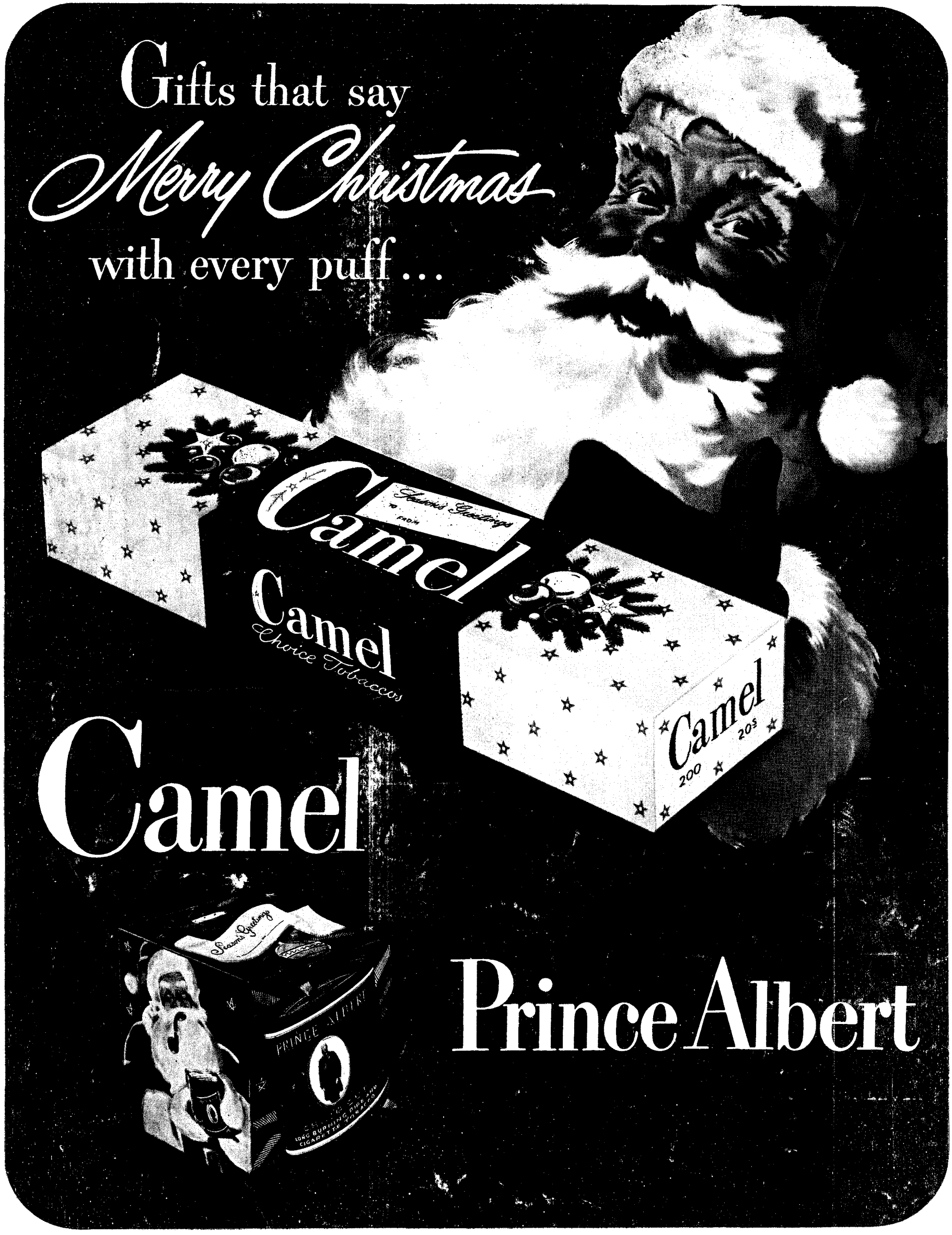


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